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THE

POLAR STAR

OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND POPULAR SCIENCE:

&c. &c. &c.

ELUCIDATION OF ANCIENT PRODIGES AND MAGIC.

THE pages of ancient history are frequently swollen with "accounts of prodigies and marvellous occurrences." An attentive examination, "will show," says M. Salverte, a French writer on the occult sciences, reviewed in the "Foreign Quarterly Review," "that a small number of causes which may be discerned and developed, will serve for the explanation of nearly the whole of these." There are two reasons for our believing accounts of prodigies: 1. The number and agreement of these accounts, and the confidence to which the observers and witnesses are entitled. 2. The possibility of dissipating what is wonderful by ascertaining any one of the principal causes which might have given to a natural fact a tinge of the marvellous. Respecting the first, the ancients have recorded various occurrences; a shower of quicksilver at Rome, for example, is mentioned by Dion Cassius, in the year 197 of our era, and a similar event is detailed under the reign of Aurelian; if we attend to phenomena taking place in our own time,† we must consider them to

"the annals in which science has inserted the facts she has recognised as such, without as yet pretending to explain them." As to the second, the deceptive appearance which nature sometimes assumes, the exaggeration, almost unavoidable by partially informed observers, of the details of a phenomenon, or its duration; improper, ill understood, or badly translated expressions, or figurative language, and a poetical style; erroneous explanations of emblematical representations; apologues and allegories adopted as real facts;—such are causes which, singly or together, have frequently swollen with prodigious fictions the pages of history, and it is by carefully removing this envelope that elucidations must be sought of what have hitherto been improperly and disdainfully rejected. A few examples will illustrate these several positions.

The river Adonis being impregnated during certain seasons with volumes of dust raised from the red soil of that part of Mount Libanus near which it flows, gave rise to the fable of the periodical effusion

† At 4 P. M. May 27, 1819, the commune of Grignoncourt, in the department of the Vosges, was devastated by a tremendous hailstorm: many of the hailstones, weighing about a pound, were collected, and allowed to melt; in the centre of each was found a stone, of a bright coffee colour, from four to seven-tenths of an inch in thickness, broader than a two-franc piece, flat, round, polished, and pierced in the centre with a hole large enough

to admit the little finger. Wherever the hail had fallen, there were found, when it melted, many similar stones, up to that time unknown in the commune of Grignoncourt. On the banks of the Ognon, a river which flows ten or twelve leagues from Grignoncourt, is a considerable number of stones similar to those in question, and also pierced in the middle: can they have been produced by a hailstorm charged with aerolites.

of the blood of Adonis. A rock near the Island of Corfu bore and still bears the resemblance of a vessel under sail; the ancients adapted the story to the phenomenon, and recognised in it the Phæacian ship in which Ulysses returned to his country, converted into stone by Neptune for having carried the slayer of his son Polyphemus. A more extensive acquaintance with the ocean has shown that this appearance is not unique; a similar one on the coast of Patagonia has more than once deceived both French and English navigators; and Captain Hardy, in his recent "Travels in Mexico," has recorded another near the shores of California.† A similar instance is afforded by the Chimæra, the solution of which enigma, as given by Ovid, is so fully substantiated by the very intelligent British officer who surveyed the Caramania a few years since. Scylla, the sea-monster, which devoured six of the rowers of Ulysses, M. Salverte is tempted to regard as an overgrown polypus magnified by the optical power of poetry: "In the enumeration of plants possessing magical properties, Pliny mentions three, which, according to Pythagoras, have the property of congealing water. Elsewhere, without having recourse to magic, he assigns to hemp an analogous quality. According to him, the juice of this plant poured into water becomes suddenly inspissated and congealed—it is probable enough that he indicated a species of mallow, the hemp-leaved marsh-mallow, the *Althæa Canadensis* of Linnæus, of which the very mucilaginous juice produces this effect to a certain point, and which effect may also be obtained from every vegetable as rich in mucilage." "An American naturalist affirms, that at the approach of any danger, the young of the rattle-snake take refuge in the mouth of the mother. A similar example might have led the ancients to believe that some animals bring their young into the world through the mouth. They will have drawn a precipitate and absurd conclusion from a true observation." In "the ants larger than foxes" of Herodotus, who discover the gold intermingled with the sand, may be traced the Formica-Leo or Myrmeleon of modern entomology; and while Pliny (Hist. Nat. vi. 177), and Virgil (Georg. ii. 120), represent the Seres as collecting silk from the trees which bear it, there is nothing but a confusion between the natural product of the

tree and the deposit left by animals which feed thereon. In this instance the equivocal has occasioned an error, in another it might have given rise to a prodigy. In the plant Latæce, which, according to Pliny (xxvi. 4), defrayed wheresoever they went the expenses of the envoys of the Persian king, may be discerned a symbol of office; and in the cab of pigeons' dung which, during the siege of Samaria, sold for five pieces of silver (2 Kings, vi. 25), may be found a small measure of grey peas, which still bear among the Arabs that repulsive designation. We shall cite but one more instance; "such is reported to have been the strength of Milo of Crotona, that when standing upon a flat discus no one was able to remove him, nor detach from his left hand a pomegranate, which still was not grasped sufficiently tight to crush it, nor separate the closed fingers of his outstretched hand." "Milo," says a writer versed in the usages and emblems of religion, "was in his own country high-priest of Juno. His statue, placed at Olympia, represented him according to the sacred rite standing on a small round buckler, and holding a pomegranate, the fruit of a tree dedicated to the goddess; the fingers of his right hand were extended, pressed together and even united; it is thus the ancient statues always formed them." "Philost. Vit. Appollon. iv. 3." The vulgar explained by marvellous stories an imperfection of art, and mysterious representations of which the sense was forgotten." But for examples of this sort we are not exclusively confined to ancient writings; the errors to which the figured calendars of the middle ages gave rise far surpass them in absurdity. Of saints and martyrs, and their legends, a more piquant selection might have been made by M. Salverte, though perhaps not of equal domestic interest: we shall venture to insert one which he has neglected, that deserves to be more generally known. Saint Marius and Saint Aster appear in the Romish Calendar of Saints for March 3, these names having been manufactured through ignorance out of a note in the ancient Roman calendar, which stated the time of the astronomical rising of *marinus aster*, the *nautis infatus Orion*.

The prodigies recorded by the ancients admit of a natural explanation, these accounts therefore cannot be accused of falsehood; nor ought we think their "veracity any more to be suspected," says M. Salverte "regarding works of magic, which admit of explanation not less satisfactory. It will only be necessary to suppose that the priests possessed and kept secret the knowledge which was required

† The plot of a popular piece at the Adelphi Theatre, entitled "The Flying Dutchman," is founded on a similar appearance at the Cape of Good Hope, connected with a tradition which has been long current there among the Dutch colonists.

for operating their wonders." Nor should we fail to remark the different significations attached to the word *miracle* by the ancients and the moderns. With us, a miracle is the suspension or violation of the laws of nature: and a miracle which can be explained upon physical principles ceases to be such. Whatever surpassed their comprehension was regarded by the ancients as a miracle, and every extraordinary degree of information attained by an individual, as well as any unlooked-for occurrence, was referred to some peculiar interposition of the Deity. Hence, among the ancients, the followers of different divinities, far from denying the miracles performed by their opponents, admitted their reality, but endeavoured to surpass them; thus in the "Life of Zoroaster," we find that able innovator frequently entering the lists with hostile enchanters, admitting but exceeding the wonderful works they performed; and thus, also, when the thirst of power, or of distinction, divided the sacerdotal colleges, similar trials of skill would ensue, the successful combatant being considered to derive his knowledge from the more powerful God. That the science on which each party depended was derived from experimental physics, may be proved. 1. By the conduct of the Thaumaturgists.† 2. From what they themselves have said concerning magic; the *genii* invoked by the magicians, sometimes denoting physical or chemical agents employed, sometimes men who cultivated the science. 3. We may add that the magic of the Chaldeans comprehended all the occult sciences.

Whatever was done by a magician had not the appearance of resulting from a power imparted by the deity, was not instantaneously performed, but required more or less previous preparation, the collection of plants, minerals, &c. the use of certain words, sometimes in one language, sometimes in another, according to the nation to which the temple belonged,

in which the receipts to be employed had been originally prepared.

"The learned Moses Maimonides (More Nevochim, iii, 37), reveals to us that the first part of the magic of the Chaldeans was a knowledge of metals, plants, and animals. The second indicated the times when magical performances might be carried on, that is the periods when the season, the temperature of the air, the state of the atmosphere favoured the success of physical and chemical operations, or permitted a well-informed and attentive man to predict a natural phenomenon always unexpected by the vulgar."—"The third taught the actions, postures, words, intelligible and unintelligible which should accompany the proceedings of the thaumaturgist."—"The mystery of magic disappears! Introduced into the sanctuary of occult sciences we see there only a school in which the different branches of natural science were taught. And we can admit, in a literal sense, all that mythology and history relate respecting men and women whom skillful instructors had invested with the possession of the secrets of magic, and who frequently showed themselves superior to their masters." There can be no doubt that a tacit or formal agreement existed between the various thaumaturgists to prevent the secrets of their science being exposed to vulgar eyes. It is among the priests, that are still to be found those, who practice on the credulity of mankind, by pretending to superhuman means of knowledge. The following is a recent instance in point. In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacraments. The curate refused, saying your brother is a constitutionalist, that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man—he is damned without mercy, and it is therefore useless for me to confess him."—"But who told you that my brother was damned?"—"God himself told me during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils." It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties, the curate was inexorable. A few days after the individual died, when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture. The curate refused alleging, "the soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interfering his body, for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same

† "Thaumaturgical" and "Thaumaturgy," are words with which Dr. Todd has enriched the English language, on the authority of Burton and Warion. We have ventured upon "Thaumaturgist" as a legitimate translation of the French "Thaumaturge" of M. Salverte—"wonder-worker" would have been more correct. At a very recent meeting of the London Geological Society a paper was read, in which "psammite" was substituted for "sandy;" a discussion arose thereupon, and a member maintained that the "Saxon English" was fully adequate to express every idea for which classical compounds were so pedantically introduced: much dissent was expressed from such a proposition, and a book casually taken down was opened at a treatise "On the Impenetrability of Matter," and triumphantly handed to the Saxon advocate, who immediately returned it with the version, "On the unthoroughfursiveness of Stuff;" this was irresistible and conclusive.

face." The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistol loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaimed, "I command you to open in the name of the living God; open if not, your ruin is at hand." The Spaniard refused to open, and shortly after he saw enter by the window, three able-bodied devils, covered with the skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body; upon this the guardian fired and shot one devil dead, the others took to flight, he fired after them and wounded both, one of whom died in a few minutes, the other escaped. In the morning when the people went to church, there was no curate to officiate, and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the defunct devils, that one was the curate and the other the vicar; the wounded devil was the sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding—the case was brought before the tribunal of Barcelona.

From the very nature of things, much that now serves for amusement must formerly have been appropriated to a higher destination. Ventriloquism is a case in point, affording a ready and plausible solution of oracular stones and oaks, of the reply which the river Nessus addressed to Pythagoras, ("Jamblichus, Vit. Pyth. xxviii.;") and of the tree which, at the command of the chief of the Gymnosophists, of Upper Egypt, spoke to Apollonius. "The voice," says "Philostrophus, (Vit. Ap. vi. 5.);"—"was distinct but weak, and similar to the voice of a woman." But the oracles, at least if we ascend to their origin, were not altogether imposture. The pretended interpreters of the decrees of destiny were frequently plunged into a sort of delirium, and when inhaling the fumes of some intoxicating drug or powerful gas, or drinking some beverage which produced a temporary suspension of the reason, the mind of the inquirer was predisposed for feverish dreams; if priestcraft were concerned in the interpretation of such dreams, or eliciting sense from the wild effusions of the disordered brain of the Pythoness, "science presided over the investigation of the causes of this phrenzy, and the advantages which the Thaumaturgists might derive from it." Jamblichus states, "De Mysteriis," c. xxix. that for obtaining a revelation from the deity in a dream, the youngest and most simple creatures were the most proper for succeeding; they were prepared for it by

magical invocations and fumigations of particular perfumes. Porphyry declares that these proceedings had an influence on the imagination; Jamblichus, that they rendered them more worthy of the inspiration of the deity; "this is saying the same thing in other words," is the comment of M. Salverte.

"The Thaumaturgist had but one end in view; to attain it he employed in differently charlatanism, sleight of hand, a figurative style, natural prodigies, observations, reasoning, real science;" but what was most efficacious was the religious, secret mystery in which the whole was involved. The certainty of obtaining a blind prostration of the understanding from ignorant votaries was as well understood by the priests of antiquity as by the modern potentate who "prefers good subjects to learned men"—an expression which conveys a more severe satire than his bitterest enemy would venture to pronounce. The inevitable consequences of this mystery, in process of time, were, first, that in the hands of the Thaumaturgists magical science degenerated, becoming reduced to practice devoid of theory, and of which, at last, the very formulæ were no longer comprehended, and the real facts on which they depended irretrievably lost. And, secondly, that from ignorance of the limits by which its power was circumscribed, the desire of discovering its secrets, and the habit of attributing the efficacy of these last to the ostensible practices employed, the grossest errors were generally circulated among the people. A circumstance which occurred rather more than sixty years since, may illustrate the first of these positions.

"A Prince San Severo, at Naples, cultivated chemistry with some success; he had, for example, the secret of penetrating marble with colour, so that each slab sawed from the block presented a repetition of the figure imprinted on its external surface. In 1761, he exposed some human skulls to the action of different reagents, and then to the heat of a glass furnace, but paying so little attention to his manner of proceeding, that he acknowledged he did not expect to arrive a second time at the same result. From the product he obtained a vapour, or rather a gas was evolved, which, kindling at the approach of a light, burned for several months without the matter appearing to die or diminish in weight. (The oxygen combined by the effect of combustion, more than replaced what was lost by vaporization.) San Severo thought he had found the impossible secret of the inextinguishable lamp; but he would not divulge his process, for fear that the vault,

in which were interred the princes of his family, should lose the unique privilege with which he expected to enrich it, of being illuminated by a perpetual lamp. Had he acted like a philosopher of the present day, San Severo would have attached his name to the important discovery of the existence of phosphorus in the bones, and made public the process by which it might be obtained."

To elucidate, by a modern example, the second of the above consequences of the mystery which enveloped scientific knowledge, we shall mention a circumstance that happened, in 1828, to one of the philosophers of whom England is most justly proud. Many of our readers will have seen a small toy, called a glass-spinner, invented in Edinburgh some three years back, and to be had of every optician. If this small machine, in shape resembling a brilliant diamond, about one inch in diameter on its largest face, be made to spin on a glass plate whereon water has been poured, by a little dexterous management it will never stop, and even ascend the inclined surface of the glass; this was exhibited in Germany by the individual in question, who fully succeeded in convincing a spectator (a mystic certainly, but one by no means deficient either in physical or mathematical knowledge), that this motion, contradicting apparently all the laws of mechanics, was occasioned by a spirit confined in the coloured glass. Place the evidence of the senses and reason in real or imaginary opposition to each other, and who can assign the result.

On the surface of the thermal waters of Baden, in Germany, and on the waters of Ischia, an island in the kingdom of Naples, *zoogone* is collected, a singular substance, resembling human flesh with the skin upon it, and which, when subjected to distillation, affords the same products as animal matter. M. Gimbernat ("Journal de Pharmacie," Avril 1821, p. 196), has also seen rocks covered with this substance, near the castle of Lepomena, and in the valleys of Sinigaglia and Negreponte. Here is the explanation of those showers of pieces of meat which figure in the number of prodigies of antiquity.

Pliny ("Hist. Nat." xi. 108) speaks of a fountain which discharged wine during seven days, and water the rest of the year. In one of the towns of Elis, during the annual feast of Bacchus, three empty urns were closed, and on being opened were full of wine. "By employing a machine," says M. Salverte, "to which we give the name of Hero's fountain, although probably it was only described, and not invented by this mathematician,

a more striking miracle might have been performed. Under the eyes of the spectator, the water passed into a reservoir would have been emitted changed into wine."

Great ingenuity and learning have been displayed by M. Salverte in investigating the effects which medicated beverages produce; to which he ascribes, and we think correctly, such magical slumbers as were produced in the Cave of Trophonius, when the votary, if he escaped with life, had his health irreparably injured, and the whole class of artificial dreams and visions, the effect of some powerful narcotic acting upon the body after the mind had been predisposed for a certain train of ideas. "Such is the connexion," observes M. Salverte, "between the body and the mind, that the substances which strongly induce sleep frequently possess the property of confusing the understanding: the berries of the belladonna produce, when eaten, a furious madness, followed by sleep which lasts for twenty-four hours." Such drugs as produce mental stupefaction without impairing the physical powers, may have given rise to the accounts of men being transformed into brutes, so frequent in what are denominated the fabulous writers, while the evanescent but exquisite joys of an opposite description, an anticipation of what implicit obedience would insure them for ever, produced blind, furious, devoted adherents to any philosophical speculator who would venture to try so desperate an experiment.

"The savage Kamtschatkale and the fierce Cossack have recourse to this intoxication (produced by the spirit of muchamore, a mushroom which grows in the country of the former), to dissipate their terrors when meditating assassinations. (Kracheninikoff, "Descript. du Kamtschat," part i, c. 14.) The extract of hemp, combined with opium, throws the blacks of Hindostan into ferocious madness; no crime stops—no danger terrifies them. Neither did fear nor humanity check, in the career of crime, the fanatics whom the Old Man of the Mountain intoxicated with a preparation of hemp, of which the name *hachiche* had formed, for those whom it led astray, the name of assassins. (J. Harmer, Mines de l'Orient.) Long previously, Schedaden-ad, king of Arabia, wishing to be adored like a God, had collected in a garden, of which the name has remained proverbial in the east, all the joys of paradise, and shared them with the trusty followers whom he deigned to admit. (D'Herbelot Biblioth. Orient. *frum.*) In both cases we think that these gardens,

these enjoyments, existed only in dreams induced with young men habituated to simple and severe regimen by the unaccustomed usage of liquors, suited to lull their feeble reason, and exalt their ardent imagination."

But while these effects could not be produced by any beverage without the votary being conscious that he was partaking it, the same effects might ensue from the use of fumigation, without awakening any suspicion or distrust. In the Orphic hymns a particular perfume is ordered for the invocation of each divinity.

"We learn from Herodotus, iv. 75, that the Scythians inebriated themselves by inhaling the vapour of the seeds of a species of hemp thrown upon red-hot stones; modern medicine has observed, that the odour alone of the seeds of henbane, particularly when its power is augmented by heat, produces a choleric and querulous disposition in those who respire it. The "*Dictionnaire de Médecine*" (de l'*Encyclopédie Méthodique*, vii, *Jusquime*) cites three instances which prove it; the most remarkable is that of a married pair, who, living in perfect harmony every where else, could never remain a few hours in the room where they worked, without quarrelling excessively. The apartment, of course, was thought to be bewitched, until there was discovered, in a considerable packet of the seeds of henbane placed near a stove, the source of their daily dissensions, which the individuals themselves were the first to lament, and which the removal of the poisonous substance put an end to.

The same effects that were produced by draughts and fumigations would ensue from the application of liniments, of "magical unctions," acting through the absorbent system, as if they had been introduced into the stomach: allusions to these ointments are constantly recurring in classical authors. Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius (iii. 5), states that the latter and his companions, before being admitted to the mysteries of the Indian sages, were rubbed over with so active an oil, that it appeared they were bathed with fire.

CHARLES X. IN HIS YOUTH.

SOME curious facts, illustrative of the character of this prince and his elder brother, Louis XVIII., when young men, at the commencement of the French Revolution,

are given in the following passage, extracted from the "*History of the Female Sex*," by the late Professor Meiners, of Gottingen:—

"Of the brothers of Louis XVI. Monsieur (Louis XVIII.) had been unpopular even before the Revolution, and the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) was universally hated on account of his extravagance, his barefaced profligacy, and his exorbitant pride. The sums which these two brothers of the king had drawn from the royal treasury at a time of the greatest public distress, amounting to twenty-eight millions of livres (1,150,000*l.* sterling) could not fail to excite the greatest indignation in the people. This indignation was increased by the consideration of the objects of their profusion, especially that of the Count d'Artois. This prince had, at different times, been allowed many hundred thousand livres for his stables. The count was accused of leading the queen into similar extravagances, of finding access through her means to the royal exchequer, and of rendering her as indifferent to the welfare of the people, and to the public opinion, as he was himself.

"He displayed his haughty insolence not only towards the public, but also towards the sex, and even to females of the highest rank. Once at a masquerade he addressed the Duchess of Bourbon with the same impudent libertinism as if he had been speaking to a common prostitute. The insulted princess raised the fringe of the mask which concealed the features of the person who had used such improper language to her. As soon as she perceived that it was the Count d'Artois, she walked away without deigning to bestow on him a single reproach. The haughty prince, highly affronted at the behaviour of the duchess, hastened after her, and broke her mask upon her face. The princess quietly withdrew from the ball-room and would not even have complained of the ill treatment she had received, had not the Count d'Artois, to crown his revenge, thought fit to make public the insult which he had offered her. The princess, her husband, and her whole family, then appealed to the king. Louis called his brother an *étourdi*, and obliged him to make suitable apologies to the lady. A duel also took place between the Duke of Bourbon and Count d'Artois, in which, however, neither of the combatants sustained any injury."

A DOZEN NUISANCES OF
LONDON.†

BY A PEDESTRIAN.

I.

BELLS OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

I do not object to the sound of the church-going bell of Cowper (though, to tell the truth, I always considered the phrase to be a bull, for I never yet knew of a bell that went to church); but I do object to the street-walking bells with the utmost vehemence. The postman—the dustman—the muffinman—all and sundry, are objects of my detestation. Have you ever had the misfortune of walking in the same line with one of these worthies along a street of any length? If you have, you will perfectly agree with me, particularly if you happened to have had a deaf man for your companion.

The pretence for giving the privilege of splitting our ears to these peculiar persons, I never could comprehend. If the getting rid of your dust be a matter to be proclaimed by sound of bell, why not the getting in of your daily provender; and yet nobody arms the hand of the car-borne butcher's boy with a jingling instrument to announce his approach. If the thin small voice of the muffinman's ring be justifiable, why is not the baker let loose upon us, to sound his quarters into our ears! We should have all in the ring, or nothing.

But the postman, you will say, is requisite, to remind the people of the necessity of having their letters ready. What is this but a bounty upon idleness, which should be contended against by the Malthusian philosophers, on the same principle that actuates them in their tender-hearted opposition to the poor laws. We need no such flappers for the two-penny post—nothing to suggest to us, that if we do not put our *billet-doux* to the fair Flora of the romantic region of Hampstead into the gaping letter-box of our neighbour, the cheesemonger, before four o'clock, she will be destined to retire to rest uncheered by our tender sentences, and deprived perhaps of sleep for the night—or, what is worse, haunted by hideous dreams of wandering lonely by herself upon the solitary shore. Nobody faucies that a general bell-ringing is requisite or necessary for this; how then can it be maintained that an army of red-coated tintinnabulists are called for to remind the greasy citizens of the time when their letters about calico, or cheese,

or consols, or smoothing irons, or the other plebeian concerns, that can afford any pretext for writing to the provinces on a given day, has arrived. Depend upon it if the bell was suppressed, these rogues would not miss a post in the year for want of it. The consideration of this matter is humbly suggested to my friend Sir Francis Freeling.

II.

MACADAM.

Lord Redesdale said in Ireland, some thirty years ago, that in that country there was one law for the rich and another for the poor; and, on a moderate calculation, this dictum of his lordship has been repeated thirty thousand times in various notes of indignation by patriots of the Emerald island ever since. But although an Irishman myself, I cannot claim so important a monopoly as this would be, for my own beautiful country—I happen never to have heard of any country in which the same might not be with most eminent justice asserted. A friend of mine, indeed, has suggested that England is an exception, because with us, instead of there being one law for the poor, and another for the rich—there is no law for the poor at all—the whole code being directed against them.

Macadam is a case in point. This gentleman has torn the pavement out of the town with such complete success, that we are smothered with clouds of dust in summer, and obliged in winter to wade mid-leg through oceans of mud. To compensate for these inconveniences, the cab, we are assured, is more smoothly driven, and the carriage moves on its noiseless way with less detriment to its chances of duration. All very well for those who have cabs and carriages! but their convenience is secured by the stifling or staining of us who have neither.

Again, the very silence of the motion is a source of misfortune to the walkers on foot. I remember, in the days of my youth, being much puzzled by a conundrum, "What is that which a carriage cannot go without, and yet is no use to it?" After considerable expense of *Edipodean* labour, I excoagitated the answer, which is, "Noise." An answer no longer applicable. A carriage now comes upon us with the silence and speed of lightning, and you may know nothing about it until you find it thundering over you, and you are juggernauted like my friend Huskisson. Mr. O'Connell moved last session for a return of all persons killed and wounded by the Irish police. I wish Mr. Goulburn would move for a

† From Fraser's Magazine.—No. X.

return of the killed and wounded by Macadamization: it would be a subject worthy of his great mind.

Here also are the poor sacrificed to the rich. I submit that there is nothing in Magna Charta that gives freeborn Englishmen the right of being rode over.

III.

SOANE.

See the Bank of England—his own house in Lincoln's Inn Fields—the Treasury—the whole of the Bæotian order of architecture.

IV.

NASH.

See church in Langham Place—the Regent Mountain—the, &c. &c. &c.—or rather avoid seeing them, on the same principle that deters squeamish people from visiting the Siamese boys, the armless girl, the Hottentot Venus, &c. If you have a taste for moustrosities, the case is otherwise.

V.

THE NEW WIDE STREETS.

Tacitus says that the people of Rome charged the Emperor Nero with having widened the streets after the fire, of which they accuse him, out of a malicious design, of exposing them to the sun, and thereby breeding disorders in the city. Nobody can accuse Lord Lowther of being Nero, and yet I object vigorously to the universal pulling down of London. What an unsightly hole they have made at Charing Cross for example. I can understand why a great *Place*, as the French call it, should be made, for the purpose of ornamenting a large city; but why a row of shops should be pulled down with the view of doing nothing more than replacing them with another row of shops a few feet further back, is more than I can conjecture. What does it signify whether Howel and James's is thirty feet or three hundred feet apart from Colnaghi's.

The consequence is, that there is a cursed wind continually circumgyrating in these places with equal fury, no matter from which quarter it may be blowing elsewhere, which, when we couple it with the second nuisance, above enumerated, that of Macadamization, must be allowed to be intolerable. You have no shade to keep off the sun in summer, no screen to protect you from the rain in winter; and the difficulties of the crossing is much augmented, a matter of no trivial import.

On the subject of large areas, let me

remark that, I wish Russell Square was really (as certain wits wish it to be) an unknown land. But it is not. To gratify the acre spreading taste of the Duke of Bedford, whose heavy countenance illustrates the square, we have a gaping void, in which the wind and the sun play all manner of gambols. In the days of Sir Thomas Lawrenc, going to sit for your picture, was like visiting Sierra Leone at one period of the year, and Nova Zembla or Edinburgh, or some of these Hyperborean regions at another. Going to dine now with Sir Charles Flower, you experience the same inconvenience, but you brave it with more fortitude.

VI.

STREET MUSIC.

This is an absolute calamity. There is one comfort, that the rogues do not attempt any real music, and therefore you escape comparatively un wounded. You feel no qualm of conscience at the performance, perhaps adequate, of the compositions of Bishop, or Stuart, or Blewitt, or Stevenson, or other illustrious authors of that class; but you feel a qualm of stomach. The majority of the Irish melodies played at their best, affect you with no slight degree of nausea—repeated in the street by the hurdy-gurdy grinders, and other itinerant dispensers of sour sounds, they make the hair stand on end. In the case when anything that is music, such as the hunting choros in Frieschutz, gets into their hands, we are so tortured by the damnable iteration, that we at last begin to think it something with "beautiful words written for it expressly by T. Moore, Esq."

Then the songs—"Home, sweet home," stunn'd us for one year; "Cherry ripe," for another. "I'd be a butterfly," sung by a drunken thief in rags, much resembling a scare-crow, for a third; and so on—It is odd that the wandering minstrels never catch a song with anything manly or hearty in it. The curse of gentility descends to all caterers for public applause. "We never dances our bears but to genteel tunes." The best song of the street I have heard for some years, was, "Jarvy, Jarvy!—Here am I, your honour." I always admired the felicity with which the interjectional "Tamaroo" was introduced. Haynes Bayley never wrote any thing like it.

VII.

THE WATER CARTS.

Who manages these *aguarti* I know not. Their chief occupation appears to me to be the making of puddles in the street.

On a dusty day you never see them; but when there is an opportunity of a concoction of mud, their activity is irreprouchable. That the drivers of the carts are public functionaries is evident, by the independence with which they splash all persons within their reach.

VIII.

HACKNEY COACHES.

On this subject I need not say much; a whole nest of nuisances is suggested by the mere mention of the name to the afflicted reader!—So insufferable a pest they had become, that it was presumptuously thought nothing could render it more intolerable. In order to show to mortals how short-sighted they are in all such imaginations, Old Nick ordained that they should be regulated by act of parliament!

IX.

GAS IN ALL SHAPES.

A man of the name of Winsor has died lately, and a great splutter was set up in the newspapers, about the hard measure dealt to him in not having his claims to be the inventor of gas-lights duly acknowledged. I hope the poor man has not gone to a region illuminated according to his patent; but, if he has, it is a well-merited fate. They tell me, that the streets are better lighted. They may be so; I never felt any inconvenience from their former comparative obscurity. But that is the sole advantage of the gaseous system, if it be one; in every other point of view gas-lighting is a nuisance. Go where you will, you are poisoned by the smell. An odour bursts forth every now and then—at the theatre, for example—which would knock down a horse. In the streets, you are oppressed by a miasma, that invades you down to the bottom of your fauces, exciting a preternatural thirst. In a house, where the inhabitants are so ill-advised as to use gas-lights, you are in a complication of horrors. The machinery is never in order. Out go all the lights of the house at a whiff, leaving you, from attic to cellar, in Cimmerian darkness—some cockney wag having turned off the gas; or the lights keep dancing and winking, with a sort of hiccuppy motion, owing to some derangement in the valves; or an awkward servant, with too liberal a finger, lets loose a volume of flame that puts you in mind of Vesuvius, and extorts a panic cry for fire-engines! or a tube bursts, or leaks, or fizzes, and you are poisoned with a smell, to which that of the Augean stable must have been perfume!

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C

In clubs, hotels, taverns, and other places where people feed, there might be a special act of parliament to forbid them. They actually destroy the taste of the dishes. It is said, that the gas poisons the fish in the river; of that I cannot speak; but I know, that it destroys its flavour on the table.

X.

ELECTIONS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

These things—farces, as his highness calls them—happily occur in places where civilization or comfort is not expected to exist—Covent Garden, Smithfield, Spitalfields formerly, Kennington Common, Clerkenwell Green, &c. &c. &c. But to the passers by, in those places, what can be more odious? Here two fellows bawl against one another to the ale-conner, or coroner, or churchwarden, or some other trash, and “Vote for Figgins!” or, “Vote for Wiggins!” is thrust down your throat at every corner.—“Make way for the elector!” is cried by a hundred officious partisans. “How do you vote, sir!—the independant candidate sir!—Magna charta!—Bill of Rights!—Freedom of the press!—Liberty of fiddle-dee!”—or, “The staunch old interest, sir!—The honour of the country! No radicals!” &c. &c. stun you on all sides. If you declare, you have no interest on either side, you run a chance of being beaten by both.

Public meetings are, perhaps, a greater nuisance. If you be jammed in the crowd, there you stand until Heaven touches the heart of the orator to conclude, imbibing nonsense the most abominable, conveyed to you through an atmosphere of the vilest odours. Your pocket is picked—your coat unskirted—your hat beaten in—and if you do not shout in applause of all that it pleases your neighbours to approve, you are cuffed in all directions by the friends of freedom of opinion. A sore throat or sore head is your only alternative. But thank God! these things—public meetings, I mean—are gradually being given up, (to write in the manner of the fine grammarians of the press).

XI.

THE STATIONARY ADVERTISERS.

Why do those fellows thrust their papers into one's hand? Is there any reason for supposing I have such pressing need of the information they convey?—If it must be done, why are they so parsimonious of their paper?

XII.

THE DRAYS, WAGGONS, AND OTHER
LEVIATHANS.

Have you ever noticed that these machines

"Wallowing unwieldily, enormous in their gait,"

come in your way most perversely, when you are most in a hurry? If you have an assignation to keep, or a dnn to avoid—a girl before or a tailor after you—chuck comes a six-horsed caravan of coal, emerging from some corner, and laying an embargo on the rapidity of your motions, until the lady is out of your sight, or the fraction of humanity upon your shoulder. On other occasions, when the velocity of movement is of no consequence, when you are neither the hunter nor his prey, you are unmolested.

In like manner, what the citizens call "a lock," never occurs but when you are bent on speed. A bill lies due in Lombard Street. The too punctual clerk has called in the morning, leaving his ominous bit of paper, concluding with, "*Please call,*" (how civil that insidious word *please*), "*between three and five*"—having the fear of the notary before your eyes, and the bill, unfortunately, amounting to a sum of 20*l.* 1*s.*—which the drawer positively protests he cannot renew for the fifth time, you raise, with inconceivable difficulty, the proceeds at four, in Piccadilly; and hastening, on the wings of the wind, towards Temple Bar, take a coach to put you faster towards your destination. Fatal measure! A check of carriages from the various confluences of Fleet Market—Farringdon Street, I mean—Ludgate Hill—Bridge Street—Fleet Street itself meeting at the Walthamian corner, keeps you tight as in a vice; and mangre all the efforts of your jarvey, and all his speed in getting forward, after being disentangled, you perceive, on casting your anxious eye upon the clock of the quondam post-office in Lombard Street; within four steps of the Bank, that it is three minutes past five, and sigh somewhat for your loss of credit in the bill-market; and still more, for the fare of the hackney-coach, and the 3*s.* 6*d.* to be paid for the tiny quadrangle of paper at the corner of your bill in the morning.

Or—but this is still more awful—running with a check upon a bank in dubious circumstances—caught in a storm of coaches—delayed—entangled—kept back—and at last, by super-human exertions, able to reach the door just in time to be told that it had stopped payment—and the rascal of a clerk, with a hypocritical

scrape, condoling with you, by saying, "it was a pity you had not contrived to call a quarter of an hour before, when the sum being so small," &c. Jupiter confound him!

This happened to myself—*Poz /*

THE SPOUSE OF SATAN.†

THE painter Giotto was sitting alone in his studio one evening in the city of Pisa, when a visitor was announced. Three months had hardly elapsed since Giotto's arrival in Pisa, yet had he the good fortune to stand on the highest pinnacle of fashion. The young and the lovely of the nobility flocked to his door; his studio was a gallery of beauties; for she whose charms had not risen into new life beneath the magic hand of Giotto was supposed to have resigned her pretensions to rank among the lovely of Pisa. The rise of Giotto's fortunes had been sudden: the following pages record the events that so strangely terminated them. There lived, in the city of Pisa, a certain wealthy noble named Peruzzi. This man, at once the most wealthy and licentious of the nobility, had married the ugliest woman in Tuscany, attracted by her great riches; being now desirous of obtaining a papal bull to dissolve the marriage, he had conceived the singular design of sending to his holiness the pope, a portrait of his wife, as an additional argument in his favour; the name of Giotto being in every body's mouth, the Count Peruzzi repaired to him on the night in question, resolved that he should be the painter of the portrait. "You are already celebrated," said he, as he entered Giotto's studio, "for your talents in depicting beauty; it is not, however, in that line that I have need of them. No doubt the same powers that so magically portray the lineaments of beauty, could also, and with equal effect, represent deformity. It is not necessary that I should explain the object I have in view; I have only to request that you will stretch your conception to the uttermost, while you paint for me a countenance more hideous than any that woman ever yet bore, and if you please we will make this bargain, that in proportion to your success shall be your reward; the more hideous the picture the better I shall be satisfied, and the greater the price I will pay for it." Giotto knew that the Count Peruzzi was the richest of the Pisan nobility; and although the task proposed

† From Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*, for 1831.

was not much to his taste, for the charming countenances, that from the walls of his studio, were ever flashing beauty, had made him somewhat of a voluptuary, he was not so blind to his own interest as to decline the patronage of the Count Peruzzi; besides, he felt some desire to prove to the world, that although taste would confine his talents to one department, genius was capable of a wider range; he therefore engaged to fulfil the wishes of the count. When the painter of Pisa was left alone in his studio, he began to fear that he had undertaken a task to which he should be unable to do justice. It was in vain that he tried to conjure up in fancy a hideous countenance—his imagination was alone conversant with bright eyes, and sunny smiles, and winning lips. If he shut his eyes, combinations of these alone rose to his fancy; if he opened them, beauty rained upon him from every side.—“I will walk into the street,” said Giotto; “there I shall doubtless find assistance;” but no such portrait as he sought could be found; or, if fancying he had found an idea, he hurried to his studio, and tried to embody it on his canvass, it faded away in the light of his own beautiful and accustomed conceptions, or was lost in the blaze of the first countenance that flashed upon him as he entered his studio. Day after day Giotto laboured at his task, but with no greater success; his attempts to portray ugliness were only caricatures of beauty—the original conception was beauty still. Harrassed by disappointment, and worn by intense thought, late one evening Giotto threw himself upon his bed, bitterly bewailing his misfortune, and anticipating with no very enviable feelings the triumph that would be afforded to his rivals, if he should be found unequal to the performance of his task, or if the Count Peruzzi, dissatisfied with the result of his labours, should employ another artist. In the midst of these distracting thoughts, Giotto suddenly started from his bed, exclaiming—“Ah! if I could but for one moment see that interdicted picture of Malfeo’s, the *Spouse of Satan*”—an exclamation whose meaning requires to be explained.

Shortly after painting had revived in the works of Leonardo da Vinci and his immediate followers, there lived at Pisa an artist named Malfeo. This man, having resolved to leave to posterity a picture that should render him immortal, long deliberated upon the choice of a subject fitted for his purpose; and at length he resolved that his subject should be the “Spouse of Satan.” During the progress of his work (which no one ever saw, as Malfeo laboured at it in secret), it was observed, that he

occasionally showed symptoms of derangement. His whole powers bent upon his work, strange and perhaps horrible conceptions of his subject became the inmates of his mind; and in the same moment that his picture was finished, reason forsook him. With his brush and pallet in his hand, he rushed from his studio into the street raving mad, and with fearful cries he sprang into the Arno. Such was the end of Malfeo. It is said, that the first person who afterwards entered the studio of Malfeo was never more seen to smile: and that he, locking the door, that no one else might hazard his reason, carried the key to the archbishop, who, protected by divine favour, hastened to Malfeo’s studio, and put a seal upon the door, thus preserving the inhabitants against the fatal effects of Malfeo’s profanity. From the days of Malfeo to those of Giotto, the studio had remained closed, and no one passed the sealed door, without devoutly crossing himself, and muttering an *Ave*.

Let us now return to Giotto, who, as we have seen, suddenly started from his bed, exclaiming, “Ah! if I could but for one moment see that interdicted picture of Malfeo’s, the *Spouse of Satan*!” Giotto naturally enough supposed, that if he could see a picture which had already produced such powerful effects, and the conception of which was of so horrible a nature, as to have deranged the intellects of the painter, he should no longer have occasion to search for a subject for Count Peruzzi. Such was the idea that suddenly suggested itself to Giotto’s mind. It was true, indeed, that no good Catholic would violate the interdicted and unhallowed depository of the profane picture; but Giotto was unfortunately but an indifferent Catholic; and was notorious for his disregard of the injunctions of the church. It was even said that the cause of his coming to Pisa was not voluntary; but that having caricatured a certain picture of the Virgin, he had been forced to quit his native town. Having none of the reasons, therefore, of a good Catholic to deter him from violating Malfeo’s studio, he had scarcely formed the wish to see the picture, before he resolved upon accomplishing it. The soft beams of a Tuscan moon lighted Giotto along the Lung Arno, and to the centre bridge of marble, upon which he paused for a moment, to look back upon the beautiful crescent that extended along the river. All was silent and lovely. The Arno flowed dimpling on, tremulous beneath the moonlight, which streamed upon the marble of a hundred palaces. “I am haunted by images of beauty,” said Giotto; “let me hasten onward to displace them;” and Giotto hurried forward,

nor paused again until he stood at the door of the interdicted dwelling. Giotto looked to the right and to the left, but no foot-fall was to be heard—no sound but the gentle murmur of the river. No extraordinary precautions had been taken to secure the unhallowed studio of Malfeo against the intrusion of the curious; it was deemed sufficiently guarded by the prohibition of the church. Giotto found no difficulty, therefore, in removing the impediments that opposed his entrance, and the next moment he stood upon the spot from which Malfeo had fled a maniac. The room was darkened by a thick curtain that hung before the window. For an instant a shade of fear crossed the mind of Giotto; two only had ever looked upon the picture—one had lost his reason, the other had never smiled again; and a century had elapsed since the silence of that room had been broken by a living footstep. Such reflections were but transient. Giotto grasped the curtain, which, moth-eaten and decayed, fell at his touch, and the moonlight, with almost a supernatural brightness, streamed through the window, and fell upon the countenance of the *Spouse of Satan*!

Giotto walked pensively through the silent streets of Pisa. He passed the Campo Santo, but he did not pause to mark the effect of the moonlight upon the white and black marble sarcophagi; nor did he look upwards to the Camponile, leaning against the midnight sky. He passed the marble bridge, and along the Lung Arno, but he noticed neither the dimpling river, nor the moonlit palaces; and, having entered his studio, he passed hurriedly through it, and, throwing himself upon his bed, dreamt that as he turned away from Malfeo's picture, a dark figure rose between him and the door; and while he stood trembling, fearful alike of advancing or retreating, the figure glided on one side, saying, "I engage you to paint another such for me." The same night that Giotto visited the studio of Malfeo, a fire broke out in that quarter of the city, and burnt to the ground the interdicted dwelling, and all that it contained, to the no small satisfaction of the inhabitants of Pisa, who were in future saved the inconvenience of repeating an "*Ave*" at unreasonable times.

And now that Giotto had accomplished his object in seeking the studio of Malfeo, was he better prepared to execute the commission of Count Peruzzi? Giotto was as distant from the accomplishment of his task as ever. He had indeed *SEEN*, and he *REMEMBERED*; but far from attempting to embody his recollections on

canvass, his object seemed to be to efface them; for now he sat from morning until night gazing upon the beautiful countenances that surrounded him, apparently forgetful that he had a commission to execute, or that his profession was that of a painter. It was late on the evening following the midnight perambulation of Giotto, that, while sitting in his studio, recreating his mind with one of the entertaining stories of Boccaccio, that a stranger was announced. Giotto was not unaccustomed to intrusion, even at so late an hour as this; and without any feeling of surprise, he hastened to receive the visitor with his usual courtesy. The face of the stranger was unknown to him; it was handsome, but wore a very peculiar and unpleasant expression; but as Giotto well knew that all mankind are not fitted to make agreeable portraits, he begged the stranger to be seated, and requested to know if it was as an artist he was indebted for the honour of a visit.

"Signor Giotto," said the stranger, "no man in Tuscany enjoys so high a reputation as yourself in the delineation of female beauty."

The artist, who, at the first sound of the stranger's voice, had slightly started; from some indistinct recollection of having heard it before, bowed in return for the compliment paid to his talents.

"The commission with which I am honoured," continued the stranger, "is one of great importance; but I have not hesitated for a moment as to the artist who is the most worthy of executing it: there is no one but the Signor Giotto to whom it would be safe to intrust the depicting of female charms." Giotto who had felt some apprehension lest the stranger's commission might be similar to that of the Count Peruzzi, was now relieved, and begged to be informed if the picture required was a portrait or a composition.

"In your hands," said the stranger, "it will be a composition; what it may be when finished imports little." As the stranger spoke thus, Giotto remarked that the peculiar expression of his countenance became more marked; nor could he comprehend how the picture, if a composition in his hands, could be any thing different when finished: but upon this seeming contradiction, he made no comment, and only requested more particular instructions from the stranger.

"The painting of which I stand in need," said the stranger, "will require the exercise of all your talents. I require the production of perfect beauty—can you promise this?"

"Perhaps," said Giotto, rising, and

raising the lamp which stood upon the table towards the walls of the studio, "perhaps something may be found here that will spare me the exercise of imagination. I have here a gallery of beauty, where you may possibly discover the perfection which you search after;" and the stranger rising, followed the artist round the gallery, as he held the lamp towards the portraits which they successively reached.

"Here," said Giotto, advancing and holding the light in different positions, before a charming picture; "here is the portrait of the most celebrated beauty of Pisa, the heiress of the house of Lanfranducci; or how like you this, the portrait of the Marchese di Pulvolo; you will admit that they are both beautiful?"

"They are both beautiful," said the stranger, "but the beauty of the one is too youthful, of the other too mature; besides, I do not find perfection in either."

Giotto thought the stranger's taste somewhat fastidious, and he passed on to another. "Perhaps," said he, again, pausing, "this may please you better: it is the portrait of the Signora Albaccini, who has turned the heads of all Florence. Those eyes, signor, cannot be outdone."

Still the stranger was not quite satisfied; and after having made the entire survey of Giotto's gallery, the painter and the stranger again seated themselves; and the latter turning to the artist, said, "I readily admit Signor Giotto, that your studio contains some choice specimens of female beauty, and yet I am not entirely satisfied with any of them; in all I find a want of unity. But you can be at no loss, Signor Giotto, with so many excellent models before you, to compose such a picture as will suit me; and as the price of the picture is no object with me, I am willing to pay for a fancy in which you must indulge me. Look ye, Signor," continued the stranger rising and lifting the lamp, "I am satisfied with this mouth pointing to one portrait, "and with those eyes," pointing to another; "and the shape of this countenance pleases me; and in that I like the hair and the forehead; and here the nose and chin are unexceptionable. Now Signor Giotto, you have nothing to do but to compose your picture of these features, and I'll engage for its success."

It was in vain that Giotto assured the stranger, that such a composition would be an entire failure; and that far from possessing the unity required, the production would be monstrous, "and besides," added Giotto, "long habit and the study of the living countenance, will insensibly lead me to modify the features

so as to preserve some unity, and thus it will be impossible for me implicitly to follow your instructions." But this difficulty the stranger obviated, by suggesting to Giotto, that the moment one feature was finished it might be covered, so that it should form no guide in the formation of the next; and the stranger further stipulated, that the covering should not be removed until he came to claim the picture. In short, so pressing was the stranger, and so liberal his offers of remuneration, that Giotto who was naturally avaricious, consented to try the experiment; and the stranger took his leave, promising to return at the end of fourteen days. The very next Giotto began his task; and although he anticipated nothing but disappointment from the experiment, he worked in precise agreement with the instructions of his employer; beginning with the upper part of the face, finishing one feature before beginning another, and constantly covering the countenance as he worked downwards; and thus the picture advanced towards its completion, and the day approached when he might expect the stranger to come and claim it. Let it not be supposed that during all this time, the mid-night walk and the studio of Malfeo were unremembered by Giotto! No! he tried to efface the recollection of them, but he tried in vain; and even while the most charming conceptions of beauty were present with him, the moonlight streamed through the window upon Malfeo's unhallowed picture. It was now the thirteenth evening since that upon which Giotto had undertaken the commission; the painting was finished, a black silk veil shrouded the countenance, and the painter of Pisa, according to promise waited the arrival of the stranger before removing it. Fatigued with the labour of the day, he had fallen asleep in his studio, and had just been visited by the same dream he dreamt on the night he returned from his unlawful visit, when he was awoke by the midnight hour chiming on the cathedral clock. The lamp had gone out, and the moon shone brightly into his studio, and opposite to the window stood the picture he had finished, shrouded by the black veil. "What hinders me," said Giotto to himself, "from removing that veil, and ascertaining the result of the stranger's experiment?" And Giotto rose and approached the picture, and withdrew the veil, and the moonlight streaming through the window, fell upon the countenance of "the Spouse of Satan!"

Now whether it was that the beautiful features of which Giotto composed his picture did really form when united, the

countenance delineated by Malfeo, and that in the commission of the stranger there was some hidden mystery; or whether the strong impression upon Giotto's mind had directed the movements of his pencil, and thus produced the likeness, and the stranger was only a fastidious and fanciful man; or whether having withdrawn the veil the moment after Malfeo's unhallowed picture had been presented to him in a vision, he believed that he saw a resemblance to it in his own, nowhere appears. All that is known further of Giotto is, that he spent the remainder of his days in a religious house, and that he always persisted in averring that he had seen in his own picture that countenance which he had once looked upon, and should remember for ever.

KING WILLIAM IV.

KING WILLIAM IV. is the third son of George III., and was born August, 1765. As it was the design of George III. to make his sons serviceable to their country, Prince William Henry was intended from an early age for the navy; which service he entered at fourteen years old, at the close of the American war, but fortunately in time to be present in the great battle fought by Rodney against the Spanish fleet under Langara. The ship in which he was midshipman was the Prince George, of ninety-eight guns, so named in honour of the Prince of Wales, and bearing the flag of Admiral Digby.

After the victory over the Spaniards, the prince's ship was employed in pursuing the remnants of the enemy's naval force in the West Indies. The Prince George was fortunate in meeting a French convoy, escorted by a ship of the line and some smaller vessels of war. The fighting ships were captured, and the convoy dispersed or taken. His royal highness was still a midshipman, for it was the especial order of the king that he should go through the gradations of service like any other officer. And this circumstance gave rise to a striking and natural remark of the Spanish admiral. Langara, at the close of the action, went on board Rodney's ship, and when he expressed a desire of returning to his own, he was waited on by the little midshipman, hat-in-hand, to tell him that the boat was ready. Rodney introduced the boy, mentioning his rank: on which Langara lifted up his eyes, exclaiming, that England might well be irresistible at sea, when the son of her king was thus content to go through the humblest rank of her service!

The royal family were, in general, large formed and athletic figures. The Duke of Clarence was under their stature, but his frame was compact, and appeared to be so much fitted for the hardships of a naval life, that it was probably one of the king's inducements to select him for the sea. Various anecdotes are told of his personal hardihood and spirit, and peculiarly of his taking his full share in the common privations and rough work of the midshipman's life, without any reserve on account of his personal rank. The story of his quarrel with his fellow-midshipman, since Captain Sturt, is one of the instances. From some accident, the two boys disagreed on the deck; when Sturt roundly told the prince, that "but for his being a prince, he would give him a thrashing."

The Brunswick blood was up in arms at once: the boy pulled off his jacket, which had some distinguishing ornament of lace on its collar. "You will give me a thrashing?" said he, flinging the jacket from him. "There goes the prince; now try!" The combatants fell to without delay, and fought, till some of the officers, not altogether approving of this style of affairs of honour, separated them; some blood being lost on the occasion, but no honour! and the warriors becoming, of course, greater friends than ever. During his stay in the West Indies, his royal highness made himself popular by his good humour and absence of the pride of rank.

The prince after serving the regular time in each rank, received his flag in 1790, as rear admiral of the blue; a more rapid promotion of course than can be expected to fall to the lot of naval officers in general, but still not violating the regulations of the navy. He had about a year and a half earlier been made Duke of Clarence, and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster, thus taking a title from each quarter of the British Isles.

From this period his royal highness had no command, a neglect against which he very frequently and strongly remonstrated. The ground of ministerial objection was never declared; and whether it was from an unwillingness to hazard a prince, who from the determined celibacy, as it was then supposed of the Prince of Wales; and the casualties that might threaten the life of the Duke of York, then commencing his military service; might be presumed destined to succeed to the throne, a conjecture to which the fact has given testimony: or whether the objection might arise from the fear of royal etiquette embarrassing the conduct of a fleet; or from a dread of the duke's inexperience in command on a large scale, where the loss of a battle might lay open the shores



HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.
KING WILLIAM IV.

J. Rogers. Sc.

of England to the combined fleets of Europe under the revolutionary flag; his royal highness lived from that period in retirement.

Of the private career of the prince, we have no desire to enter deeply into detail; the unhappy law which prohibits the marriage of the blood royal without the sanction of the king, naturally exposes the princes to a species of connexion which offends higher laws than those of the land. On all the male branches of the royal family, charges of this obnoxious kind are commonly fastened; and it is neither our purpose to enlarge upon topics that cannot serve any good feeling, nor to throw unsuitable offence upon the character of an individual who is now, by the laws of the land, the possessor of the crown, we turn from the discussion altogether.

The duke made frequent applications to the ministry for employment during the French war. But some powerful competitor always appeared, and the duke's naval ambition was disappointed. In particular, he had made strong representations to his royal father for the command of the Mediterranean fleet, from which Lord Collingwood, then in infirm health, had solicited to be removed. He was disappointed; and the disappointment, though it might not have soured a disposition which seems naturally kind and good-natured, yet produced a long retirement from public life. While his royal brothers were mixing in general society, and prominent in politics and public meetings the Duke of Clarence seldom came from his residence at Busby Park. He stated but a year or two ago, at the dinner of the Goldsmith's Company, that it was the first public body which had ever presented him with its freedom. And the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund of the year before last, if we recollect rightly, gave the first instance of his presiding at a public dinner. It is no flattery to say, for it was universally felt at the time, that his royal highness could have been deterred from public appearance by no personal deficiency, for he is a good public speaker, very fluent, ingenious in adopting topics as they rise before him in the business of the day, and of unwearied spirit and good-humour. He was considered to have made one of the best chairmen that the theatrical dinner ever had; and those who have tried the task of presiding at a public dinner, know the trial of temper, quickness of conception, and readiness of speech, to be no easy one. On the death of the Princess Charlotte, the necessity of providing for the succession, produced a recommendation from the Prince Regent to his brothers to marry. The Duke of Clarence

selected the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen, an intelligent and estimable princess. On the occasion of this marriage it became necessary to separate from Mrs. Jordan, and she retired to Boulogne and afterwards to St. Cloud, near Paris, where she died in about a year, of some neglected constitutional disorder. It was first rumoured, of poverty. But subsequent evidence has been given, that she had sufficient means, even for luxuries, and that one of them was a diamond ring worth a hundred guineas, which she constantly wore, and which of course precluded any actual suffering from narrow circumstances.

On the death of his late majesty, the Duke of Clarence was proclaimed king by the title of William the Fourth. A great many curious instances are told, since the crown devolved upon him, of his disregarding the inconvenient burthens of court etiquette, and following his old easy and natural habits, learned originally in a sailor's life.—In passing down St. James's Street, unattended, as is his custom, he wanted to see a newspaper of the evening—the door of a coffee-house was open before him—he walked in, and read his newspaper at his ease. His first military operation was the popular and amusing one of ordering all the cavalry to be shaved, excepting the hussars, that piece of barbarism being part of the essence of those frippery corps. Like all men of common sense he has looked on the effeminate and foolish changes of the military dress with ridicule, and it is reported that he has ordered the whole army to adopt the old national colour—red; the British service, at this moment, being the most pyeballed on earth, and in fact, being nothing more than a copy of every absurdity in dress and colour that could be culled from the whole of the continental armies. The impolicy of this borrowing system was obvious, in the first place, as a kind of admission that Frenchmen and other foreigners were our masters in the art of war. An assumption which they are always ready enough to make, and which only increases their insolence. In the next, in the actual increase of confusion and hazard in the field, when no man could know an English regiment from an enemy's one, a dozen yards off, and when, as has happened more than once, the English infantry has been charged by foreign cavalry, whom they naturally mistook for some of their own whiskered and blue-coated lancers and hussars. Lastly, and by no means the least important—by the imitation of the foreign costume, bedizened and embroidered as it was, many meritorious officers were driven out of the cavalry,

through the enormous expense of the uniform; while the younger and richer coxcombs, who would at all times make better mountebanks and mummers than soldiers, were urged to a career of waste, folly, and effeminacy, that, absurd and contemptible as it was, absolutely began to infect the habits of the higher ranks of society.

We hope the reign of the moustaches is over. The English soldier may be content to pass in society without looking like a Russian bear, or a French dancing-master. He could fight a dozen years ago better than any foreigner, notwithstanding the disqualification of having his visage visible; and we hope the abominable dandyism of late years will insult our national good sense no more.

But a still more valuable change may be at hand. The late king was unfortunately a Hussar, and his propensities were all for the army. The navy declined miserably, and this noble object of national honour and public safety, was left to sink into total disfavour. But a sailor is now on the throne, and we must hope that he has the true feelings of an Englishman about him. Let him then lose no time in raising the British navy from its impolitic, ungracious, and hazardous depression. It is of all descriptions of force, the fittest for England: its name is most connected with English glory; it is the arm which is most exclusively English, and which no foreigner has ever been able to rival. It is the arm too which is the most suitable to a people jealous of their liberties, and knowing that a military force is always hazardous to those liberties, and that if the constitution of England should be destined to fall, it will be by an army in the hands of some favourite general. Knowing all this, we say, Long live the Navy of England! —Long live the Liberties of the People! —and Long live the Sailor-King!

PRESENCE OF MIND ; OR, THE JUNGLE.†

It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of —, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banian; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of

monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing—fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying, were going on in the open air. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, and the walls were hung with chintz or tiger-skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralysed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest was left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer, whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the hor-

† From the New Year's Gift for 1831.

tible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then, drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued: yet undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood, and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.

VARIETIES.

The United Family—a Puzzle.—We are a large family, united by the firmest and closest bonds of friendship, and so much attached to each other, that a separation always causes pain to the whole circle; and seldom are any of us affected by the disease, but it extends to the most distant of us. We did not make our appearance

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in this world at the same time, neither do we finish our career together, as various accidents and horrid cruelties tear us from each other; and when dragged from our native place, we are cast away as useless, though when united, we form one of the greatest ornaments of the human race, and great pains are taken to preserve us in a state of health and beauty. We are not famed for oratory, yet we greatly assist a very near neighbour in his delivery of speech, both in public and private; and without our friendly aid, his most persuasive accents would fail in their effect. Though small in size, yet such is our strength, that we can perform work with ease to ourselves, which could not be so well done by the nicest machinery. The art of man has done much to form imitations of us, yet, never can he compete with nature in combining beauty, usefulness, and durability, such as we possess. Young readers, take care of these precious treasures while you have them, for never can you purchase such again.—*New Year's Gift for 1831.*

Singular Superstition.—The Scottish even of the better rank, avoid contracting marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May is borrowed from the Roman-pagans.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Mrs. Billington.—When Mrs. Billington first appeared in the part of Rosetta, in the opera of "Love in a Village," Mr. Jekyl, the witty barrister, was present, with a friend from the country. When the curtain rose and discovered Rosetta and Lucinda, in the first scene, the applause being great, Mrs. Billington, who had prodigiously increased in bulk, curtsied to the audience, on which the country gentleman said to his friend, "Is that Rosetta?" "No, Sir," replied Mr. Jekyl, "it is not Rosetta, it is Grand Cairo."—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

Question for Question.—At the commencement of the first revolution in France, a gentleman of Dauphené, anxious to support the interest of the aristocracy, said, "Think of all the blood that the nobles of France have shed in battle!" A commoner replied, "and what of the blood of the people poured at the same time! Was that water?"

The Present Computation of Years Erroneous.—"The recent eclipse of the moon," says a foreign observer, "has enabled us to prove, that our present computation is defective by no fewer than three years. Correctly speaking, the year 1830 should be 1833; for Josephus tells

us, that shortly before the death of Herod, during whose government the Saviour was born, there occurred an eclipse of the moon in the night of the 12th and 13th of March; and it has been astronomically demonstrated, that this eclipse took place in the fourth year preceding the Christian computation of time; consequently *modern chronology is three whole years in error.*"

AGENTS OF CHANGE ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.†

CHANGES WROUGHT BY WATER.

THE agents of change on the surface of the earth, may be divided into, 1. Changes wrought by the action of water in motion, as by rains, springs, rivers, and currents of the ocean. 2. Changes brought about by subterranean forces of an igneous character, as volcanoes and earthquakes. Mr. Lyell first considers the action of running water on the surface of the land. He justly mentions as a powerful agent of destruction, the enormous expansive force of water, when, after having made its way into the pores and crevices of rocks, it expands or shatters them on freezing. There is another agent of superficial erosion omitted by Mr. Lyell, and indeed seldom sufficiently noticed—namely, the direct descent of rain. Any one who has observed the waste of an exposed surface of clay, sand, or fine gravel, from a single sharp storm of rain, and considers that this effect is not, like that of rivers and torrents, confined within a narrow compass, but extended over the whole face of a country, will readily believe that, upon districts composed of such friable materials, the amount of degradation occasioned in a lapse of ages by this seemingly insignificant force, must be far from inconsiderable. We are inclined to rank it among the most powerful agents of destruction; and we are led to this by two general observations that speak strongly to the purpose. It is a universal fact, that wherever groups of the softer strata, as of clay, sand, marls, &c., crop out from below others of a harder material, the former are worn down to a much lower level than the latter, generally so much as to produce a longitudinal valley; though it is not often that rivers flow along the depression, the course of the drainage having been apparently determined when

the friable strata possessed a greater elevation. Our second remark is that whenever projecting eminences rise from a district composed of the softer formations, they are almost invariably capped by a hard stratum or knot of rock, to which their preservation is obviously owing. The well known aspect of basaltic platforms and peaks is a familiar illustration. But the only erosive force from which a vertical capping can protect a mass of strata, is that of the direct descent of rain. It is this, then, chiefly, that must have worn away the enormous quantity of matter by which such tabular hills were once connected. The most convincing and beautiful example of the powerful agency of rain is the spot called the Pyramids, near Botzen, in the Tyrol, where a large ravine, or rather valley, since it is at least a mile in width, has been excavated in a coarse conglomerate. From the bottom rise a great number of high and needle-shaped cones of gravel, each of which owes its preservation to a large boulder, in most cases remaining upon the apex, often nicely balanced upon a very narrow point, which it overhangs on every side almost like an umbrella. When the stone at length falls, the pyramid soon wastes down to the general level of the valley. It is evident that the boulder capping can have been no protection against the erosive force of a rivulet or torrent, which would have easily undermined it. It follows that the whole of this great ravine must owe its excavation (and it is evidently but of recent formation) to the force of vertical rains. But this power must have been equally active where the effects are not so obviously referrible to it alone—over every other part of the Alps, and of all lands, in proportion to the quantity and violence of the rain which annually falls on them, and the more or less yielding nature of their surfaces.

With regard to running water, no stream, whatever its size, from the smallest rill to the mightiest river, flows for any space straight onwards in the direct line of its general descent. Its *bias* continually oscillates from one side to the other, through the necessary inequality of the lateral resistances. On that side towards which the bias or force of the current sets, lateral erosion takes place, in proportion to the momentum of the stream, and the solidity of the materials of the bank. The talus formed by deposits of sand or gravel, or by the fall of matter from an undermined bank, assists in deflecting the bias of the stream, and temporarily shifting its direction. From this oscillatory mode of progression, all streams of water tend to wear themselves channels in a zig-zag, or

† Abridged from the Quarterly Review.—No. LXXXVI.—of, Principles of Geology; being an attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by a reference to causes now in operation. By C. Lyell, F.R.S. 1830.

rather a serpentine form, and where the matter excavated is sufficiently uniform, as in alluvial bottoms, the curves eaten out alternately on the right and left bank, correspond with almost geometrical exactness, owing to the angle at which each thread of water is deflected everywhere equalling the angle of incidence, and the force with which it shoots across the channel to impinge upon the one bank corresponding to that with which it has already been urged against the other. When these flexures become extremely deep, the aberration from the direct line of descent is often corrected at once by the river cutting through the isthmus which separates two neighbouring curves on the same bank. But besides the *lateral* abrasion exercised by running water on its banks, it possesses an almost equally active *vertical* force of abrasion, by which the channel is deepened at the same time that it is widened, or shifted on one side. When earthy matter becomes intermixed with running water, a new mechanical power is obtained by the attrition of sand and pebbles borne along by the stream, and impinging with the momentum they acquire against its banks or bottom. The specific gravity of many rocks is not more than twice, very rarely more than three times, that of water; so that the fragments propelled by a stream lose from a third to a half of what we esteem their weight, and are much more easily put in motion than we might imagine. The velocity of a stream determines the size and weight of the solid particles it can either keep in suspension, or drive with a rolling motion along its bottom. It is by the latter mode of action that running water exerts the greatest power in deepening its channel. Every stream, when swollen by sudden rains or the melting of snow, carries along much fine matter in suspension, and drifts coarser particles, as gravel, pebbles, or boulders, along its bottom. During floods there is a continual travelling of drift; the whole bed of the stream being in motion from one end to the other. Stones and gravel are propelled in this way, a greater or less distance, stopping at intervals at the bends of the channel. The bias of the stream is there obliquely deflected to the opposite side, while the superior momentum of the rolling drift carries it into the stiller water beyond, which, being incapable of keeping it in motion, it accumulates in a projecting talus exactly corresponding to the concavity excavated in the opposite bank. It is the momentum they possess when once set in motion by water that causes enormous blocks of stone to be rolled by floods, as we sometimes observe them, up inclined banks at

the turnings of rivers. The heaviest boulders are, from this cause, often carried furthest, and reach the highest elevation. Part of the drift so deposited, remains as a permanent and increasing gravel or sand-bank, the stream deserting the talus by eating its way still deeper into the opposite bank; part is taken up again, and carried on further by the next flood. Meantime, by their attrition against the bed of the stream, the transported fragments wear it down, and are themselves rounded and diminished in size, till, if their course be sufficiently long, they are reduced to sand or silt, borne into the sea, and deposited there to await still further changes.

These laws are equally exemplified in the windings of a petty brook, and in those of a Mississippi. Nor do they apply only to the course of streams flowing through valleys composed of soft materials. The valleys of the Moselle and Meuse, among many, may be cited as instances of extreme sinuosity on the largest scale; being from six to eight hundred feet in depth, and often a mile or two in width, excavated through an elevated platform of transition slate and limestone; yet these valleys wind to such a degree, that the rivers occasionally return, after a circuit of fifteen or seventeen miles, to within a few hundred yards of the point they passed so long before. It has been justly remarked that such winding prove valleys, however large, to have been entirely excavated by slow fluvial erosion. An instance of the power exerted by running water in excavating the hardest materials, occurs in the Simeto, one of the rivers flowing at the foot of Mount Etna, which has, in the course of about two centuries, eroded a channel, from fifty to several hundred feet wide, and from forty to fifty deep, through a mass of compact lava, which flowed into and obstructed the valley in 1603.

The fall of Niagara is an instance of the power running water may exercise in altering the features of a country. It is calculated that by the sap and fall of the hard limestone rock, over which the river is precipitated into a softer shale formation beneath, the cataract retrogrades towards Lake Erie at the rate of fifty yards in forty years. The distance already travelled by it, from the lower opening of the narrow gorge it has evidently cut by this process, is seven miles, and the remaining distance to be performed, before it reaches Lake Erie, is twenty-five. Had the limestone platform been less extensive, this enormous basin might have been already drained, as it must ultimately be, when the fall has re-

ceded to its margin, the average depth being far less than the height of the cataract. The changes going on in the basin of the Mississippi, through the action of that magnificent river, the immense erosion going on upon its borders—"several acres, thickly covered with wood, being precipitated at a time into the stream"—the islands and banks formed lower down by the accumulation of these materials, and again washed away, perhaps, by the next flood, to be again deposited still nearer to the ocean, confirm and illustrate our remarks. One of the most interesting features of this river is the enormous rafts of drift timber it floats towards the sea, occasionally depositing them for a time, together with vast beds of mud and gravel, in some of its deserted channels. One of these rafts is described by Darby, in 1816, *ten miles* in length, about two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep. It is continually increasing by the addition of fresh drift-wood, and rises and falls with the water on which it floats; evidently waiting only an extraordinary flood to bear it off into the gulf of Mexico, where far greater deposits of the same kind are in progress at the extremity of the delta. The Mississippi offers an example of a remarkable hydrographical law, namely, that the width of a river is by no means proportioned to its volume of water, but, on the contrary, after the junction of two or more confluent, the united stream often occupies less space than *either* of them did before; the increase of depth and velocity, caused by the greater volume, compensating for the diminished surface.

"The Mississippi is a mile and a half wide at its junction with the Missouri, the latter being half a mile wide; yet the united waters have only, from their confluence to that of the Ohio, a medial breadth of about three-quarters of a mile. The junction of the Ohio seems also to produce no increase, but rather a decrease, of surface. The St. Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, are also absorbed by the main stream, with scarcely any apparent increase of its width; and, on arriving near the sea at New Orleans, it is scarcely half a mile wide."

Its depth there, however, is enormous, being no less, at the highest water, than one hundred and sixty-eight feet. The basin of this mighty stream exhibits, also, the co-operation of subterranean movements with the power of water, in altering the surface of continents. So late as 1812, the whole valley, from the mouth of the Ohio to that of the St. Francis, was convulsed to such a degree, as to create new islands in the river, and lakes in the al-

luvial plain, many of which were twenty miles in extent. Yet, however great the scale on which alterations are here daily going on before our eyes—however enormous must be their combined result during a series of ages—there is no region more richly endowed with the powers of supporting both animal and vegetable life. Calcareous rocks are dissolved by spring water percolating through them, particularly when charged, as nearly all springs are, more or less, with carbonic acid; and to this cause are to be attributed the innumerable subterranean cavities and winding passages which exclusively occur in limestone formations, in our own as well as in other countries. A subterranean rill of water flowing through the frequent fissures of such rocks must gradually have enlarged them into caverns or galleries, which, after the stream had shifted to some other channel, afforded a retreat to wild animals. Should any further change, occasioned by the processes of excavation or elevation going on in this district, have permitted the waters of any neighbouring rivulet or river to find their way into these winding caves, the animals will have been expelled, mud washed in, and after the water had again drained off, covered with the stalagmitic incrustation that drops from their roof. Thus simply may we explain the bone caves of limestone districts, which have generated so many wonderful theories.

Mr. Lyell proceeds to the consideration of alluvial formations, or the *reproductive* effects of running water. The formation of *deltas*, that is, deposits of alluvium at the openings of rivers into *stagnant* water, goes on equally in lakes as in the ocean, with this difference only, that they tend much more rapidly to fill up the former, from the inferiority of their area and depth. The completion of this process transforms the lake into an alluvial plain, watered by the river, which previously deposited all its drift and sediment there, but now carries them forward into some lower lake, which it proceeds to fill by the same process, or in default of such, into the sea. The Lake of Geneva is thus being gradually filled up by the deposits of the Rhone, which have created a tract of land, a mile and a half in width, between the ancient town Port Vallais, once, as the name implies, on the lake, and its present margin. The filling up of hollows, and cutting through of rocky barriers, is the universal process by which running water ever labours to produce a more uniform declivity. Though the Rhone has not yet obliterated, as it sooner or later will, the Lake of Geneva, many *hundreds* of alluvial tracts of equal, and

some of greater area, once evidently lakes likewise, may be seen as we follow up this river and its principal tributaries to their sources.

The shores of the Baltic, and still more of the gulf of Bothnia, are rapidly gaining upon those seas by the accession of new land. The delta of the Rhone advances fast into the Mediterranean. Places which were islands in the ninth century are two leagues from the sea; and a tower erected as a lighthouse, on the shore, so lately as 1757, is now a mile from it. The deposit of this river consists chiefly of *solid rock*, not loose matter. In the museum of Montpellier is a cannon, taken up from the sea near the mouth of the Rhone, imbedded in a crystalline limestone. An arenaceous rock, cemented by calcareous matter, including multitudes of broken unmineralized shells, is also taken up in large masses, for use as building stone. The delta of the Po is pushed forward still more quickly. Adria was a seaport in the time of Augustus—it is now *twenty miles inland*. The delta of the Ganges is yet more remarkable, from the extensive scale and vast rapidity of its transformations. Its coast line is two hundred miles in length, and according to Major Rennell, the most newly formed portion of it, a wilderness of islands and creeks, inhabited by tigers and alligators, equals alone in area the whole principality of Wales. So great is the quantity of mud and sand poured into the gulf in the flood season, that the sea only recovers its transparency at the distance of sixty miles from the coast, and the mud is found, by soundings, to be carried at least sixty miles further. Here, then, is a marine formation now in progress, horizontally disposed over an area of at least two hundred miles by one hundred and twenty! In the branches and at the *mou*th of this mighty river, new islands are constantly forming, and old ones swept off. Mr. Colebrook mentions tracts of land *forty square miles in extent*, and more than one hundred feet in thickness, as having been washed away within a few years, in one locality. Some of the new islands, says Rennell, formed within a very short period, rival in size and fertility the Isle of Wight. No sooner are they thrown up to the level of the highest floods, than they are overrun with reeds, long grass, and shrubs, composing jungles, where tigers, buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals take shelter. Crocodiles swarm on the mud banks and islands at the extremity of the coast. It is easy to perceive that both animal and vegetable remains must be continually imbedded in the sediment which subsides in the delta. How uncalled for, then, are the

general catastrophes and revolutions resorted to by cosmogonists, to account for the entombing of successive races of animals in the older strata, when the same process is obviously going on at present amidst the general tranquility and order that reigns throughout the rich and populous delta of Bengal!

The delta of the Mississippi, as might be expected, increases rapidly. It has advanced many leagues since New Orleans was built. Great submarine deposits are in progress, stretching far and wide over the bottom of the sea, which is become very shallow throughout a vast area. Opposite the opening of the Mississippi large rafts of drift timber are met with, matted into a network, many yards in thickness, and stretching over *hundreds of square leagues*. They afterwards become covered with a fine mud, on which other layers of trees are deposited the year ensuing, until numerous alternations of earthy and vegetable matter are accumulated. The geologist will recognize in this relation of Darby the type of the formation of the ancient lignites and coal fields.

The immense deposits of mud and sand at or near the mouths of great rivers will not astonish us, if we reflect on the large proportion of sedimentary matter which their waters carry down, and which never finds its way back again; while the water, on the contrary, is eternally raised by evaporation, and returned in rain upon the land. Manfredi, the celebrated hydrographer, calculated the average proportion of sediment in all the running water on the globe to be as one, to one hundred and seventy-five. Supposing this to be correct, in every one hundred and seventy-five years a quantity of sedimentary matter would be carried into the ocean, equal in bulk to the aggregate volume of water contributed to it in a year by all the streams of the world, which every one will perceive must be enormous. But the late Major Rennell actually reckoned the quantity of mud, held in suspension by the Ganges during floods, as one-fourth of its bulk. If this were true, as well as the estimate the same eminent hydrographer formed of the volume of the Ganges, this river alone, during the flood-season, carries down *daily* into the Indian ocean upwards of eight thousand six hundred and forty-one millions of cubic feet of mud! Even if we suppose this greatly exaggerated, there will remain enough to prevent our continuing to make light of the prodigious formations hourly accumulating at the sides and bottom of the ocean, or of the power of running water to excavate and carry off the materials of the land. Few

geologists would be found any longer to speak of the actual erosive agency of water as insignificant, were the immense volume of matter carried into the sea in a given time duly ascertained, since all must admit that the whole, with slight exceptions, is subtracted from *valleys*; in other words, that ancient valleys have been excavated, and new ones formed, to the extent of the space which the new deposits, when consolidated, would occupy.

When torrents flow directly into a sea or lake, as along all mountainous coasts, the transported matter consists of coarse gravel, pebbles, and boulders. Vast deposits of this kind are probably forming at present in the deep sea, at the base of the Liurian Alps, for example, and levelled by the marine currents and waves which wear away this rocky coast. By periodical changes in the rapidity and volume of rivers, or in the direction of marine currents, such coarse deposits are often made to alternate with finer. When two rivers meet in one mouth, the common delta is often successively the receptacle of different sediments derived from the converging streams, whose periods of flood do not always coincide. The one is perhaps charged with calcareous, the other with argillaceous matter, or one may sweep down sand and pebbles, the other mud. These differences may be repeated with considerable regularity, until a thickness of hundreds of feet of alternating beds is accumulated. Again, among the infinite shiftings which occur at the mouths of deltas, it must frequently happen that the same area is alternately, during a considerable period, covered with salt water, and with fresh; and hence occasional alternations and admixtures of fluviatile and marine deposits must be expected in such situations.

Mr. Lyell proceeds to give instances of the destroying and transporting effect of marine currents, whether caused by tides, or by the heaping up of the surface-water in the direction towards which it is impelled by constant or periodical winds. The amount of excavation and accumulation, carried on by marine currents, is considered by Mr. Lyell to exceed very greatly that of running water on the land. Proofs of the great power of the waves of the sea in removing masses of rock, of enormous weight, are found in the Shetland isles, which are both battered by the waves of the Atlantic, and ground down by a strong current. A block of nine feet by six, and four feet thick, is described by Dr. Hibbert as having been, in the winter of 1818, hurried up an acclivity to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet.

In the Isle of Sheppey, fifty acres of land, from sixty to eighty feet above the sea, have been swept away within the last twenty years. The church of Minster, now near the coast, is said to have been in the middle of the island only fifty years ago; and it is computed that, at the present rate of destruction, the whole of the island will be annihilated in another half century! The tradition, that the Goodwin Sands were once the estates of Earl Goodwin, points, no doubt, to the former existence of an island, or extension of the coast in that direction, which, like Sheppey, has been washed away;† and the idea of the former union of England with France gains an appearance of probability, from the proofs of rapid degradation still occurring on our coasts, collected by Mr. Lyell. The French side of the channel is equally corroded by the violence of the great tidal current which flows up this passage in the manner of a vast river.

As a general rule, wherever cliffs or steep escarpments form the shore, there, we may be confident, abrasion is, or has lately been going on, and also that a current sets along the coast, by which its detritus is carried into deep water. The heating of the waves alone may wear away and break up a rock, but without a current to sweep off the debris, they would accumulate into a permanent talus, which must entirely prevent the formation of a cliff. But, by the shiftings of currents, it often happens that the sea retreats, and leaves a talus or a flat shore of sand or mud beneath the cliffs it once undermined; towards which it may return again, when another change occurs in the circumstances by which the direction of currents, and consequently their erosive and accumulative forces, are locally determined.

The existence of currents and tides in the sea at the points where rivers are discharged into it, produces a remarkable effect on the character of their embouchures. We have traced the production of deltas, those flat alluvial projections, by which the detritus carried down by rivers tends to obstruct their mouths when they enter *stagnant* water, such as inland lakes, or *currentless* seas. But when, on the contrary, they flow into seas where a current sweeps along the coast, the transported matter is hurried away before it can be permanently deposited, and the coast line is prevented from increasing. When, in addition to a current, high tides ascend the mouths of rivers, instead of being obstructed, they are continually enlarged:

† Mr. Lyell does not seem to know, that one of the prebends in St. Paul's takes its title from these lands now "*sub mare*."

excavation goes on in lieu of accumulation, and an *estuary*, or inlet of the sea, what Rennell calls a minus delta, is produced, in place of a projection. It is easily seen how a tidal wave, alternately flowing up the mouth of a river, and ponding back its waters, and then returning with double violence through the added momentum of these waters themselves, must scour out the channel, and wear away the land on either side of the mouth. Thus were produced the great estuaries of the Thames, the Severn, and the Solway, of the Seine, the Gironde, the Tagus, the Elbe, the Delaware, the Chesapeake, and of numerous other rivers flowing into tidal seas, which, but for this circumstance, would probably have, long since, filled up the great submarine valleys which they indicate, instead of keeping them open, and indeed widening them daily, as they are observed to do now. Where a current flows by the mouth of a river, though the whole of the drift matter is not permanently deposited, yet, at the line of junction between the fluvial and marine current, where they neutralize each other, a certain quantity subsides, and a *bar*, or lengthened bank, is the result, extending across the mouth of the river. The extent and depth of this bar, and the position it takes in the opening of the river, are determined by the comparative force and direction of the antagonist currents of the sea and river. The latter almost always preserves an opening for its issue through the bar, at the further extremity from the direction of the marine current; but where the force of the river is comparatively trifling, the bar is completed, and the stream either percolates through it, or being dammed up into a lake within, overflows it on one or more points, which are occasionally worn into channels of communication, admitting the sea-water, and then again closed up, so as to occasion the lake to be alternately salt and fresh. Bars and shoals are also formed at the conflux of two marine currents holding sedimentary matter in suspension, or of a current and an eddy, or along the boundary line of a current bordered by stagnant water. The direction of every current depends chiefly on the form of the coast past which it flows; and it is deflected by projecting headlands, banks, and shoals, just in the manner of a river. Hence behind such projections the water is undisturbed, except by the eddy occasioned in it through the friction of the current sweeping by. The boundary line of the current and stagnant water is determined by the momentum and previous direction of the former, and the projecting resistances it meets with, but uniformly assumes a

more or less regular curvature according to these circumstances. It is along this sweeping line that the matter drifted by the current subsides, as the momentum of its particles carries them beyond the line which limits the transporting power of the stream; and thus every current, after rushing past opposing headlands, tends to form out of their detritus a coast-line corresponding with the curve they have impressed upon it. The Etangs of the south of France, the Haffs of northern Prussia, the Fiords of the west coast of Denmark, and the great Lagoons of the gulf of Mexico, are examples, on a large scale, of the stagnant pools of water shut out from the sea by bars of drifted matter so deposited along the boundary curve of a great marine current. The long narrow line of coast and string of islands which skirt the north of Holland, seem to have once formed an extensive bar of this kind, from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, having one or more large lagoons within; but the bias of the marine current, for some time past, has set in with violence against the land (owing to the increase, perhaps, of some of the vast shoals which are forming in the German ocean), and these islands have in consequence, for some centuries, been rapidly worn away. The Rhine and the ocean are here opposed to each other, each disputing the ground occupied by north Holland; the one striving to shape out a curved line of coast, the other to form a delta.

"There was evidently a period when the river obtained the ascendancy, and the greater part of Holland is the result of its depositions; but for the last two thousand years, during which man has witnessed and actively participated in the struggle, the result has been in favour of the ocean, the area of the whole territory having become more and more circumscribed; natural and artificial barriers having given way, one after another, and many hundred thousand human beings have perished in the waves."

Even the great gulf of Mexico itself may be considered as approaching to the condition of a vast lagoon; the flat projecting headlands of Yucatan and Florida—together with the immense submarine shoals by which they are prolonged two-thirds of the way, at least, across the entrance of the gulf—being the extremities of the vast bar which is in process of formation by the action of the great intertropical current. This powerful stream, driven by the tradewinds across the Atlantic, and along the north coast of South America where it becomes charged with an enormous quantity of sediment brought down by the rivers Amazon and Orinoco, the

sweepings of half the South American continent, is heaped up at the mouth of the gulf, and deposits there most of its suspended matter, escaping laterally through the canal of Bahama, with a fall which communicates to it a rapidity of four miles an hour. Much of the silt received by the gulf-stream from the waters of the Amazon is also thrown up on the coast of Guiana, where immense tracts of new and prodigiously fertile land are forming; much also is left in the Caribbean sea, on the shores of Trinidad and Honduras, which are annually gaining in extent.

Winds often assist in the formation and increase of bars, by drifting the sand of the shore up to higher levels than it would otherwise attain, and sometimes into hills of considerable elevation; three hundred feet or more, as the Dunes of the north coast of France and Holland, of Norfolk, Cornwall and Moray. But unquestionably the greatest example of the transporting power of winds, is the *sand-flood* of Africa, which, moving gradually eastwards, has overwhelmed all the lands capable of tillage west of the Nile, unless sheltered by high mountains, and threatens ultimately to obliterate the rich plain of Egypt. It would seem that the formation of the vast central desert of Africa, the Sahara, may have been effected through the constant westerly winds drifting along the sands which are thrown up on the shallow shore on both sides of Cape Blanco, by the powerful and dangerous current well known to set in upon it.

The fragmentary matter carried away by marine currents and spread widely over the bed of the ocean, must infinitely exceed the deposits of rivers. The bed of the German ocean, which is the common receptacle of the detritus swept away from the eastern coast of Britain, the mouths of the Rhine, Maes, Scheld, and Elbe, and the shores of Holland, Denmark, and Norway, is encumbered to an extraordinary degree with sand banks and shoals, as appears from Mr. Stevenson's detailed and very curious survey. "The Dogger-bank alone is three hundred and fifty miles in length, and the principal shoals united occupy an area equal to one-third of Great Britain." Their average height is seventy-eight feet, according to Mr. Stevenson; so that, assuming them to be uniformly composed to this depth of drift matter, they would cover the whole of England and Scotland to the thickness of twenty-eight feet! A great proportion of these banks consists of siliceous sand mixed with fragments of shells and corals, ground down, the proportion of these calcareous matters being very great. The drift carried eastwards by the great

current of the Mediterranean is deposited on the shores of Syria and Asia Minor as strata of stone, not of loose materials; owing to the abundance of carbonate of lime held in solution by the streams and rivers which here flow into the sea. It is the opinion of M. Girard, one of the *savans* who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and were employed on the survey of the ancient canal of Amrou, communicating between the Nile and the Red Sea, that the isthmus of Suez itself is merely a bar formed by the deposition of this current and of the Nile, and that the two seas were formerly united. It is certain that the isthmus is daily gaining in width by the accession of fresh deposits on the shore of the Mediterranean.

Icebergs are probably active instruments in the transportation of gravel and rocks, from the mountainous shores against which they form in high latitudes, to the bottom of the distant seas where the ice is dissolved. "Scoresby counted five hundred icebergs in latitude 69 deg. and 70 deg. north. Many contained strata of earth and stone, or were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness." Such ice islands, before they are melted, have been known to drift from Baffin's Bay to the Azores, and from the south pole to the neighbourhood of the Cape.

At the openings of large inland seas into the ocean, currents are sometimes produced by the influx or efflux of water to maintain its uniformity of level, when deranged through the supply of the basins from tributary rivers exceeding or falling short of the drain upon them from evaporation. The Baltic may be given as an instance of excessive, the Mediterranean of deficient supply. The former basin discharges its redundancy into the German ocean, through the Sound; and hence it is very inferior in saltness to most seas. In the north of the gulf of Bothnia, the water is nearly fresh, and the saltness is very inconsiderable where it joins the Baltic. The Mediterranean, on the contrary, receives a supply from the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar. It has been supposed that an equal quantity is discharged by a counter-current below; but this is an unnecessary and unwarranted hypothesis. The Mediterranean is, from this cause, saltier than the ocean; and as it receives constant accessions of salt from the Atlantic, as well as its own tributaries, and parts with none, what becomes of the excess? Mr. Lyell suggests, that in the enormous depths of the central parts of this sea, it is probably precipitated, "on the grandest scale, in continuous masses of pure rock-salt, extending, perhaps, hundreds of miles in length."

IGNEOUS AGENTS OF CHANGE.

THE igneous agents of change now operating on the surface of the earth, are volcanoes and earthquakes. These, though it may be advisable to divide them, for the sake of classification, are closely united in nature, earthquakes being usually followed by eruptions from either a new or some neighbouring volcano; and no volcanic eruption of any magnitude taking place without the accompaniment of earthquakes, which seem to be merely vibrations of the globe, when rent and upheaved by the expansion of the volcanic matter, struggling to find a vent. After an issue has been formed, and so long as it keeps sufficiently open to allow of an easy habitual or occasional discharge, the convulsions of the neighbouring soil are of a mild and harmless character. But, where a volcanic vent is wanting, or has been long obstructed by the accumulation and hardening of the ejected matters, the shocks, when they occur at last, are proportionately violent and destructive; so that it is not without justice that habitual volcanoes have been called the *safety-valves* of those districts which are at present liable to subterranean convulsions. The number of principal volcanoes known to be occasionally in eruption is upwards of two hundred;—but thousands of mountains of similar form and structure, and bearing the marks of (geologically speaking) exceedingly recent activity, are scattered around and between them, the fires of which, though to all appearance slumbering, are likely in many instances to break forth again, since nothing can be more common than the renewal of eruptions from volcanic hills which had never been in activity within the range of tradition. The subterranean fire is observed to shift its outward development capriciously from one point to another, occasionally returning again to its earlier vents, according to circumstances, with some of which we are probably not yet acquainted, but which seem chiefly to consist in the accumulations both of congealed lava and ejected fragments, by which every habitual vent tends continually to block up its channels of discharge. One remarkable law characterizes the geographical distribution of points of volcanic eruption; namely, that they almost invariably occur in *linear trains*, stretching in some cases across a third of the globe. Such, for instance, is that which, beginning in the south of Chili, or rather at Cape Horn, if we believe the reports of burning mountains in Terra del Fuego and Patagonia, runs northwards in an uninterrupted chain

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through the Andes of Peru and Quito, and thence across the provinces of Pasto, Popayan, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and the plateau of Mexico, up to the northern extremity of the peninsula of California. If the west coast of North America were explored, we should probably find this linear series of volcanoes prolonged in that direction to unite with the yet more remarkable train which commences in the vicinity of Cook's Harbour, threads the whole length of the Aleutian isles in an easterly direction for the space of a thousand miles, then turns southwards, and pursues an uninterrupted course of between sixty and seventy degrees of latitude, through Kamtschatka, the Kurile, Japanese, Loochoo, Philippine isles, and Moluccas, where it branches off in different directions towards the east and north-west. One line traverses Java and Sumatra, and turns northwards through the Andaman isles to the west coast of the kingdom of Ava; the other is prolonged across New Guinea into the Polynesian archipelago, which seems to be one vast theatre of igneous action, the greater number, if not all, of the islands being formed of coralline reefs, interstratified with or based upon volcanic rocks. Throughout the two great lines we have noticed, which, if they prove, as we suspect, to be continuous with each other, will be longer than *the whole circumference of the globe*, not only are there a vast number of volcanic apertures, which, within the last few years, have been in eruption, but the intervals are filled by strings of eminences evidently produced by similar phenomena, all of which have been, and many no doubt will again be, habitually active. Sometimes points of eruption are collected in groups, as those of Iceland, the Canaries, and the Azores; but as these are uniformly insular, and only, in fact, the summits of a group of submarine volcanic mountains, we cannot be certain that they do not form a part, the insculations probably, of one or more lengthened trains, continued in the depths of the ocean, and not yet raised above its surface.

The cause of the conical figure so characteristic of a volcanic mountain, must be obvious to all who are acquainted with the circumstances of an ordinary eruption. When the expansion of a subterranean mass of lava has rent the overlying crust of rocks, the liquid matter boils up those parts of the fissure which offer least resistance; and, as it approaches the atmosphere, discharges enormous bubbles of elastic fluid, chiefly steam, which project into the air showers of red-hot lava and

fragments torn from the sides of the crevice through which they escape. These ejected matters, on falling, accumulate round the opening into a circular bank, which, by the continuance of the process, becomes a truncated cone, with an internal funnel. This is the common form of a *volcanic cone*, thrown up by the explosions of a single eruption. If lava flows from the same orifice, *after* the formation of the cone, it breaks down the side; if *before*, the cone is often raised upon the hardened surface of the lava-current, which flows underneath, in a sort of canal, without damaging the bank above. Should subsequent eruptions take place on the same point, the hillock becomes more complicated in its structure, but the conical form is still preserved with sufficient regularity, the ejected matters mantling round the outside of the hill, and the lava, which pours over the lips of the crater, or forces its way through crevices in the sides of the cone, hardening into massive ribs or coatings, by which its bulk is at the same time increased, and a durable skeleton supplied. After repeated eruptions from the same opening, the simple cone becomes in this way enlarged into the *volcanic mountain*.

Vague and incorrect ideas are often attached to what is called the *crater* of a volcano. Some have erroneously supposed that every volcano must at all times have a crater—confounding it with the vent of the erupted matter, which is often no more than a narrow crevice, and, being filled up by the products of the eruption, is not easily to be discovered afterwards. A crater is the cup-shaped hollow left by the repeated explosions of elastic fluids, which usually, but not always, accompany the emission of lava from a crevice, and often occur without any overflow of lava. The crater of a simple cone, formed of fragmentary matter alone, is, as we have seen, a hollow inverted cone, circumscribed by the talus of debris heaped up round the vent. But, in volcanic mountains, after explosions of paroxysmal violence, the whole solid centre of the mountain is often blown into the air, and its contents scattered over the outer slopes, or worn to powder by repeated ejections, and carried by winds to vast distances. The crater left by such an eruption is a deep and often wide cavity, bordered by abrupt rocky precipices, in which sections are exposed of the successively-accumulated beds that form the substance of the mountain. Such a crater is wholly different in appearance from the smooth-sided and regularly-sloping funnel of a simple cone. The former deserve the

distinguishing appellation of craters of paroxysmal explosion. Nor are they broken through volcanic mountains alone, but not unfrequently through granite or stratified rocks, which may be seen surrounding them in deep escarpments, and supporting the fragments of those rocks and scorix thrown out. The width of a crater seems to depend on the bulk of the volumes of vapour discharged at once, and does not always correspond with the quantity of matter ejected, or the duration of the eruption. After the formation of a crater of great size, in the manner we have described, succeeding eruptions, from the same central vent, only throw up secondary cones and lava streams at the bottom of this gulf, which, accumulating on one another, by degrees fill it up entirely. At this time the volcanic mountain may exhibit no crater at all; and this is by no means an unfrequent condition of extinct or dormant volcanos. But the weight and coherence of these accumulations over the mouth of the volcano seem, by repressing, to increase its latent energy; and it often again bursts forth in a paroxysm of explosions, which blow off the whole summit of the mountain, and leave a fresh central cavity, of proportionate dimensions, sometimes several miles in diameter. Almost every volcanic mountain, habitually eruptive, is thus undergoing a succession of destructions and repairs, and none could better illustrate this law than Vesuvius during the past century. Those who will take the trouble to consult Hamilton's plates and relations, will trace the process we have described several times repeated, up to the publication of his work. The last phenomenon, described by him, was the paroxysmal eruption of 1794, which *gulled* the cone, and left a vast crater, three miles in circumference. This cavity was gradually filled by the falling in of its sides, and the subsequent minor eruptions from that time to 1822, when a high convexity had replaced the hollow on the summit of the cone. In October of that year, an eruption occurred, accompanied by explosions of great violence, which lasted twenty days, and once more hollowed out the cone, leaving a crater a mile in diameter, and two thousand feet deep. Since that time, fresh eruptions have been going on from the bottom of the crater: a secondary cone is thrown up there, and produces lava and scorix, which already have half filled the great crater.

The cliff-range of Somma, which half encircles the upper cone of Vesuvius, is, without doubt, the remaining segment of

the walls of the vast crater produced by the explosions of 79 A. D., which entombed Herculaneum and Pompeii beneath the fragments of the shattered mountain.

From what we have said, it will appear how incorrect is the popular notion, that, in every eruption, the crater of a volcano is filled to the brim with lava, which pours thence over the outer slope. The violent explosions of a single eruption occasionally blow nearly the whole mountain into the air, leaving only its skirts as a low truncated cone, surrounding a basin, several miles in diameter. After such a paroxysm, hundreds of eruptions may take place within this vast crater before it is filled, and a new mountain reared in place of the old one. We may mention here that we are very sceptical as to the accounts received, from popular report, of the *sinking in* of volcanic mountains during eruptions. We know the ordinary course to be, that they are blown outwards, and their fragments scattered on all sides by the violence of the aeriform explosions, which sometimes continue for weeks, and reduce the wreck of the mountain to an impalpable powder, which the winds bear off to enormous distances. Nor do we recollect any relation of the disappearance of a mountain, and the substitution of a cavity, perhaps a lake (as the Peak of Timor, destroyed in 1637; Papandayang, in Java, 1772), without the accompaniment of tremendous discharges of fragmentary matter, which is described as covering the whole face of the country around, to a distance sometimes of hundreds of miles: from which circumstances we conclude, that the bulk of the mountain was broken up and scattered to the winds by repeated explosions, not that it *fell in*; though it is natural that the inhabitants, finding on their return a deep cavity in place of a mountain, should imagine it the effect of subsidence rather than explosion. In fact, all the phenomena of volcanos tend to show their origin in a mass of matter, confined at an intense temperature, and struggling to *escape*; and, therefore, make it very improbable that any vast subterranean caverns can exist, into which the mountain could be precipitated. That the cliffs, surrounding a deep crater, occasionally fall inwards during earthquakes, so as to soften their declivity, and truncate the mountain at a lower point, is very true, and this has probably given rise to some of the stories as to the engulfing of mountains. The appearances of the volcano of Kirauea, in Owhyhee, described by Mr. Ellis, are very peculiar, but afford no countenance to the idea of subterranean cavities. It

seems that some vast and ancient crater of this mountain has been nearly filled with a sort of bath, or pool, of liquid lava, on the surface of which a crust forms, but as fast as fresh lava wells up from below, the crust is broken through by minor eruptions. As this mass of lava rose in the crater, the weight of its increasing column has, at intervals, burst a lateral crevice in the side of the mountain, through which the reservoir of lava has been *tapped* of its excess, and circular subsidences been successively formed in the crust above—the broken edges of which form a series of terraced ledges, at different heights, surrounding the present hollow. This is a remarkable, but very intelligible, variation of the volcanic phenomena, perfectly in harmony with their known laws of operation.

Immense volumes of aqueous vapours are evolved from a crater during eruptions, and for a long time after the discharge of lava and scoræ has ceased. They are condensed in the cold atmosphere surrounding the volcanic peak, and heavy rains are often caused, even in countries where, under other circumstances, rain is unknown. Falling on a surface which the eruption has thickly coated with fine ashes and loose fragments of all sizes, the rains sweep them along in a flood of mud and stones, which often does far more mischief than the ignited lava or earthquakes, and deposit at the foot of the mountain massive beds of conglomerate. If snow covers the cone, still more extensive deluges are produced through its sudden melting by contact with the red-hot lava. Etna, as might be expected, presents many traces of such floods; but it is in Iceland that they are exhibited on the most powerful scale. Conglomerates of immense extent and thickness have been spread in this manner within a late period, over the plains at the base of Hecla. On Etna itself a thick bed of *solid ice* has lately been found under an ancient current of lava. It is very conceivable that a coating of sand and scoræ, the best possible non-conductors of heat, may enable snow to bear a stream of red-hot lava over it without being melted. It is probable, that in Iceland the circumstance has been often repeated, and we may expect to find glaciers alternating there with beds of lava and volcanic conglomerate.

One continuous eruption will frequently throw up a number of simple cones. Every considerable eruption is described as commencing with the splitting of the solid ground, and the production of a crevice prolonged sometimes many miles. The explosions, as well as the lava

streams, then break out from one, or from several points on this great crack. Thus, in the eruption of Etna in 1811, seven cones were successively thrown up in a line from the summit nearly to the foot of the mountain. In 1536, twelve mouths opened one below the other, and threw out lava and scorize. In 1669, the whole flank of the mountain was split open, a wide fissure showing itself, twelve miles in length, from the top halfway to the base. This crevice is figured in the old engravings of Etna, and is reported to have emitted a vivid light, showing it to be filled to some height with incandescent lava. Two cones were formed upon it. These circumstances are not confined to the flanks of a volcanic mountain, but take place equally when the eruption breaks through horizontal strata. In 1730, the Island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, was split by longitudinal fissures running the whole length of the island, from which so much matter was discharged during five successive years, as formed thirty cones, some of them six hundred feet high, and overwhelmed with a flood of lava nearly the entire island. The eruption of Jorullo, in 1759, threw up six cones upon one line in the middle of a flat plain. That of Skapta Jokul, in 1783, was accompanied by the outburst of three copious sources of lava in the plain, stretching from the foot of that mountain, about eight miles apart; while a fourth, on a continuation of the same line, but beneath the sea, created a new island, at a distance of thirty miles from the coast. The lava produced by the three inland vents alone covered a space of *one thousand square miles*, with a thick mass of solid rock. It is probable that many of the volcanic cones of Auvergne and the Velay, some hundreds of which are arranged in a linear chain, were the product of continuous eruptions. Such lengthened subterranean fissures do not always show themselves on the surface, the loose earth sinking into, and concealing them; and hence partial subsidences are usually observed along the line of volcanic orifices. Nor are they in general opened at once throughout their whole length, but prolonged by degrees, the first orifices becoming obstructed by the ejections and the consolidation of lava, so as to cause others to be burst in succession along the line of the original cleft. Analogy leads us to conclude, that the linear arrangement of the principal vents in a volcanic train or system, even when they stretch across half the globe, is owing to the same general cause as that of the secondary apertures, the creation, namely, of a fissure through the crust of the globe. The law already noticed, that the neigh-

bouring volcanos of a train or group are found in activity by turns, the one serving for a time as a vent for the energy of the whole district, is as true on the small as on the large scale, and is shown from a great body of concurrent facts, to have prevailed in ages preceding any historical records of eruptions, as well as since.

Mr. Lyell very properly draws attention to the enormous quantity of new rock produced *at once* upon the surface of the globe by single eruptions. That of Skapta Jokul, for instance, already mentioned, discharged two streams of lava in opposite directions, one of *forty*, the other *fifty* miles in length, and averaging eleven miles in breadth, and perhaps fifty feet in thickness. The fragmentary matter ejected at the same time, and carried down the slopes of the volcano by deluges of rain, must have been of proportionate magnitude. This example alone invalidates the assumption that the igneous forces have been impaired and enfeebled in latter times. It would be most difficult to point out a mass of igneous origin of ancient date, distinctly referrible to a single eruption, which would rival in volume the matter poured out by Skapta Jokul in 1783.

Next in order, M. Lyell discusses the changes effected by *earthquakes*. These are principally alterations in the superficial levels, and the production of crevices in solid strata. Unfortunately the relations of earthquakes are usually confined to the damage sustained by towns or villages, and little notice is taken of phenomena interesting only to the naturalist. Moreover, the extent of alterations in level can hardly be ascertained at all, except along the shore of the sea, which supplies a stationary base from whence to measure the change. Mr. Lyell has, however, collected a sufficient number of well-authenticated facts, to prove that both subsidence and elevation, on a very extensive scale, occasionally accompany earthquakes. The most remarkable, perhaps, is the well-known elevation, in 1821, of the whole coast of Chili, though a space of above one hundred miles, to a height of from three to four feet along the shore, and, according to all appearance, much more at some distance inland. Older terraces of shingle and shell range along the same coast to a height of fifty feet, showing the land to have been raised that much above the sea by preceding shocks at no very distant date. The earthquake of the Caraccas in 1812 is described as terrific. The surface undulated like a boiling liquid, producing all the effects of sea-sickness. Enormous rocks were detached from the mountain, one of which,

Silla, lost three hundred feet of its height. The year before, the valley of the Mississippi was similarly convulsed. The inhabitants relate that the earth rose in great waves; and when they reached a certain fearful height, the surface burst, and volumes of water, sand, and coal, the materials of the soil, were discharged to the height of a hundred feet and more. The chasms were all parallel, and in a direction from S.W. to N.E. (*the direction of the Alleghany chain which borders the basin of the Mississippi*), and many of the inhabitants saved themselves from being swallowed up by felling tall trees, laying them at right angles to the direction of the crevices, and stationing themselves upon them.

The sea shares in the agitation of the solid earth. Ships feel every shock as if they had struck on a shoal, and loose articles lying on their decks are often thrown several feet into the air, showing the violence of the upward movement communicated to the water. The sea often deserts the coast, and returns immediately in a terrific wave (that of Lisbon and the coast of Spain in 1755 was fifty feet high), which sweeps over the shore, and must leave lasting traces of its devastating power. It is probably caused by the sudden upheaving of a portion of the bed of the sea, the first effect of which would be to raise a body of water over the elevated part, its momentum carrying it much above the level it would afterwards assume, and causing a draught or receding of the water from the neighbouring coasts, immediately followed by the return of the displaced water, which will be also impelled by its momentum much further and higher on the coast than its former level. The undulatory shocks of the earthquake of 1755 travelled over sea and land at the rate of twenty miles in a minute, as appears from the interval between the time when the first shock was felt in Lisbon, and that of its occurrence at distant places in the West Indies, Scotland, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and North Africa. The earthquake felt at Conception in 1750 uplifted the bed of the sea to the height of twenty-four feet at the least, and it seems probable that the adjoining coast shared in the elevation, for an enormous bed of shells, of the same species as those now living in the bay, is seen raised above high-water-mark along the beach. These shells, as well as others which cover the adjoining hills of mica-schist, to the height even of fifteen hundred feet, have been identified with some taken at the same time in a living state from the bay. There is, therefore, every reason to conclude that the

whole extent of this coast, so often visited by severe earthquakes, has suffered a very great amount of elevation within an exceedingly recent period.

Mr. Lyell discusses at length the much controverted question of the apparent changes of level in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli, since the Roman era, and brings forward an overwhelming mass of evidence in proof of the fact that this part of the Campanian coast was lowered at least twenty feet some time between the third and the sixteenth century, and re-elevated about as much again at the epoch of the eruption which produced the Monte Nuovo. The circumstances which demonstrate this are so clearly legible, that it would never perhaps have been disputed but for the natural repugnance to admit so remarkable a local coincidence of depression and elevation to nearly the same extent, as well as the strong prejudices existing in regard to the immobility of the land, by which we have probably been blinded to the force of many other similar facts. But it is time the geologist, at least, should overcome those first and natural impressions which induced the poets of old to select the rock as the emblem of stability, the sea of mutability. Paradoxical as it may appear, truth compels us to reverse the opinion; and, with respect to periods of long duration, to attribute invariability of level to the ocean, fluctuation and inconstancy to the land.

With regard to the exciting cause of earthquakes and eruptions, our author expresses no decided opinion: he admits, however, that the phenomena prove the existence of vast bodies of intensely heated rock, probably in a liquefied state, like lava, beneath the solid crust of the earth, and also that there is a continual transmission of heat from thence to the surface, more or less regular or interrupted, according to the obstacles it meets with, or creates, to its own development. Now, it does appear to us that this undeniable evolution of heat from the interior of the globe towards its surface is alone fully sufficient to account for all the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, which seem to follow necessarily from its action by the simple laws of mechanic and hydrostatic forces. It is evidently only by the formation of habitual vents or chimneys for the free passage of hot vapour, that the internal heat can be discharged through the imperfectly conducting superficial strata, in sufficient abundance to obviate the more violent outbursts or expansions of the matter confined immediately below them at an increasing temperature. But the circumstances which allow of a permanently eruptive vent, as Stromboli,

are extremely rare. Mr. Lyell inclines to adopt the very prevalent, but, we think, ungrounded, notion, that the access of sea-water to the volcanic focus is a primary cause of its eruption. It is true that the greater number of volcanos are either islands or in the vicinity of the sea. But this arrangement is accounted for naturally by the continents being those portions of the earth's surface in which the forces of elevation and outward eruption have been formerly most successfully developed, and where, therefore, the maximum of repression is now opposed to the minimum of subterranean expansive force; while, for the opposite reason, we should look for the actual development of this force to the intervening spaces, where new islands and continents are gradually forming in the bed of the ocean. It is exactly because the elevated portions of the earth's crust have, in remote ages, suffered most from the violence of subterranean energy, that they are the least exposed to it at present. It is in those quarters that the subterranean heat has exhausted itself, and arrived at length at an equilibrium, or has been driven to take another direction for its escape, by the predominance of the forces of repression. But neither are *all* volcanos in the vicinity of the sea, nor still less all districts agitated habitually by earthquakes; and it may be said, that even a single such instance is conclusive against a theory which makes the admission of sea-water a necessary cause of subterranean movements. The volcano of Jorullo is in the centre of the high Mexican platform, one hundred and twenty miles from the nearest sea. Two active volcanic mountains have lately been observed in the Altai chain of Central Asia; Mount Elbrus, the highest peak of the Caucasian range, has been, at no very distant period, in eruption; and certainly the midland districts of Persia and Hindostan suffer continually from earthquakes. But this theory, in truth, runs in a vicious circle, making a cause out of a consequence. If it were true, a volcanic eruption or earthquake should either never begin, or never cease. Supposing the earth in a state of complete tranquillity, how are fissures to be produced, by which the water of the sea may be admitted to the focus of earthquakes and eruptions? If the increase of subterranean heat, or the contraction of the superficial crust, or any other cause, is allowed to occasion the rending and splitting of the rocks overlying the reservoirs of lava, then is the earthquake and eruption accounted for without the introduction of sea-water. Mr. Lyell cannot be allowed to derive the steam, to whose expansive force he justly attributes the

bursting of the earth's crust, from the sea-water *subsequently* admitted by these fissures. Nor can we, in fact, understand the effect ascribed to the penetration of sea-water to heated lava. It is true that explosions take place when water is poured upon melted metals or earths under the pressure of the atmosphere alone; but how different are the circumstances of a subterranean mass of similar matter, confined under an enormous pressure at an intense temperature. The formation of fissures in the overlying rocks by the increase of its temperature and expansive force, would be instantly followed, under such circumstances, not by the descent of water or other fluid from above, but by the rapid and violent intumescence and escape of the compressed matter from below upwards, just as the water confined in a high pressure boiler rushes with irresistible violence through any opening made for its escape. And all the phenomena of eruptions confirm this idea. With respect to the fact, that some of the products of volcanos, as the muriates of soda, &c. are such as are contained in sea-water, it is, to say the least, quite as probable that these ingredients of the ocean were originally derived from the interior of the globe through the agency of volcanos and mineral springs, which we know to be daily adding to them, as that volcanos derive them from the sea.

Mr. Lyell quotes, with approbation, Mitchell's illustration of the cause of earthquakes, by the wave produced in a carpet when it is raised at one edge and then brought down again, so as to allow a body of air to pass along to the other side. But this gives, we think, an exaggerated and false idea of the nature and cause of the wave-like movement of the surface of the land during earthquakes. Such undulations, though violent, are on a very minute scale, compared to the extent of surface affected and the known thickness of its solid strata, as appears from the accounts of tall trees whipping their tops against the ground on either side, the waves of alluvial matter observed in the plains of the Mississippi in 1812, the opening and shutting of fissures, the sea-sickness experienced by spectators, &c., all indicating the small dimensions of the radius of each superficial curvature. The sudden fracture of solid strata by any disruptive force must necessarily produce a violent vibratory jar to a considerable distance along the continuation of these strata. Such vibrations would be propagated in undulations, which may be expected, when influencing a mass of rocks several thousand feet at least in thickness, to produce on the surface exactly

the wave-like motion, the opening and shutting of crevices, the tumbling down of cliffs and walls, and other characteristic phenomena of earthquakes. We do not, therefore, consider that these in any way indicate the floating of the crust of the globe upon some fluid, whose undulations are communicated to it. Were the globe entirely solid to its centre, we conceive similar undulatory vibrations would be perceived along its external surface whenever a sudden disruption was produced in it, either by the expansion of the nucleus within a shell of limited extension, or the converse, namely, the contraction of the crust over a stationary nucleus. And to one or the other of these causes, which would be identical in their effects, we incline to refer all the circumstances of subterranean energy.

THE SEA.

THE sea—the sea—the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark—without a bound—
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds—it mocks the skies;
Or, like a cradled creature lies!

I'm on the sea!—I'm on the sea!—
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;—
If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter—I still shall ride and sleep.

I love—Oh! *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

I have liv'd since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life;
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death—whene'er he come to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!
The Friendship's Offering for 1831.

THE PRESENT FASHION IN DRESS.

EITHER all fashions are absurd, or else there is no real absurdity in fashion. It is the mistiming of things that makes the ridiculous. He who is called mad for wearing an eccentric dress, is only so in not waiting till every body else is equally mad. An umbrella bonnet should not, therefore, despise one the size of a pinched farthing: "they're all of them queens in their turn." Time was, when the beauty of the female figure was estimated by the smallness of the shoulders and the largeness of the hoop; but now, under the hideous regimen of the gigot sleeves, a fair lady's shoulders are wider than those of any of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. The lord and master standing by her side, bears about the same proportion to her that a figure of one does to a cypher. She is *all nothing*! Yet, the ambition of the sex is gratified by the appearance of magnitnde, even though they must know that the men are aware of its being mere wind and backram. A male, of the finest dimensions, passes the Park entrances with ease, while the huge little creature on his arm either has to go edgewise, or crumple through, to the detriment of many yards of silk, in consequence of a monstrous fashion, so graceless and ugly in itself; that it could only have been invented in order that the first who followed it might take advantage of the convenience to smuggle lace. The "bishop sleeves" are much better; yet even these are unspeakably troublesome, being continually trailed across the ragouts at dinner, or dipped in the slop-basin at tea. It is well if they do not take fire in snuffing the second candle.

Alas! and has the poetry of the female figure fled for ever? Shall we think of the graceful undulating forms of beauty, the sylphid symmetry of limbs, the buoyancy of elastic loveliness, and nature's real elegance, pure, glowing, and spontaneous in every motion, only as dreams that are passed? Are these bright visions of our youth no more to be realised? Must a married man never expect to see his wife grace his board in her own proper person, which, as far as he can judge, cannot fail to be considerably different from the egregious outline she now presents? Must a bachelor never more hope to see a sweet woman in her natural shape? "There were angels in those days," when, in the fragrance of the noontide groves, the heart might beat a joyous measure,

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaia's hair,"

But now Amaryllis is cased in pasteboard, and Næara's hair is played the fool with. All *coiffures* are abominable. The giraffe head-dress made the fairest female a "figure o' fun!" and if the "*coiffure à la chinoise*" is ever really adopted—for we actually hear it is contemplated—then farewell the tangles of luxuriant tresses, and hail bare face!

"Out upon thee, fie upon thee, bare face!"

We have never been so truly out of temper with head-dresses as in the pit of the Italian Opera, when a lady in one of the stalls, with a head like a large bush in blossom, happened to be directly in a line with our vision to the outrage of our excited feelings, and the waste of our half-guinea. If Pasta comes next season, this really ought to be put a stop to. One moment to be fixed in breathless awe with her powerfully expressive countenance, wrought up with the demon or the divinity of human passion; and the next, to have it obscured by a bunch of greens, or something far more nonsensical, if not so vulgar—is a thing beyond endurance. Real refinement in social life consists in having a courteous sympathy with the feelings of others; and to outrage them for a freak of vanity, is moral vulgarity. Many a woman, who sells cauliflowers, would act with far more consideration and decency. Perhaps the lady may reply—"Pray, sir, cannot you *hear* through my head-dress?" True, we go to the opera chiefly for the music; but, even without allusion to our second Siddons, the eye is curious to inform itself of the visible figure and features of the object which is so powerfully exciting the feelings. It is the same listening to an instrumental solo: unless we can see the person performing, we are by no means satisfied or comfortable. This is to be attributed to the insufficiency of the sense of hearing (with some few fine exceptions) to convey a definite impression to the understanding: the heart beats, and it is the brain wishing to know why it is, and how it is, that creates anxiety to see the performer. We wish to bring all our senses to bear upon the interpretation.

MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.†

THE old proverb says, "Once a man—twice a child." I have no objection to urge against the truth of the maxim—none to the sage Sancho who in his wisdom

indited it; but I must frankly confess that, if this rule in mortal man's existence be invariable, some villain destiny has brought the two extremes (the two childhoods) of my particular life together, and I am afraid intends to defraud me entirely of the middle term: for (shall I confess it?) I am at forty in some respects as great a child as I was at ten. Wordsworth has very truly said, after Dryden,† that

"The child is father to the man;"

and it is only to be regretted that the child-father cannot keep the man his son under more subjection in his riper years. Indeed, it would be well for us if our pursuits as men were as innocent as our pursuits as children—our crimes would then be as venial, and their punishment as merciful.

I love childish shows—those "trivial, fond records"—and my Lord Mayor's Show usually finds me a gaping observer of the wonder of the 9th of November. And yet the whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of barbaric pomp (its men in armour) with modern refinement (its men in broad cloth)—so cheerless, from the season, and its sure circumstances of fog, frost, or drenching rain, under one or more of which it yearly takes place, that, instead of being a gratification to the eye, it passes before us like the mockery, and not the majesty of pomp. Yet for this brief glory, good men, and therefore good citizens, have struggled "through evil report and good report," and having enjoyed it, have sat down contented for the rest of their lives. There are much worse ambitions; and it is well, perhaps, that this is so short-lived: the best governors of Rome were her consuls for a year.

My first "lord mayor's show" occurred in that happy period of life, boyhood, when we are soonest "pleased with a feather." To be sure, a dense and thoroughly English fog, one "native and to the manner born"—one of unadulterated Essex home-manufacture, did, both on its going forth and on its return, make "darkness visible," obscured the glories of the day, and, accompanied with a sleety sort of drizzle, rendered the paths of honour as slippery as the sledge at Schaffhausen. But what to me, then, were these accidental drawbacks upon the great occasion! True, I had seen what I went out to see as "through a glass darkly; but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited—all the rest was "leather and

† "The priest continues what the nurse began
And thus the child imposes on the man."

prunella." The "obscured glories of that day "haunt me like a vision;" and I have assisted at Lord Mayor's Show since, without an undefinable sense of something to be seen which I had somehow not seen.

I shall not soon forget that first illusion. It was, of course, a dull, dirty November day. The rains, which at that season usually drench one half the world, leaving the other half parching with thirst, had first washed the city, and then left it one weltering kennel of mud. However, on the morning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines (I forget which), the clouds contented themselves with a sleety sort of drizzle, a kind of confectionary rain, which, under pretence of powdering you all over with a sort of candy of ice, soaked your broadcloth through and through. At ten, the thick air, instead of melting into "thin air," grew "palpable to feeling as to sight;" it was sullenly stationary at eleven, and there was not the sixteenth of a hope that it would clear off. The "clink of hammers accomplishing the knights" (who needed it), and "closing their rivets up," gave note of preparation. In a few minutes more a foggy, half-enfocated cry was heard, "a wandering voice," from one end of Milk-street to the other—"They come! they come!" "Where? where?" was the response; and the glorious vision that I was to have seen passed unhehld away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, knights, coaches, carts, common-councilmen, tumbrels, and common stage-waggons, through an admiring mob, equally imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

Having by some mysterious instinct, with which nature, when she located that people of Britain called cockneys, on the northern shore of the Thames, must have abundantly gifted them, found their unseen way to Blackfriars, the Right Honourable and his retinue took water, and felt out their way by the piles standing along the shore, to Westminster, where, "all well," the common-serjeant, with an instinct natural to a lawyer, made Westminster Hall, and led "the splendid annual" within its legal gates. Certain nummeries being gone through, as well as the official labours of a hearty refection, the "corporative capacity" of London paddled its way patiently from Westminster, clearing the small craft with a nautical skill never sufficiently to be wondered at and admired; and miraculously weathered Blackfriars Bridge, in total safety, thanks to the skill of the pilot at the helm of city-admiralty affairs, to whom the dark dangers of both shores

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were as familiar as posts and corners to a blind man.

Here the day, as if it relented in its spiteful intention of damping the general joy and the corporative glory, smiled a momentary smile; and the fog dissipating, within the circumference of fifty yards, it was perceived that the brave pageant was again marshalled; and Solomon, in all his glory, for some moments seemed something less than Staines. It was but in mockery of the hopes of man; for ere the word "forward!" could be given, the Sun, who had been struggling in vain to get a glance into the city, all at once gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis' lap, in the afternoon, instead of the evening.

And now all was "dark as Erebus, and black as night." Genius, what a gift is thine! Some more enlightened citizen darkling without, but bright within, suggested the bare possibility of procuring a dozen or two of links, and like a gallant soldier adventuring with a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the nearest oilman's. The "ineffectual fire" was procured; and never was it more necessary, for thicker rolled the fog, dimmer and more dubious grew the way, and more and more like night became the day. "Forward!" was again the cry, and the procession moved through the mud and mob, in a manner truly moving.

And first came, beating out the way, to keep the press at peace, the city-peace officers, breaking it all the way they went. After these followed a number of matronly old gentlemen called bachelors, in blue gowns, and in woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under the weight of years and beer with great difficulty, but their flagging banners with more. Three times the word to halt ran along the line; but these venerables were either so deaf that they did not hear the command, or hearing it, mistook its tenor, and thought it but superfluous idleness to bid those to halt who already halted. Next to these "most potent, grave, and reverend" seniors, came the under city-marshal on horseback—an attendant picking out the way for him. Then a band of musicians, when their asthmas would permit them, playing very pathetically (as if in mockery of those who could see nothing), "See, the conquering hero comes." Two trumpeters now tried to rend the air, and between them a kettle-drum sounded, as if muffled, for both catgut and parchment had relaxed under the moist fingers of the morn, and their mimic thunder was now mute.

After these came a juvenile as an ancient herald, bare-headed; and then a

standard-bearer, in half-armour, which was no doubt exceedingly sparkling and burnished in the morning, but now, like Satan, had lost its "original brightness," and looked "like glory for awhile obscured." Certain half-famished squires dogged his heels, their upper halves perspiring to parboiling under the warmth of flannel-lined armour, but their lower man sitting as cold in their saddles as Charles at Charing Cross. Next came an ancient knight in a suit of scale-armour, looking like an amphibious fish on horseback, and just as wet as one; and two other trumpeters, exploding something like the choke damp of mines out of their trumpets in "strains it was a misery to hear." And now, another knight, in the iron armour of King Harry, came toppling along, to show the admiring age how much the strength of man was decreased since the days of sack and Shakspeare: for now he bent on this side, and now on the other, like a reed shaken by the wind. You might have thought him the most courteous of knights, and these deviations from the perpendicular but knightly recognitions of the damsels he would have titled for, if need were, in the listed field. His trumpeters tore the air to tatters about him, and he passed away, like the shadow of the strength and the youth of chivalry.

Eureka! eureka! The crushing car of the Juggernaut of the show now rolled along, kneading the mud under its golden wheels. The mobility darted inquiring looks in at the open windows, which the mace-bearer and sword-bearer completely filled, and saw they could not see the mayor for the mist, which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach; for it swaggered from the left to the right of Bridge Street, as if undecided on which side to spill its right-honourable contents: but the mace-bearer shifting his seat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch, as a broad-bottomed Dutch brig adjusts herself in a gale. Next came the retiring Mayor, some distance in the rear, and in much seeming hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt he was too late even for the late Lord Mayor.

It was now no very easy task to tell an alderman's coach from his coal-waggon, save by the polite difference between the oaths of the driver of one and the other. The elder aldermen were, however, distinguishable by their asthmas, the younger by their sneezing. After these came the ominous browed Recorder; then the Sheriffs, brilliant and benighted; then that love and loathing of good and bad apprentices—the kindly veteran Chamberlain; then the Remembrancer; and the

Foreign Ambassadors, wondering every one, save him of Holland, at the climate. Then the judges enveloped in wig and darkness; and after them, several understood persons of distinction, who could by no means be distinguished. By the time that the head and tail of the procession had wound round St. Paul's, like the serpent round the Laocoon, and had reached Cheapside, the last link was burnt out; and the tinery of the first footmen was as dingy and undiscernible as the fluttering rags of the merry bootless and shoeless boys who shouted before them, as if they would have drowned the clamour of Bow-bells with their "most sweet voices."

Such was "my first Lord Mayor's Show," and "let it be the last:" the undeceiving of all my imaginations of it I have not yet forgiven in the Lord Mayors' Shows of other years.

INCREASED TEMPERATURE OF MINES EXPLAINED, WITHOUT REFERENCE TO A CENTRAL FIRE.†

THE earth is not a perfect sphere, but an oblate spheroid, or sphere flattened at the poles. The equatorial diameter exceeds the polar by twenty-five miles, or the one is to the other as three hundred and twelve to three hundred and eleven. Newton calculated the ellipticity, deducing it from the supposition that it was owing to the centrifugal force of the earth in a liquid state, at one-fiftieth, which is about one-third greater than the truth. It can be demonstrated, that if the earth were a homogeneous liquid body, its ellipticity would really amount to the quantity assigned by Newton. But if the earth, instead of being homogeneous, increases in density from the circumference to the centre, then the ellipticity would be less. Mathematicians have demonstrated, that were the density to increase so as to be infinitely great at the centre, then the ellipticity would be a minimum, and would amount only to one-five hundred and seventy-eight. From Maskelyne's observations at Schiehallion, it follows that the mean density of the earth is almost double that of the rocks at its surface. Hence the density at the central parts must be higher than the mean. Now, since the ellipticity is intermediate between twenty-three and one-five hundred and seventy-eight, there is strong presumption that its form approaches very nearly to

† From the Edinburgh Review.—No. CIII.

that of a spheroid of equilibrium, and in all probability coincides with it entirely. There can be little doubt that the globe was originally in a fluid state. For had the earth, when it began to revolve on its axis, been a solid sphere with water on its surface, it is evident, since the surface at the equator is twelve miles farther from the centre than at the poles, that had the sea alone been subjected to the action of the centrifugal force, the equatorial regions would have been completely submerged, and the poles left dry. The figure of the earth affords a strong argument in favour of its original fluidity, and destroys the idea that it ever had a different axis from what it has at present. The opinion, therefore, which ascribes the remains of animals, at present confined to the torrid zones, in the polar regions, to a change of the axis of the earth, how convenient soever it might be to explain the phenomena, must be at once abandoned as inconsistent with the mathematical condition of the earth.

The mean temperature of the earth is sixty-eight deg. eight min., which is very nearly the temperature of those portions of France situated at the surface of the sea, and lying in latitude forty-five deg., which is midway between the equator and the pole. The mean temperature sinks as we advance towards the pole, and is lowest there and highest at the equator. In short, the temperature at the surface is just what it ought to be, supposing that the whole heat of our globe were derived from the sun. At a certain depth below the surface (rather more than fifty feet), it has been observed that the temperature never varies, and that it is always equal to the mean temperature of the place. These facts, which have been long known, induced the greater number of men of science to conclude, that the earth owed its temperature entirely to the action of the sun; but several phenomena, observed of late years in mines, have led many geologists to a different opinion.

It has been observed that the temperature of mines is always higher than that of the country where they are situated, and that the deeper a mine is sunk, the higher is its temperature. This observation was first made in the Cornish mines. Mr. Bald afterwards found that it held also in the deep coal mines at Newcastle. Darnbuisson made the same observations with respect to the mines at Freyberg; Cordier with respect to several mines in France; and Humboldt with respect to the mines of South America. Thus, for example, in the month of February, 1819, the temperature of the air at Redruth, in

Cornwall, near which Dolcoath mine is situated, was forty-seven deg., while that of the water pumped out of the mine was eighty-four deg. The surface of the ground where the shaft of this mine is sunk, is elevated about three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The depth of the mine was one thousand four hundred and twenty-eight feet, or two hundred and thirty-eight fathoms. If we reckon the mean temperature of the air at Redruth fifty-one deg., and leave out the first two hundred feet of the mine in which the temperature does not sensibly increase, we shall find that the temperature of Dolcoath mine becomes one deg. hotter for every thirty-seven feet of sinking. But the mean of the observations made in Cornwall, Glamorganshire, and at Newcastle, gives an increase of one deg. for every sixty feet that the mine deepens. At Carmeaux, in France, there are three coal mines, the temperature of which was examined by Cordier. In one of them the thermometer rises one deg. for every seventy-eight feet of sinking; in another, one deg. for every seventy-six feet; and in the third, one deg. for every fifty-one feet. At Littry, every thirty-five feet that we descend, the thermometer rises one deg. In a coal mine at Decize, there is the same elevation of temperature for every twenty-nine feet.

M. Cordier has written an elaborate paper, to show that this elevation of temperature, as we descend in mines, is owing to the existence of a central fire in the earth. We do not know how far this opinion of Cordier has been adopted by geologists. But we must pause upon the phenomena presented by the temperature of mines, before we can embrace it. The existence of hot springs has been explained in the same way—the temperature depending upon the depth below the surface from which the spring proceeds.

If the increase in the temperature of mines, as we descend in them, were owing to the existence of a central fire, it ought surely to follow that those parts of the earth which are nearest the centre, should be the hottest. But as the poles are twelve miles nearer the centre than the surface of the earth at the equator—a difference much greater than the depth of the profoundest mine—and, as the surface approaches nearer and nearer the centre in proportion as we advance from the equator towards the poles—if the increased temperature in mines were owing to a central fire, it is quite obvious that the temperature of the earth ought to be regulated by that central fire, and that, therefore, the temperature should increase

as we recede from the equator, and be highest at the poles—which is directly contrary to matter of fact.

But there is another circumstance, no less deserving of attention. The mines at Newcastle are situated below the level of the neighbouring ocean. Those in Cornwall are partly above and partly below the level of the Atlantic. Those at Freyberg, being situated in the centre of Germany, and in a mountainous country, are at a considerable height above the surface of the ocean. And some of the South American mines, whose temperature has been given us by Humboldt, are at least nine thousand feet above the Pacific Ocean. Yet the elevation of temperature as we descend in these mines, follows the same law in all—or at least the deviations have nothing to do with the elevation of the mine above the surface of the ocean. Indeed, the water at the bottom of the sea in South America, is not near so hot as the temperature of the water pumped up from the bottom of the mines. Yet it is much nearer the centre of the earth, and equally screened from radiation. It ought, therefore, if the temperature were derived from a central fire, to be hotter.

It has been ascertained by very decisive observations, that this increased temperature of mines only continues while the mines are working, and that when they are abandoned, their temperature, however deep, soon sinks to the mean of the place where they are situated. For these important observations, we are indebted to Mr. Moyle; who examined several Cornish mines, while working, and after they were abandoned, and noted the difference of temperature. The Oatfield engine-shaft, at a depth of one hundred and eighty-two fathoms, had a temperature of seventy-seven deg. while the mine was working. A few months after the mine had been abandoned, the temperature at the same depth was sixty-six deg. Many months after, the temperature was tried again, and found to be fifty-four deg.; and this temperature was found uniform throughout the water. The temperature in the abandoned mines of Heilaud and Huel Alfred, was found, the former fifty-four deg., and the latter fifty-six deg., and this at all depths. The working of these two mines being resumed, the water was drawn out, and Mr. Moyle examined it, during the operation, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, without finding any increase of temperature. We are indebted to Mr. Moyle for many similar observations; but these are sufficient to show, that the increase of the temperature of mines as we descend, only holds good while they are

in activity, and that when they are abandoned, they gradually acquire the mean temperature of the place where they are situated. This increase of temperature, then, cannot be owing to the action of a central fire, but must be ascribed to some other cause. Now, what is that cause? Let us take a single mine, and analyze the sources of heat in it, that we may see how far they are competent to produce the elevation of temperature.

In the month of February, 1819, the depth of Dolcoath mine was two hundred and thirty-eight fathoms, and the temperature of the water pumped up from its bottom was eighty-four deg., or thirty-three deg. hotter than the mean temperature of Redruth, where the mine is situated. The quantity of water pumped up daily of that temperature was five hundred and thirty-five thousand one hundred and seventy-three gallons, or nearly four and a half millions of pounds. The number of workmen employed in the mine was eight hundred. They were divided into three bands, working each eight hours; so that the number of individuals always in the mine was two hundred and sixty-six. Now the heat evolved from two hundred and sixty-six men, would be sufficient to elevate the temperature of four and a half millions of pounds of water about one degree. The candles burnt in the mine amounted to six thousand pounds a month, or at the rate of two hundred pounds per day. The heat evolved by the combustion of two hundred pounds of candles, would elevate the temperature of four and a half millions of pounds of water about 0.7 of a degree. The gunpowder employed in blasting the rock, amounted to two thousand six hundred pounds in the month, or eighty-six two-thirds pounds per day. Now the heat from the explosion of eighty-six two-thirds pounds of gunpowder would not raise the temperature of four and a half millions of pounds of water more than one-tenth of a degree. Thus it appears that the heat from the individuals in the mine, from the candles burnt, and the gunpowder exploded, would not elevate the temperature of the water pumped up out of the mine more than two degrees of the 33 deg., which constituted the difference between its temperature and that of the place where the mine was situated.

But there is another source of temperature which must not be overlooked, and which is probably adequate to produce all the elevation of temperature observed in the mine. This source is the more important, because it must increase with the depth of the mine, and therefore occasion a greater elevation of temperature

the deeper we go, as is observed actually to be the case. This source of heat, too, may, and probably does, vary considerably in different mines; and thus may occasion the variations in the rate of increase of temperature, so conspicuous in different mines situated even near each other, and which could not therefore be accounted for by the agency of a central fire. Every mine, while working, requires to be ventilated, otherwise the workmen could not continue in it. Now, this ventilation consists of a current of air constantly passing through the mine. It is obvious, that this current must consist of air from the surface of the earth at the place where the mine is situated. We need not inquire how this current of air is produced, various methods being employed in different mines, according to circumstances; but that it always exists, is too obvious to require any proof. Now, as this air passes from the surface to the bottom of the mine, it becomes more and more compressed. Its temperature, in consequence, must be continually increasing, and, of course, it must be always giving out heat to the walls of the mine, and to the water with which it comes in contact. The heat given out at the bottom will be greatest, because there the compression is greatest. The greater the quantity of air thus condensed, and the more rapid the current, the greater will be the quantity of heat evolved. This, we are persuaded, is the true cause of the elevation of temperature as a mine increases in depth. When a mine is abandoned, the ventilation gradually ceases, and the air in a mine becomes stagnant; thence the temperature will sink, and will at last reach the mean temperature of the place. But this diminution of temperature will, for obvious reasons, go on very slowly.

REFINEMENTS OF MODERN PHRASEOLOGY.†

AMONG all the modern improvements there are none in which the refinements of civilization are more conspicuously developed than in our language, and for this we are principally indebted to the state of the press, which has become so enriched of late that there is now (thanks to the schoolmaster) the most idiomatic turn of speech for the most common affairs of life.

Thus, on entering a new year, it is announced in the phraseology of the day, that the old has "merged into the gulph of time;" and when spring has arrived it is

† From the Gazette of Variety.

said that the "extended blue arch of heaven had thrown aside its thickened veil, while the thin clouds hanging from the spottorn ceiling, freshens the glorious scene."

In the time of our plain-spoken ancestors, ladies who lost their husbands were called widows, but now they are "fair relicts." We need also to hear of beasts of the field being sometimes killed by lightning but they are now struck by the electric fluid." Only think of drunken women at a police office becoming "interesting females" and if abandoned courtesans, they are "devotees of the Cyprian goddess," and happily for the cause of temperance and sobriety, men are not now found drunk or intoxicated as formerly—they are only seen "disguised in liquor," or "under the surveillance of Bacchus." Those who were in times past called swindlers and pickpockets, are now termed "professors of the fine arts," and then again criminals used to be hanged, but now they are "launched into eternity."—Formerly, if any were found in the streets, or elsewhere, in a state of insensibility, a doctor used to be sent for, but now "medical aid is said to be in immediate attendance," should death ensue before the surgeons' arrival "the vital spark had fled." People were sometimes drowned in olden times, but no occurrences of the kind happen now; they may indeed be "immersed in the liquid element till the fire of life is extinguished." In ancient times, if one met with a well-cut coat, it used to be who's the maker, but now it is "who's the builder?" or "who suffers?"

Again, in old fashioned days, folks used to be married: with shame be it said that there is no such thing as matrimony now. Brides are only "led to the hymeneal altar," and then the wedding guests danced; but no such a thing now, they only "trip it on the light fantastic toe." A ship used also now and then to be launched, but there is nothing of the sort; she now (mark reader, the Lord Melville or the Sir William) "glides majestically into her native element," an element by the bye in which she never was before. But, this is only a day's march in the career of improvement. It has been observed, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world: this is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every one the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way; and so it is we find a tailor, in the luxuriance of fauzy, embellishes his door plate with "vestiarium."

The paper-hanger thinks nothing so much the characteristic of genius, as to make known his common calling, in an un-

common manner, so designates his shop "the Temple of Fancy." The corn-cutter is also on *tip-toe* for distinction, and so styles himself "chiropodist." The milkman quits the beaten track only because, it is known, and takes a new path, and so dubs his cow-house "the metropolitan dairy" or "lactarium." The chandler, to secure only learned customers, writes up "Italian ware-house." The auctioneer, in describing an estate for sale, says—"The scene is one of picturesque and entangled wildness; the hard and milk-white rocks are worn into a variety of shapes, the hanging foliage above and below, droops its ornamental fringe over the rugged workmanship of nature, while the torrent foaming between its rough and deepened confines, reminds the beholders of the spot, from whence the ancient Cambrian Bard addressed the invading Edward in the imaginary language of the poet, Grey—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King."

"Nowhere will be found such a continuation of beautiful wildness, such fearful and almost unapproachable heights, cataracts so loud and deep, glens terrific, and mountains seeming to rival the clouds in their stupendous heights."

The writing master, not content to be understood, seeks to stultify by putting on his card, "Professor of Calligraphy." The dentist announces his "Succedaneum for decayed teeth," and the barber his "ambrosial soaps and depilatory for removing superfluous hair." Schools are now "Establishments" or "Seminaries," and their play grounds "Gymnasiums." The ladies no longer patronize the stay shop, but visit the "Shape Emporium." A slop-seller is now a "Fashionable Repository of Wearables." The wheelwright keeps a "Carriage Repository." Every apothecary is a "Surgeon." Government clerks "Civil Officers." Every lawyer's ditto a "Solicitor." Every hair-cutter a "Friseur" or "Peruquier." Butchers are "Meat Purveyors," and bricklayers "Architects." The huxter's shop is dignified into a "Warehouse," and the broker's "Repository for Miscellaneous Property." Publicans are "Wine Merchants," and their tap-rooms "Divans." A fiddler calls himself a "Professor of Discoustics." Coffee stalls are "Hotels," eating houses "Coffee Rooms," mantua-makers and cooks are "Artists," match sellers "Timber Merchants," thieves "Conveyancers," and the gallows a "New Drop." Indeed, almost every thing has a new name, which few can comprehend or pronounce without blundering. Turn which way you

will, you will meet with something about the "Diorama," "Cosmorama," "Udorama," "Octorama," "Physiorama," "Poccliorama," or the "Peristiephic, or Moving Polygonic Panorama." Then there is the "Eidouranion," the "Diastroducon," "Harmonicon," "Panharmonicon," and "Apollonicon." Next comes the elegancies in shop names, for nothing will do under "Navarino House," "Grafton House," "Waterloo House," or "Compton House." Then we have "Rose Cottage," "Vine Lodge," "Myrtle Hall," "The Vineyard," "Mon Repos," and a host of pretty named "Retreats," with which the outskirts of the overgrown metropolis abound. The foregoing is but a page in the history of the march of "Grandiloquence;" but enough.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY'S "SEPARATION," *alias* "SELF-INDULGENCE."

[We transcribe from the "Literary Gazette," of October 30, the subjoined statements, addressed to the editor, relative to Lady Charlotte Bury's "Separation." As we recollect the puffs preliminary, emanating from the great puff-manufactory in Burlington Street, which ushered in this *refacemento* novel, we are inclined to believe Messrs. Colburn and Bentley as guiltless of fraud in the affair as they profess themselves. The imposition (despite the excuse set up), we can give it no gentler epithet, is of her ladyship's own contrivance.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In consequence of the article which appeared in your "Gazette," relative to the novel published by us called the "Separation" we immediately addressed a note to the authoress (of which we now enclose a copy), requesting an explanation of the circumstances, but we have not yet received a satisfactory answer. We can, therefore, only state for ourselves, that in publishing the work, we were totally unconscious of its resembling in the slightest degree any book already extant, as our note of last Saturday to the authoress will show; that it was submitted to us *wholly in manuscript*, as an entirely original production; and that we sent it for examination to a literary friend, whose opinion as to its merits induced us to purchase the copyright of the authoress.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

COLBURN and BENTLEY.

New Burlington Street,
October 28, 1830.

(Copy.)

New Burlington Street,
Saturday, October 23, 1830.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley present their respects to the authoress of "Separation," and beg to send her a copy of to-day's "Literary Gazette," containing some remarks relative to the publication of her last novel, which remarks, until contradicted, commit the character of their house. Under these circumstances, and she will acknowledge them to be very pressing, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley wait anxiously for an explanation, which the authoress alone can give, and she will therefore excuse them if they solicit from her an immediate statement calculated to remove from the public mind the disadvantageous impression now existing in consequence of the remarks alluded to.

[The foregoing were in our hands, and, of course, ordered for publication, in justice to Messrs. C. and B., who, at the end of five days, could have no other hope of redress, when we received the annexed paper.—*Ed. L. G.*]

To the Editor, &c.,

The novel entitled "Separation," may certainly be said to have had its foundation in the story of a tale published anonymously eighteen years ago!!! But "Separation" is, in *characters*, in *conduct*, in *language*, and in *arrangement*, wholly new.

Shakspeare, Dante, Boccaccio, &c. &c., have been resorted to a thousand times for the ground-work of modern fictions; and, if it is allowed to borrow from others, the author of "Separation," assuming that "Self-Indulgence" was written by the same person, had surely a right to borrow from it.

The tale of "Self-Indulgence," though not devoid of interest, was crudely and carelessly written, and, as it deserved, sank speedily into oblivion; nevertheless, it contained striking incidents, which were peculiarly fitted to set forth a great moral end.

In the manner in which the author of "Separation" has employed these, the work became altogether changed, and such as cannot justify the attack directed against it in the "Literary Gazette."† In fact, had any doubt been entertained upon the subject at the time of its publication, a line, by way of preface, stating the case, would have set the matter at rest.

Inasmuch, as Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are involved in this attack, it is only requisite to make one observation, in order

† It is not so—it is merely disguised, and to all other intents and purposes the same.—*Ed. L. G.*

to clear these gentlemen of the aspersion cast upon them. We believe that no author thinks it necessary to declare the source whence he draws his subject; and Messrs. Colburn and Bentley purchased "Separation," believing it to be, as the author considers it is, to all intents and purposes, a *new work*.

Though the last of these communications has been sent to us anonymously, yet, as it bears internal evidence of being the best defence that could be offered by and for the author of "Self-Indulgence" and the "Separations," we have given it insertion. Having done our duty in bringing such a transaction before the literary public, we can only say, that we feel extreme regret that it is not capable of a more satisfactory explanation.‡

OPINIONS.§

ALL the world has an opinion. Take the emptiest head that ever gaped, and upon any topic ask, "Pray, sir, what is your opinion?" and ten to one the person so interrogated will tell you something that he is pleased to designate as his opinion. Is there, in short, one individual in a thousand to be found who can understand the question, and who will not return an answer of affected intelligence? It is rare, indeed, to meet with one who will have the candour to say that he has no opinion. An opinion is usually defined as a conclusion which is the result of thought. But whoever thinks that thinking has any thing to do with a man's opinions? And perhaps it has not much. Of a man's moral character it is said, "Noscitur a sociis." The same may be said of his opinions. Nor is it only from his companions that his opinions may be ascertained: they may be learned from his parents, from his temper and constitution. A good-tempered, quiet, inoffensive sort of man generally inherits the opinions of his parents, and carries them with him to the grave, unless he marry a rich wife, and then he takes the opinions which belong to her and her family, or he grafts them upon his own, like an esculcheon of pretence. A coarse-grained, obstinate pig of a fellow,

‡ The "Gazette," of November 6, says, that the publishers have remanded the price, \$50/, which they gave her ladyship, under the impression that it was an entirely original work; "but we think," says the "Gazette," "they will abandon this; for it is a whimsical fact, that the book has sold better, and is in greater request at the circulating libraries, than ever. Like the loss of character upon the stage, it has made the novel popular."

§ From the Atlas.—No. CCXXXIII.

especially if he be prodigiously ignorant and somewhat stupid and conceited withal, is sure to be of a different opinion from his parents and companions. A political opinion frequently depends upon a theological, and a theological opinion frequently depends upon a political one. So that, instead of the question, "What is your opinion?" it might as well be asked what is your family connexion, what is your general temper, and where is your promotion-market? An useful manual might be constructed, called the genealogy of opinions, by a reference to which every man might tell what his opinions on every subject are or ought to be. And the manual might be constructed, like the ship-list used by the subscribers to Lloyd's Coffee-house, capable of addition or alteration, from time to time, according to circumstances. This would be very useful to young men just setting out in the world; for want of such a guide many a youth commits himself most indiscreetly, and hampers his promotion or gains promotion with loss of character.

The real and the artificial are so mixed together in life, that they are oftentimes indiscernible and inseparable. Now the real mode of acquiring an opinion is to look at arguments on both sides in the first place, and then to form the opinion afterwards; but the artificial mode, and that which is most common, is to take the most convenient opinion first, and then to look at the arguments on one side afterwards. And is there any harm in looking for arguments to support an opinion? And whose opinion I am bound to support? My own to be sure. Talk about the interests of truth! Pray, what business have I to trouble myself to hunt about for arguments to support another man's opinions? Every parish is bound by law to support its own poor, and every man ought to support his own opinions. That is good English logic, it savours of roast beef and pugilism; it is a hearty knock down argument; it is that sort of reasoning that does not "pause for a reply," but crows incontinently, and shouts the shout of victory.

Opinions, also, upon minuter topics, depend, in this variable climate, very much upon the barometer. The state of the nation, the probability of war, revolution, or national bankruptcy, very much depend upon the clouds. A history of England ought always to be accompanied with a meteorological journal.

In matters of literature too, how many an author gets most cruelly handled, because his critic reads his work when the glass is at variable. What else can account for the diversity of opinions which

men of the greatest candour, discernment, and information, entertain of various literary productions?

Much again, in matters of opinion, depends upon digestion and culinary arrangements. Drinking now is quite out of the fashion, and eating is all the rage. By the way, why does not some spirited publisher undertake to put forth a culinary library, in monthly parts? It would do uncommonly well. It seems an established fact, a generally recognised opinion, that the English people may be dined into any thing. They are dined into liberty, they are dined into loyalty, they are dined into charity, they are dined into piety, they are dined into liberality, they are dined into orthodoxy, and they are dined into heresy. From dinner to digestion the transition is natural. And how much are opinions influenced by and dependent upon digestion! If the digestion go on easily and successfully, then the world moves rightly, and the minister deserves confidence, and the nation is very prosperous, or at least will be when it has got through all its difficulties, then England is a glorious country, the admiration and envy of surrounding nations. But if the digestion go wrong, then every thing goes wrong, the minister deserves impeachment, the parliament needs reform, the national debt is a millstone, the importation of corn will produce universal starvation, the parson's tithes will consume the whole produce, and the nation must inevitably be ruined, unless the end of the world first comes to prevent it, and it is the opinion of some that it will.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

I KNOW thou hast gone to the home of thy rest—
Then why should my soul be so sad!
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
'Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The slain it has gather'd in this,
And hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe, that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret!

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me,
I yet have not learnt to resign—
In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Friendship's Offering.

THE ESQUIMAUX.†

THE Esquimaux constitute a most widely-diffused race, occupying all the shores of the northern ocean, and embracing nearly the entire circuit of the globe. Richardson and Franklin found them along the whole coast of the American Polar Sea; Kotzebue, in the channel near Behring's Straits. The Samoïedes and Kamtchadales, in northern Asia, seem to belong to the same family. A similarity of visage and figure, boats, huts, and instruments—even a resemblance in habits, character, and mode of life—might have been produced by the common pressure of the same very peculiar outward circumstances. The affinity of speech, however, which is such as proves the dialects of all the Esquimaux to be mere varieties of one common language, affords a clear proof, that an original race from some one quarter, has spread over the whole range of those immense and desolate shores. This migration must have been facilitated by the vast continuity of coast, which stretches along the Arctic ocean, and which is not equalled in any other quarter. Hence, probably, the Esquimaux, at distant ages, connected the old and new continents, which, at all other points, were then wholly unknown to each other.

The external form of that people seems influenced, and, as it were, characterised, by the severity of the climate. Their stature is decidedly lower than that of the Europeans; five feet nine inches being considered, even in a man, as almost gigantic. Though the trunk of the body is somewhat thick, all the extremities are small, especially the hands and feet, and the fingers short. The face is broad and flat, the nose small, and at the same time, so sunk and deep, that in some instances, a ruler could be applied from cheek to cheek without touching it. It is somewhere observed, that their visage presents that peculiar form which the human face naturally assumes under exposure to intense cold, that all the projecting features are drawn in, and the cheeks, consequently, pushed out. In the same way, exposure to the weather may perhaps produce the high cheek bones of mountaineers. Under these modifications, however, both their bodies and their limbs are very tolerably shaped. Even the female countenance, though without pretensions to regular beauty, is often agreeable, with a frank and good-humoured expression; so that, were it cleared of the thick crust of grease and dirt, so as to exhibit the real

complexion, which is only that of a deep brunette, it might, even in Europe, be reckoned handsome. The skin is untanned, and unpleasantly cold to the touch; the flesh soft and flabby, owing, probably, to the fat animal substances which form the principal part of their food.

In their moral qualities, the Esquimaux present much that is worthy of commendation. At the first opening of the intercourse with the Europeans, the most undeviating honesty marked all their conduct, though this quality, in the course of two winters' communication, was considerably undermined. They were exposed, indeed, to most severe temptations, by seeing constantly scattered about the ships, little planks, pieces of old iron, and empty tin pots, which was to them as if the decks had been strewn with gold and jewels. It also came to their knowledge that, in some of their early exchanges, rich skins had been bartered for beads, and other trifles of no real value—a system against which they exclaimed as absolute robbery. From first to last, the virtue now mentioned was practised among themselves in a manner worthy of the golden age. Their dresses, sledges, and all their implements of hunting and fishing, were left exposed inside or outside of the huts, without any instance being known of their having been carried off. Property, without the aid of laws or tribunals, was in the most perfect security. The common right to the products of the chase marks also a singular union, without seeming to relax their diligence in search of food, though it may perhaps contribute to their very thoughtless consumption of it. The navigators admit that they were received with the most cordial hospitality into the little huts, where the best meat was set before them, and the women vied with each other in the attentions of cooking, and drying and mending their clothes. "The women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door, and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp," gave a pleasing picture of savage life. Yet a continued intercourse showed that the Esquimaux inherited their full share of human frailty. Begging we shall pass over, though in many instances persevering and incessant, because it seems to have been called forth almost entirely by their connexion with our countrymen, and by too lavish presents at the first; while their little bursts of envy appear to have flowed from the same source. But the fair Esquimaux are charged with a strong propensity to slander and detraction, which were as busy among them as they sat in circles round the door mending their lines, as

† From the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.—No. I.
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in the most fashionable drawing-rooms. Their own conduct, meantime, is said to have afforded the most ample scope for censure, especially in regard to connubial fidelity; and yet, when it is admitted that these faults were carefully concealed, and much outward decorum observed, and that the propensity to calumny often led the natives beyond the strict limits of truth, we doubt whether too implicit reliance may not have been placed on the scandalous chronicle of the frozen regions. The natives certainly do appear to display a peculiar apathy in regard to the sufferings and even the death of neighbours and relations. Widows; and the aged and infirm, if they have not children of their own, experience the greatest indifference. In times of plenty, indeed, they share in the abundance of food; but, during scarcity, a very small quantity reaches them, and, receiving no attendance in their sickness, they often perish through pure want and neglect. The children are treated with extreme tenderness; though the practice of adoption, which prevails most extensively, and which establishes, in full force, between the parties, the ties of father and child, is practised with regard to boys only, and seemingly with the view that they may contribute to support the old age of their fictitious parents.

The religious ideas of the Esquimaux, though they cannot be dignified with any better name than superstition, are not much more absurd than the popular creed of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Their principal deity is Aywillagoo, a female, immensely tall, with only the left eye, wearing a pigtail reaching to her knee, so thick that it can scarcely be grasped by both hands. Captain Lyon witnessed a mighty incantation, in which Zoolemak, the chief magician, summoned Aywillagoo to the upper world to utter her oracles. The party were assembled in a hut, where light after light was put out, till they were left in total darkness. Zoolemak then, after loud invocations, professed to descend to the world below to bring up the goddess. Soon there rose a loud chant of peculiar sound, imagined to be the voice of Aywillagoo. During half an hour, in reply to the loud screams and questions of her votaries, she uttered dubious and mystical responses; after which, the sound died away, and she was supposed to descend beneath the earth, when Zoolemak, with a shout, announced his own return to the upper world. The magician, however, being soon after on board a British ship, was treated with nine glasses of hot water (brandy), under the influence of which he began to act over again his enchantments, when it appeared, that by

varying modes of applying the hand or jacket to the mouth, he produced those changeful sounds which had passed for the words of Aywillagoo. This divinity has for her father a giant with one arm. The Esquimaux pantheon comprises, moreover, Pamiooli, a spirit frequently invoked, and a large bear, whose dwelling is in the middle of the ice, and who frequently holds converse with mankind. The natives believe also in a future world, the employments and pleasures of which, according to the usual creed of savage races, are all sensual. The soul descends beneath the earth through successive abodes, the first of which has somewhat of the nature of purgatory; but the good spirits, passing through it, find the other mansions successively improve, till they reach that of perfect bliss, far beneath, where the sun never sets, and where, by the side of large lakes, that never freeze, the deer roam in vast herds, and the seal and walrus abound in the waters.

VARIETIES.

Opium in Rajpootana.—Like all stimulants, the effects of opium are magical for a time; but the reaction is not less certain, and the faded form or amorphous bulk too often attest the debilitating influence of a drug, which alike debases mind and body. In the more ancient epics we find no mention of the poppy-juice as now used, though the Rajpoot has at all times been accustomed to his *madharaq ra-peala*, or "intoxicating cup." The essence (*arac*), whether of grain, of roots, or of flowers, still welcomes the guest, but is secondary to the opiate. *Umul lar kana*—"to eat opium together," is the most inviolable pledge, and an agreement ratified by this ceremony is stronger than any adjuration. If a Rajpoot pays a visit, the first question is, *Umul kyu?*—"Have you had your opiate?" *Umul kao*—"Take your opiate." On a birthday, when all the chiefs convene to congratulate their brother on another "knot to his years," the large cup is brought forth, a lump of opiate put therein, upon which water is poured, and, by the aid of a stick, a solution is made, to which each helps his neighbour, not with a glass, but with the hollow of his hand held to his mouth. To judge by the wry faces on this occasion, none can like it, and to get rid of the nauseous taste, conist-balls are handed round. It is curious to observe the animation it inspires; a Rajpoot is

fit for nothing without his *umul*; and I have often dismissed their men of business to refresh their intellects by a dose—for when its effects are dissipating, they become mere logs. Opium to the Rajpoot is more necessary than food, and a suggestion to the Kana to tax it highly was most unpopular. From the rising generation the author exacted promises, that they would resist temptation in this vice, and many grew up in happy ignorance of the taste of opium. He will be the greatest friend to Rajasthan who perseveres in eradicating the evil. The valley of Oodipoor is a poppy-garden of every hue and variety, whence the Hindoo Sri may obtain a coronet more variegated than ever adorned the Isis of the Nile.—*Tod's Annals of Rajpootana.*

The French People in Victory.—The conduct of the French people in the revolution of the three days is beyond all human praise. Their moderation in victory exceeded even the bravery that gained it. No one act of cruelty stained the glorious laurels they had won. Even plunder was unknown among the poorest classes of the multitude. A most affecting circumstance, which cannot be told without emotion, is related of those who opened the bankers' and goldsmiths' shops. The lowest of the mob were for hours among untold treasure, and, unwittingly, not a trinket was touched. The same persons were seen, after the fatigues and perils of the day, begging charity, that they might have wherewithal to purchase the meal of the evening; and when the purses of the admiring bystanders were pressed upon them, a few pence was all they would accept! No Greek, no Roman virtue, ever surpassed, ever equalled this.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Anecdote of Dr. Black.—There is an anecdote of Black which I was told by the late Mr. Benjamin Bell, of Edinburgh, who assured me that he had it from the late Sir George Clarke, of Pennicuik, who was a witness of the circumstance related. Soon after the appearance of Mr. Cavendish's paper on hydrogen gas, in which he made an approximation to the specific gravity of that body, showing that it was at least ten times lighter than common air, Dr. Black invited a party of his friends to supper, informing them that he had a curiosity to show them. Dr. Hutton, Mr. Clarke, of Eldon, and Sir George Clarke, of Pennicuik, were of the number. When the company invited had assembled, he took them into a room. He had the allentois of a calf filled with hydrogen gas, and upon setting it at liberty, it immediately ascended, and adhered to the ceiling. The phenomenon was easily ac-

counted for: it was taken for granted that a small black thread had been attached to the allentois, that this thread passed through the ceiling, and that some one in the apartment above, by pulling the thread, elevated it to the ceiling, and kept it in this position. This explanation was so probable, that it was acceded to by the whole company; though, like many other plausible theories, it turned out wholly unfounded; for when the allentois was brought down, no thread whatever was found attached to it. Dr. Black explained the cause of the ascent to his admiring friends; but such was his carelessness of his own reputation, and of the information of the public, that he never gave the least account of this curious experiment even to his class; and more than twelve years elapsed before this obvious property of hydrogen gas was applied to the elevation of air-balloons, by M. Charles, in Paris.—*National Library.*

Count Romantsoff.—Several of Catherine of Russia's generals having been repulsed and beaten by the Turks, the empress, who was superior to childish considerations of resentment, resolved to entrust the command to Count Romantsoff, who had been for some time in disgrace. For that purpose Catherine forwarded to the veteran a letter, couched in the following terms:—"Count Romantsoff, I know that you dislike me; but you are a Russian, and consequently must desire to combat the enemies of your country. Preserve your hatred to me, if it be necessary for the satisfaction of your heart; but conquer the Turks. I give you the command of my army." The letter was accompanied by twenty thousand roubles, for the expenses of the general's military equipments. Romantsoff triumphed over the Turks; and, on his return from the campaign, the Czarine, dressed in a military uniform, proceeded to meet him. The general arrived, escorted by his staff. Catherine alighted, and advancing to Romantsoff, forbade him to dismount. "General," said she, "'tis my place to make the first advances to the heroic defender of my country." Romantsoff burst into tears, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, and ever afterwards was one of Catherine's most zealous partisans.—*St. Maurice's Pictorial.*

A Bon Mot.—Lady L.—, who had a very fair skin, said one day to Lady G.—, of whom she was a little jealous. "It must be confessed, my dear, that, for so beautiful a brunette, you are very brown."—"I suppose," answered Lady G.—, "it is in consequence of being so often *toast*ed."

CONSUMPTION.†

CONSUMPTION!—Terrible, insatiable tyrant! who can arrest thy progress, or number thy victims? why dost thou attack almost exclusively the fairest and loveliest of our species? why select blooming and beautiful youth, instead of haggard and exhausted age?—By what infernal subtilty hast thou contrived hitherto to baffle the profoundest skill of science, to frustrate utterly the uses of experience, and disclose thyself only when thou hast irretrievably secured thy victim, and thy fangs are crimsoned with its blood?—Destroying angel!—why art thou commissioned thus to smite down the first-born of agonized humanity?—What are the strange purposes of Providence, that thus letteth thee loose upon the objects of its infinite goodness?

Alas, how many aching hearts have been agitated with these unanswerable questions, and how many myriads are yet to be wrung and tortured by them!—Let me proceed to lay before the reader a short and simple statement of one of the many many cases of consumption, and all its attendant broken-heartedness, with which a tolerably extensive practice has, alas, crowded my memory. The one immediately following has been selected, because it seemed to me though destitute of varied and stirring incident, calculated, on various accounts, to excite peculiar interest and sympathy, its victim being one of the most lovely and interesting young women I ever knew.

Miss Herbert lost both her father and mother before she had attained her tenth year, and was solemnly committed by each to the care of her uncle, a baronet who was unmarried, and through disappointment in a first attachment, seemed likely to continue so to the end of his life. Two years after his brother's death, he was appointed to an eminent official situation in India, as the fortune attached to his baronetcy had suffered severely from the extravagance of his predecessors. He was for some time at a loss how to dispose of his little niece. Should he take her with him to India, accompanied by a first-rate governess, and have her carefully educated under his own eye; or leave her behind in England, at one of the fashionable boarding-schools, and trust to the general surveillance of a distant female relation? He decided on the former course; and accordingly, very shortly after com-

pleting her twelfth year, this little blooming exotic was transplanted to the scorched soil, and destined to "waste its sweetness" on the sultry air of India.—A more delicate and lovely little creature than was Eliza Herbert, at this period, cannot be conceived. She was the only bud from a parent stem of remarkable beauty:—but, alas, that stem was suddenly withered by consumption! Her father, also, fell a victim to the fierce typhus fever only half a year after the death of his wife. Little Eliza Herbert inherited, with her mother's beauty, her constitutional delicacy. Her figure was so slight, that it almost suggested to the beholder the idea of transparency; and there was a softness and languor in her azure eyes, beaming through their long, silken lashes, which told of something too refined for humanity. Her disposition fully comported with her person and balits—arch, mild, and intelligent, with a little dash of pensiveness. She loved the shade of retirement. If she occasionally flitted for a moment into the world, its glare and uproar seemed almost to stun her gentle spirit. She was, almost from infancy, devotedly fond of reading; and sought with peculiar avidity books of sentiment. Her gifted preceptor—one of the most amiable and refined of women—soon won her entire confidence, and found little difficulty in imparting to her apt pupil all the stores of her own superior and extensive accomplishments. Not a day passed over her head, that did not find Eliza Herbert riveted more firmly in the hearts of all who came near her, from her doting uncle, down to the most distant domestic. Every luxury that wealth and power could procure was, of course, always at her command; her own innate propriety and just taste prompted her to prefer simplicity in all things. In short, a more sweet, lovely, and amiable being than Eliza Herbert never adorned the ranks of humanity. The only fear which incessantly haunted those around her, and kept Sir — in a feverish flitter of apprehension every day of his life, was, that his niece was, in his own words, "too good—too beautiful, for this world;" and that unseen messengers from above were already sitting around her, ready to claim her suddenly for the skies. He has often described to me his feelings on this subject. He seemed conscious that he had no right to reckon on the continuance of her life; he felt, whenever he thought of her, an involuntary apprehension that she would, at no distant period, suddenly fade from his sight; he was afraid, he said, to let out the whole of his heart's affections on her. Yet he regarded

† From the Diary of a Physician, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.—No. CLXXXIII.

her every day with feelings which soon heightened into absolute idolatry.

His fond anxieties soon suggested to him, that so delicate and fragile a being as his niece, supposing for a moment the existence of any real grounds of apprehension that her constitution bore an hereditary taint, could not be thrown into a directer path for her grave, than in India; that any latent, lurking tendency to consumption would be quickened and developed with fatal rapidity in the burning atmosphere she was then breathing. His mind once thoroughly suffused with alarms of this sort, could not ever afterwards be dispossessed of them; and he accordingly determined to relinquish his situation in India, the instant he should have realized, from one quarter or another, sufficient to enable him to return to England, and support an establishment suitable to his station in society. About five years had elapsed since his arrival in India, during which he had contrived to save a large portion of his very ample income—when news reached him that a considerable fortune had fallen to him, from the sudden death of a remote relation. The intelligence made him comparatively, a happy man. He instantly set on foot arrangements for returning to England, and procuring the immediate appointment of his successor.

Unknown to his niece, about a year after his arrival in India, Sir — had confidentially consulted the most eminent physician on the spot. In obedience to the injunctions of the baronet, Dr. C — was in the habit of dropping in frequently, as if accidentally, *to dinner*, for the purpose of marking Miss Herbert's demeanour, and ascertaining whether there was, so to speak, the very faintest adumbration of any consumptive tendency. But no—his quick and practised eye detected no morbid indications; and he reiteratedly gladdened the baronet's heart, by assuring him, that, in any present evidence to the contrary, little Miss Herbert bade as fair for long and healthy life as any woman breathing, especially if she soon returned to the more salubrious climate of England. Though Dr. C — had never spoken professionally to her, Eliza Herbert was too quick and shrewd an observer, to continue unapprized of the object of his frequent visits to her uncle's house. She had not failed to notice his searching glances; and knew well that he watched almost every mouthful of food she eat, and scrutinized all her movements. He had once also ventured to feel her pulse, in a half-in-earnest, half-in-joke manner, and put one or two questions to the governess about Miss Herbert's general habits,

which that good, easy, communicative creature unfortunately told her inquisitive little pupil. Now, there are few things more alarming and irritating to young people, even if consciously enjoying the most robust health, than suddenly to find that they have long been, and still are, the objects of anxious medical surveillance. They begin naturally to suspect that there must be very good reason for it; and especially in the case of nervous, irritable temperament—their peace of mind is thenceforward destroyed by torturing apprehensions that they are the doomed victims of some insidious, incurable malady. I have often and often known illustrations of this. Sir — also was aware of its ill consequences, and endeavoured to avert even the shadow of a suspicion from his niece's mind as to the real object of Dr. C —'s visits, by formally introducing him, from the first, as one of his own intimate friends. He therefore flattered himself that his niece was profoundly ignorant of the existence of his anxieties concerning her health; and was not a little startled one morning by Miss Herbert's abruptly entering his study, and, pale with ill-disguised anxiety, inquiring if there was "any thing the matter with her." Was she unconsciously *falling into a decline*? she asked, almost in so many words. Her uncle was so confounded by the suddenness of the affair, that he lost his presence of mind, changed colour a little, and with a consciously embarrassed air, assured her that it was "no such thing," quite a mistake—a "very ridiculous one," a "childish whim," &c. &c. &c. He was so very earnest and energetic in his assurances that there was no earthly ground for apprehension—and, in short, concealed his alarm so clumsily, that his poor niece, though she left him with a kiss and a smile, and affected to be satisfied, retired to her own room, and from that melancholy moment resigned herself to her grave. Of this, she herself, three years subsequently, in England, assured me. She never afterwards recovered that gentle buoyancy and elasticity of spirits which made her burst upon her few friends and acquaintance like a little lively sunbeam of cheerfulness and gaiety. She felt perpetually haunted by gloomy, though vague suspicions that there was something *radically wrong* in her constitution—that it was from her birth sown with the seeds of death—and that no earthly power could eradicate them. Though she resigned herself to the dominion of such harassing thoughts as these while alone, and even shed tears abundantly, she succeeded in banishing, to a great extent, her uncle's disquietude, by

assuming greater gaiety of demeanour than before. The baronet took occasion to mention the little incident above related to Dr. C—; and was excessively agitated to see the physician assume a very serious air.

"This may be attended with more mischief than you are aware of, Sir —," he replied. "I feel it my duty to tell you how miserably unfortunate for her it is, that Miss Herbert has at last detected your restless uneasiness about her health, and the means you have taken to watch her constitution. Henceforth she may appear satisfied—but mark her if she can forget it. You will find her fall frequently into momentary fits of absence and thoughtfulness. She will brood over it," continued Dr. C—.

"Why, good God! doctor," replied the baronet, "What's the use of frightening one thus? Do you think my niece is the first girl who has known that her friends are anxious about her health? If she is really as you tell her, free from disease—why the devil!—can she fancy herself into a consumption?"

"No, no, Sir —; but incessant alarm may accelerate the evil you dread, and predispose her to sink, her energies to droop, under the blow—however lightly it may at first fall—which has been so long impending. And besides, Sir —, I did not say she was free from disease, but only that I had not discerned any present symptoms of disease."

"Oh, stuff, stuff, doctor! nonsense!" muttered the baronet, rising and pacing the room with excessive agitation. "Can't the girl be *laughed* out of her fears?"

It may be easily believed that — spent every future moment of his stay in India in an agony of apprehension. His fears exaggerated the slightest indication of his niece's temporary indisposition into a symptom of consumption; any thing like a cough from her would send him to a pillow of thorns; and her occasional refusal of food at meal-times was received with undisguised trepidation on the part of her uncle. If he overtook her at a distance, walking out with her governess, he would follow unperceived, and strain his eyesight with endeavouring to detect anything like feebleness in her gait. These incessant, and very natural anxieties about the only being he loved in the world, enhanced by his efforts to conceal them, sensibly impaired his own health and spirits. He grew fretful and irritable in his demeanour towards every member of his establishment, and could not completely fix his thoughts for the transaction of his important official business.

Eighteen years of age—within a trifle—

was Miss Herbert, when she again set foot on her native land, and the eyes and heart of her idolizing uncle leaped for joy to see her augmented health and loveliness, which he fondly flattered himself might now be destined to

"Grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength."

The voyage—though long and monotonous as usual—with its fresh breezy balminess, had given an impetus to her animated spirits; and as her slight figure stepped down the side of the gloomy colossal Indiaman which had brought her across the seas, her blue eye was bright as that of a seraph—her beautiful cheeks glowed with a soft and rich crimson, and there was a lightness, ease, and elasticity in her movements—as she tripped the short distance between the vessel and the carriage, which was in waiting to convey them to town—that filled her doting uncle with feelings of almost frenzied joy.

"God Almighty bless thee, my darling!—Bless thee—bless thee for ever, my pride! my jewel!—Long and happy be thy life in merry England!" sobbed the baronet, folding her almost convulsively in his arms, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, and giving her the first kiss of welcome to her native shores. The second day, after they were established at one of the hotels, while Miss Herbert and her governess were idling the round of fashionable shopping, Sir — drove alone to the late Dr. Baillie. In a long interview (they were personal friends), he communicated all his distressing apprehensions about his niece's state of health; imploring him to say whether he had any real cause of alarm whatever—immediate or perspective—and what course and plan of life he would recommend for the future. Dr. Baillie, after many and minute inquiries, contented himself with saying, that he saw no grounds for present apprehensions. "It certainly did *sometimes* happen, that a delicate daughter of a consumptive parent, inherited her mother's tendencies to disease," he said. "And, as for her future life and habits, there was not the slightest occasion for medicine of any kind; she must live almost entirely in the country, take plenty of fresh dry air and exercise—especially eschew late hours and company;" and he hinted, finally, the advantages, and almost the necessity, of an early matrimonial engagement.

It need hardly be said, that Sir — resolved most religiously to follow this advice to the letter.

"I'll come and dine with you in Dover

Street, at seven to day," said Dr. Baillie, "and make my own observations."

"Thank you, doctor—but—but we dine out to-day," muttered the baronet, rather faintly, adding, inwardly, "no, no!—no more medical *espionage*—no, no!"

Sir — purchased a very beautiful mansion, which then happened to be for sale, situated within ten or twelve miles of London; and thither he removed, as soon as ever the preliminary arrangements could be completed. The shrine, and its divinity, were worthy of each other. —

Hall was one of the most charming picturesque residences in the county. It was a fine antique semi-gothic structure, almost obscured from sight in the profound gloom of forest shade. The delicious velvet greensward, spread immediately in front of the house, seemed formed for the gentle foot-steps of Miss Herbert. When you went there, if you looked carefully about, you might discover a little white tuft glistening on some part or other of the "smooth soft-shaven lawn:" it was her pet-lamb, cropping the crisp and rich herbage. Little it ^{all!} it would scarce submit to be for of ^{any} hand but that of her ^{own} mistress. She, also, might, ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{day}, be seen there, wandering thoughtfully along, with a book in her hand—Tasso, probably, or Dante—and her loose light hair straying from beneath a gipsy bonnet, commingling in pleasant contact with a saffron-coloured riband. Her uncle would sit for an hour together, at a corner of his study-window, overlooking the lawn, and never remove his eyes from the figure of his fair niece.

Miss Herbert was now talked of everywhere in the neighbourhood, as the pride of the place—the star of the county. She bided forth almost visibly; and though her exquisite form was developing daily, till her matured womanly proportions seemed to have been cast in the mould of the Venus de Medici, though on a scale of more slenderness and delicacy—it was, nevertheless, outstripped by the precocious expanding of her intellect. And then she was the most amiable and charitable creature that sure ever trod the earth! How many colds, slight, to be sure, and evanescent, had she caught, and how many rebukes from the alarmed fondness of her uncle had she suffered in consequence, through her frequent visits, in all weathers, to the cottages of the poor and sick!

The latter part of Dr. Baillie's advice was anxiously kept in view by Sir —; and soon after Miss Herbert had completed her twentieth year, he had the satisfaction of seeing her encourage the attentions of a Captain —, the third son of

a neighbouring nobleman. He was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, of a very superior spirit, and fully capable of appreciating the value of her whose hand he sought. Sir — was delighted, almost to ecstacy, when he extracted from the trembling, blushing girl, a confession that Captain —'s company was any thing but disagreeable to her. The young military hero was, of course, soon recognised as her snitor; and a handsome couple, people said, they would make. Miss Herbert's health seemed more robust, and her spirits more buoyant, than ever. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when she was daily riding in an open carriage, or on horseback, over a fine, breezy, champaign country, by the side of the gay, handsome, fascinating Captain —?

The baronet was sitting one morning in his study, having the day before returned from a month's visit to some friends in Ireland, and engaged with some important letters from India, when Miss B —, his niece's governess, sent a message, requesting to speak in private with him. When she entered, her embarrassed, and somewhat flurried manner, not a little surprised Sir —.

"How is Eliza?—How is Eliza, Miss B —?" he inquired hastily, laying aside his reading glasses. "Very well," she replied, "very;" and after a little fencing about the necessity of making allowance for the exaggeration of alarm and anxiety, she proceeded to inform him, that Miss Herbert had latterly passed restless nights—that her sleep was not unfrequently broken by a cough—a sort of faint *churchyard* cough, she said, it seemed—which had not been noticed for some time, till it was accompanied by other symptoms.—"Gracious God! madam, how was this not told me before?—Why—why did you not write to me in Ireland about it?" inquired Sir —, with excessive trepidation. He could scarcely sit in his chair, and grew very pale; while Miss B —, herself equally agitated, went on to mention profuse night-sweats—a disinclination for food—exhaustion from the slightest exercise—a feverishness every evening—and a faint hectic flush—

"Oh, *plague-spot*!" groaned the baronet, almost choked, letting fall his reading-glasses. He tottered towards the bell, and the valet was directed to order the carriage for town immediately. "What—what possible excuse can I devise for bringing Dr. Baillie here?" said he to the governess, as he was drawing on his gloves. "Well—well—I'll leave it to you—do what you can. For God's sake, madam, prepare her to see him somehow or other,

for the doctor and I shall certainly be here together this evening. Oh! say I'm called up to town on sudden business, and thought I might as well bring him on with me, as he is visiting a patient in the neighbourhood—Oh, any thing, madam—any thing!" He hardly knew what he was saying.

Dr. Baillie, however, could not come, being himself at Brighton, an invalid, and the baronet was therefore pleased, though with ill-disguised chagrin, to summon me to supply his place. On my way down, he put me in possession of most of the facts above narrated. He implored me, in tenderness to his agitated feelings, to summon all the tact I had ever acquired, and alarm the object of my visit as little as possible. I was especially to guard against appearing to know too much; I was to beat about the bush—to extract her symptoms gradually, &c. &c. I never saw the fondest, the most dotting father or mother, more agitated about an only child, than was Sir — about his niece. He protested that he could not survive her death—that she was the only prop and pride of his declining years, and that he must fall, if he lost her—and made use of many similar expressions. It was in vain that I besought him not to allow himself to be carried so much away with his fears. He must let me see her, and have an opportunity of judging whether there were any real cause of alarm, I said; and he might rely on my honour as a gentleman, that I would be frank and candid with him, to the very utmost—I would tell him the worst. I reminded him of the possibility that the symptoms he mentioned might not really exist; that they might have been seen by Miss B—— through the distorting and magnifying medium of apprehension;—and that, even if they did *really* exist—why, that—that—they were not *always* the precursors of consumption, I stammered, against my own convictions. It is impossible to describe the emotions excited in the baronet, by my simple uttering the word "consumption." He said it stabbed him through the heart!

On arriving at — Hall, the baronet and I instantly repaired to the drawing-room, where Miss Herbert and her governess were sitting at tea. The pensive sunlight of September shone through the gothic window near which they were sitting. Miss Herbert was dressed in white, and looked really *dazzlingly* beautiful; but the first transient glance warned me that the worst might be apprehended. I had that very morning been at the bedside of a dying young lady, a martyr to that very disease which commenced by in-
 jecting its victim with a tenfold splendour

of personal beauty, to be compensated for by sudden and rapid decay! Miss Herbert's eyes were lustrous as diamonds; and the complexion of her cheeks, pure and fair as that of the lily, was surmounted with an intense circumscribed crimson flush—alas, alas!—the very "plague-spot" of hectic—of consumption: She saluted me silently, and her eyes glanced hurriedly from me to her uncle, and from him again to me. His disordered air defied disguise.

She was evidently apprized of my coming, as well as of the occasion of my visit. Indeed, there was a visible embarrassment about all four of us, which I felt I was expected to dissipate, by introducing indifferent topics of conversation. This I attempted, but with little success. Miss Herbert's tea was before her on a little ebony stand, untouched; and it was evidently a violent effort only that enabled her to continue in the room. She looked repeatedly at Miss B——, as though she wished to be gone. After about half an hour's time, I alluded complimentarily to what ^{she} had heard of her performance on the ^{organ} ~~organ~~; she smiled coldly, and rather ~~oddly~~ ^{anxiously}, as though she saw the part ~~anxiously~~ ^{anxiously} playing. Nothing daunted, however, I ~~urged~~ ^{urged} her to favour me with one of Haydn's sonatas; and she went immediately to the piano, and played what I asked—I need hardly say, very exquisitely. Her uncle then withdrew, for the alleged purpose of answering a letter, as had been arranged between us; and I was then left alone, with the two ladies. I need not fatigue the reader with a minute description of all that passed. I introduced the object of my visit as casually and gently as I could, and succeeded more easily than I had anticipated in quieting her alarms. The answers she gave to my questions amply corroborated the truth of the account given by Miss B—— to the baronet. Her feverish accelerated pulse, also, told of the hot blighting breathings of the destroying angel, who was already hovering close around his victim! I was compelled to smile with an assumed air of gaiety and nonchalance, while listening to the poor girl's unconscious disclosures of various little matters, which amounted to infallible evidence that she was already beyond the reach of medicine. I bade her adieu, complimenting her on her charming looks, and expressing my delight at finding so little occasion for my professional services! She looked at me with a half-incredulous, half-confiding eye, and with much girlish simplicity and frankness put her hand into mine, thanking me for dispersing her fears, and begging me

to do the same for her uncle. I afterwards learned, that as soon as I left the room, she burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed all the rest of the evening.

With Sir — I felt it my duty to be candid. Why should I conceal the worst from him, when I felt as certain as I was of my own existence, that his beautiful niece was already beginning to whither away from before his eyes? Convinced that "hope deferred maketh sick the heart," I have always, in such cases, warned the patient's friends, long beforehand, of the inevitable fate awaiting the object of their anxious hopes and fears, in order that resignation might gradually steal thoroughly into their broken hearts. To return. I was conducted to the baronet's study, where he was standing with his hat and gloves on, ready to accompany me as far as the high-road, in order that I might wait the arrival of a London coach. I told him, in short, that I feared I had seen and heard too much to allow a doubt that his niece's present symptoms were those of the commencing stage of pulmonary consumption; and that though medicine and change of climate might possibly avert the evil day for a time, it was my melancholy duty to assure him, that no earthly power could save her.

"Merciful God!" he gasped, loosing his arm from mine, and leaning against the park gate, at which we had arrived. I implored him to be calm. He continued speechless for some time, with his hands clasped.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" he exclaimed, as if a gleam of hope had suddenly flashed across his mind, "we've forgot to tell you a most material thing, which perhaps will alter the whole case—oh, how could we have forgotten it!" he continued, growing heated with the thought; "my niece *eats* very heartily—nay, more heartily than any of us, and seems to relish her food more." Alas, I was obliged, as I have hundreds of times before been obliged, to dash the cup from his lips, by assuring him that an almost ravenous appetite was as invariably a forerunner of consumption, as the pilot-fish of the shark!

"Oh, great God, what will become of me! What shall I do?" he exclaimed, almost frantic, and wringing his hands in despair. He had lost every vestige of self-control. "Then my sweet angel must die! Damning thought! Oh, let me die too: I cannot I will not survive her! Doctor, doctor, you must give up your London practice, and come and live in my house—you must! By G—, I'll fling my whole fortune at your feet! Only save her, and you and yours shall wallow in wealth, if I go back to India to procure

it!—Oh, whither—whither shall I go with my darling? To Italy—France?—My God! What shall I do when she is *gone*—for ever!" he exclaimed, like one distracted. I entreated him to recollect himself, and endeavour to regain his self-possession before returning to the presence of his niece. He started. "Oh, mockery, doctor, mockery! How can I ever look on the dear girl again? She is no longer mine; she is in her grave—she is!"

Remonstrance and expostulation, I saw, were utterly useless, and worse, for they served only to irritate. The coach shortly afterwards drew up; and wringing my hands, Sir — extorted a promise that I would see his niece the next day, and bring Dr. Baillie with me, if he should have returned to town. I was as good as my word, except that Dr. Baillie could not accompany me, being still at Brighton. My second interview with Miss Herbert was long and painfully interesting. She and I were alone. She wept bitterly, and recounted the incident mentioned above, which occurred in India; and occasioned her first serious alarm. She felt convinced, she told me, that her case was hopeless; she saw too that her uncle possessed a similar conviction, and sobbed agonizingly when she alluded to his altered looks. She had felt a presentiment, she said, for some months past, which, however, she had never mentioned, and attributed too truly, her accelerated illness to the noxious clime of India. She described her sensations to be that of a constant void within, as if there were a something wanting—an unnatural hollowness—a dull deep aching in the left side—a frequent inclination to relieve herself by spitting, which, when she did, alas! she observed more than once to be streaked with blood.

"How long do you think I have to live, doctor?" she inquired faintly.

"Oh, my dear madam, do not, for Heaven's sake, ask such useless questions!—How can I possibly presume to answer them, giving you credit for a spark of common sense?" She grew very pale, and wiped her forehead.

"Is it likely that I shall have to endure much pain?" she asked with increasing trepidation. I could reply only, that I hoped not—that there was no ground for immediate apprehension—and I faltered, that *possibly* a milder climate, and the skill of medicine, might yet carry her through. The poor girl shook her head hopelessly, and trembled violently from head to foot.

"Oh, poor uncle!—Poor, poor Edw—." She faltered, and fell fainting into my arms; for the latter allusion to

Captain ——— had completely overcome her. Holding her senseless, sylphlike figure in my arms, I hurried to the bell, and was immediately joined by Sir ———, the governess, and one or two female attendants. I saw the baronet was beginning to behave like a madman, by the increasing boisterousness of his manner, and the occasional glare of wildness that shot from his eyes. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in forcing him from the room, and keeping him out till I was summoned to Miss Herbert's bed-chamber, whither she was conveyed. I found her lying on the bed, only partially undressed. Her beautiful auburn hair hung disordered over her neck and shoulders, partially concealing her lovely marble-hued features. Her left hand covered her eyes, and her right clasped a little locket, suspended round her neck by a plain black ribbon, containing a little of Captain ———'s hair. Miss B——, her governess, her maid, and the housekeeper, with tears and sobs, were engaged in rendering various little services to their unfortunate young mistress; and my heart ached to think of the little—the nothing—could do for her.

Two days afterwards, Dr. Baillie, another physician, and myself, went down to see Miss Herbert; for a note from Miss B—— informed me that her ward had suffered severely from the agitation experienced at the last visit I had paid her, and was in a low nervous fever. The consumptive symptoms, also, were beginning to gleam through the haze of accidental indisposition with fearful distinctness. Dr. Baillie simply assured the baronet that my predictions were but too likely to be verified; and that the only chance of averting the worst form of consumption (a galloping one) would be an instant removal to Italy, that the fall of the year, and the winter season, might be spent in a more genial and fostering climate. In a few weeks, accordingly, they were all settled at Naples. But where all this time was Captain ———? I have avoided allusions to him hitherto, because his distress and agitation transcended all my powers of description. He loved Miss Herbert with all the passionate romantic fervour of a first attachment; and the reader must ask his own heart, what were the feelings by which that of Captain ——— was lacerated.

I shall content myself with recording one little incident which occurred before the family of Sir ——— left for Italy. I was retiring one night to rest, about twelve o'clock, when the starting summons of the night-bell brought me again down stairs, accompanied by a servant. Thrice the

bell rung with impatient violence before the door could possibly be opened, and I heard the steps of some vehicle let down hastily.

"Is Dr. ——— at home?" inquired a groom, and being answered in the affirmative, in a second or two a gentleman leaped from the chariot standing at the door, and hurried into the room, whither I had retired to await him. He was in a sort of half military travelling dress. His face was pale, his eye sunk, his hair disordered, and his voice thick and hurried. It was Captain ———, who had been absent on a shooting excursion in Scotland, and who had not received intelligence of the alarming symptoms disclosed by Miss Herbert, till within four days of that which found him at my house, on the present occasion, come to ascertain from me the *reality* of the melancholy apprehensions so suddenly entertained by Sir ——— and the other members of both families.

"Good God! Is there no hope, doctor?" he inquired faintly, after swallowing a glass of wine, which, seeing his exhaustion and agitation, I had sent for. I endeavoured to evade giving a direct answer—attempts to divert his thoughts towards the projected trip to the continent—dilated on the soothing, balmy climate she would have to breathe—it had done wonders for others, &c. &c.—and, in a word, exhausted the stock of inefficient subterfuges and palliatives to which all professional men are on such occasions compelled to resort. Captain ——— listened to me silently, while his eye was fixed on me with a vacant unobserving stare. His utter wretchedness touched me to the soul; and yet, what consolation had I to offer him? After several profound sighs, he exclaimed, in a hurried tone, "I see how it is. Her fate is fixed—and so is mine! Would to God—would to God I had never seen or known Miss Herbert!—*What* will become of us!" He rose to go. "Doctor, forgive me for troubling you so late, but really I can rest nowhere! I must go back to ——— Hall." I shook hands with him, and in a few moments the chariot dashed off.

Captain ———'s regiment was ordered to Ireland, and as he found it impossible to accompany it, he sold out, and presently followed the heart-broken baronet and his niece to Italy. The delicious climate sufficed to kindle and foster for a while that deceitful *ignis fatuus*, hope, which always flits before in the gloomy horizon of consumptive patients, and leads them and their friends on—and on—and on—till it suddenly sinks quivering into their grave! They staid at Naples till the month of

July. Miss Herbert was shoking, and that with fearfully accelerated rapidity. Sir ——'s health was much impaired with incessant anxiety and watching; and Captain —— had been several times on the very borders of madness. His love for the dear being who could never be his, increased ten thousand fold when he found it hopeless! Is it not always so?

Aware that her days were numbered, Miss Herbert anxiously importuned her uncle to return to England. She wished, she said, to breathe her last in her native isle, among the green pastures and hills of —— shire, and to be buried with her father and mother. Sir —— listened to the utterance of these sentiments with a breaking heart. He could see no reason for refusing a compliance with her request; and accordingly the latter end of August beheld the unhappy family once more at —— Hall.

The first time I saw Miss Herbert after her return from the continent, was at —— Hall in the evening; she was reclining on an ottoman, which had been drawn towards the large fretted Gothic window. I stole towards it with noiseless footsteps; for the hushing, cautioning movements of those present warned me that Miss Herbert was asleep. I stood and gazed in silence for some moments on the lovely unfortunate, almost afraid to disturb her, even by breathing. She was wasted almost to a shadow, attenuated to nearly ethereal delicacy and transparency. She was dressed in a plain white muslin gown, and lying on an Indian shawl, in which she had been enveloped for the purpose of being brought down from her bedchamber. Her small foot and ankle were concealed beneath white silk stockings, and satin slippers, through which it might be seen how they were shrunk from the full dimensions of health. They seemed, indeed, rather the exquisite chiselling of Canova, the representation of recumbent beauty, than flesh and blood, and scarcely capable of sustaining even the slight pressure of Miss Herbert's wasted frame. The arms and hands were enveloped in long white gloves, which fitted very loosely; and her waist, encircled by a broad violet-coloured riband, was rather that of a young girl of twelve or thirteen, than a full-grown woman. But it was her countenance, her symmetrical features, sunk, faded, and damp with death-dews, and her auburn hair falling in rich matted careless clusters down each side of her alabaster temples and neck—it was all this which suggested the bitterest thoughts of blighted beauty, almost breaking the heart of the beholder. Perfectly motion-

less and statue-like lay that fair creature, breathing so imperceptibly, that a rose-leaf might have slept on her lips unflattered. On an easy chair, drawn towards the head of the ottoman, sat her uncle, Sir ——, holding a white cambric handkerchief in his hand, with which he, from time to time, wiped off the dew which started out incessantly on his niece's pallid forehead. It was affecting to see his hair changed to a dull iron-grey hue; whereas, before he had left for the continent, it was jet-black. His sallow and worn features bore the traces of recent tears.

And where now is the lover? Where is Captain ——? He was then at Milan, raving beneath the tortures and delirium of a brain-fever, which flung him on his sick-bed only the day before Sir ——'s family set out for England. Miss Herbert had not been told of the circumstance till she arrived at home; and those who communicated the intelligence will never undertake such a duty again!

After some time, in which we around had maintained perfect silence, Miss Herbert gently opened her eyes; and, seeing me sitting opposite her uncle, by her side, gave me her hand, and with a faint smile, whispered some words of welcome which I could not distinguish.

"Am I much altered, doctor, since you saw me last?" she presently inquired, in a more audible tone. I said I regretted to see her so feeble and emaciated.

"And does not my poor uncle also look very ill?" inquired the poor girl, eyeing him with a look of sorrowful fondness. She feebly extended her arms, as if for the purpose of putting them round his neck, and he seized and kissed them with such fervour, that she burst into tears. "Your kindness is killing me—oh don't—don't!" she murmured. He was so overpowered with his emotions, that he abruptly rose and left the room. I then made many minute inquiries about the state of her health. I could hardly detect any pulsation at the wrist, though the blue veins, and almost the arteries, I fancied, might be seen meandering beneath the transparent skin. My feelings will not allow me, nor would my space, to describe every interview I had with her. Miss Herbert sank very rapidly. She exhibited all those sudden deceitful rallyings, which invariably agonize consumptive patients and their friends with fruitless hopes of recovery. Oh, how they are clung to! how hard to persuade their fond hearts to relinquish them! with what despairing obstinacy will they persist in "hoping against hope!" I recollect one evening in particular, that her shattered energies were so unaccountably revived

and collected—her eye grew so full and bright—her cheeks were suffused with so rich a vermillion—her voice soft and sweet as ever, and her spirits so exhilarated—that even I was staggered for a moment; and poor Sir — got so excited, that he said to me in a sort of ecstasy, as he accompanied me to my carriage—“Ah, doctor, a phoenix, doctor! a phoenix! She’s rising from her ashes—ah! ha! She’ll cheat you for once—darling!” and he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, for they were overflowing.

“Doctor, you’re fond of music, I believe; you will not have any objection to listen to a little now, will you?—I’m exactly in the mood for it, and it’s almost the only enjoyment I have left, and Miss B—— plays enchantingly. Go, love, please, and play a mass from Mozart—the one we listened to last night,” said Miss Herbert, on one occasion, about a week after the interview last mentioned. Miss B——, who was in tears, immediately rose, and took her seat at the piano. She played with exquisite taste and skill. I held one of my sweet patient’s hands in mine, as she lay on the sofa, with her face turned towards the window, through which the retising sunlight was streaming in tender radiance on her wasted features. As Miss B—— played, I perceived the crystal drops oozing through the closed eyelids of Miss Herbert. “Heart-breaking music, is it not, doctor?” she murmured. I could make her no reply. I felt at that moment as if I could have laid down my life for her. After a long pause—Miss B—— continuing all the while playing, Miss Herbert sobbed, “Oh, how I should like to be buried while the organ is playing this music! And he—he was fond of it, too!” she continued, with a long shuddering sigh. It was echoed, to my surprise, but in a profounder tone, from that quarter of the room where the grand-piano was placed. It could not have been from Miss B——, I felt sure; and looking towards her, I beheld the dim outline of Sir ——’s figure leaning against the piano, with his face buried in his white handkerchief. He had stolen into the room unperceived (for he had left it half an hour before, in a fit of sudden agitation), and after continuing about five minutes, was compelled, by his feelings, again to retire. His sigh, and the noise he made in withdrawing, had been heard by Miss Herbert.

“Doctor! doctor!” she stammered faintly, turning as white as ashes, “who—who is that? what was it? Oh dear—it can never be—no, no—it cannot!” and she suddenly fainted. She continued so long insensible, that I began to fear it was

all over. Gradually, however, she recovered, and was carried up to bed, which she did not leave again for a week.

I have not attempted to describe her feelings with reference to Captain ——, simply because I cannot do them justice, without, perhaps, incurring the reader’s suspicions that I am slipping into the character of the novelist. She did not know that Captain —— continued yet at death’s door at Milan, for we felt bound to spare her feelings. We fabricated a story that he had been summoned into Egypt, to inquire after the fate of a brother who had travelled thither, and whose fate, we said, was doubtful. Poor girl! she believed us at last, and seemed rather inclined to accuse him of unkindness for allowing *any thing* to withdraw him from her side. She never, however, said any thing directly of this kind. It is hardly necessary to say, that Captain —— never knew of the fiction. I have never, to this day, entirely forgiven myself for the part I took in it.

I found her one morning, within a few days of her death, wretchedly exhausted both in mind and body. She had passed; as usual, a restless night, unsoothed even by the laudanum, which had been administered to her in much larger quantities than her medical attendants had authorized. It had stupified, without at the same time composing and calming her. Poor—poor girl! almost the last remains of her beauty had disappeared. There was a fearful hollowness in her once lovely and blooming cheeks; and her eyes, those bright orbs which had a short while ago dazzled and delighted all they shone upon, were now sunk, quenched, and surrounded by dark halos! She lay with her head buried deep in the pillow, her hair folded back, matted with perspiration. Her hands—but I cannot attempt to describe her appearance any further. Sir —— sat by her bedside, as he had sat all through her illness, and was utterly worn out. I occupied the chair allotted to Miss B——, who had just retired to bed, having been up all night. After a long silence, Miss Herbert asked very faintly for some tea, which was presently brought her, and dropped into her mouth by spoonfuls. Soon after she revived a little, and spoke to me, but in so low a whisper that I had great difficulty in distinguishing her words. The exertion of utterance, also, was attended with so much evident pain, that I would rather she had continued silent.

“Laudanum—laudanum—laudanum, doctor!” They don’t give me enough of laudanum!” she muttered. We made her no reply. Presently she began murmur-

A MALT-ESE MELODY.

BY CHARLES BARCLAY, ESQ. XXX.

ing at intervals somewhat in this strain :
 " Ah! among the pyramids, looking at them—sketching—ascending them, perhaps—oh! what if they should fall and crush him? Has he found his brother?"
 About an hour afterwards, she again commenced, in a low, moaning, wandering tone, " Uncle! What do you think? Chatterton—poor, melancholy Chatterton, sat by my side all night long, in that chair where Dr. — is sitting. He died of a broken heart, or of my disease, didn't he? Wan—wan—sad—cold—ghostly! He put his icy fingers on my bosom, and said it must soon be as cold! But he told me not to be afraid; nor weep, because I was dying so young—so early." It wrung my heart thus to hear her, and see her little more than a breathing corpse. Oh! the gloom, anguish, desolation, diffused through — Hall! It could be felt; it oppressed you on entering.

On Saturday morning (the — day of November, 18—), I drove down early, having the preceding evening promised to be there as soon as possible the next day. It was a cold, scowling, bitter November morning, and my heart sunk within me as my chariot rattled rapidly along the hard highway towards — Hall. But I was too late. The curtain had fallen, and bid poor Eliza Herbert from this world for ever! She had expired about half an hour before my arrival.

As I was returning to town, after attending the funeral of Miss Herbert, full of bitter and sorrowful thoughts, I met a travelling carriage and four thundering down the road. It contained poor Captain —, his valet, and a young Italian medical attendant, all just returned from the continent. He looked white and wasted. The crape on my hat, my gloves, weepers, mourning snit, told all instantly. I was in a moment at his side, for he had swooned. As for the disconsolate baronet, little remains to be said. He disposed of — Hall; and, sick of England—ill and irritable—he attempted to regain his Indian appointment, but unsuccessfully; so he betook himself to a solitary house, belonging to the family, in — shire; and, in the touching language of one of old, " Went on mourning to the end of his days."

TAKING AIM BADLY.

A lady, when asked, " Why from India so often Girls single return, though they've beauty and wit?"

Replied, " Pray remember (your satire to soften)
 'Tis not at all times that a *miss* makes a *hit*."—
Comic Offering.

" Sobriety, cease to be sober,
 Cease, Labour, to dig and be dirty;
 Come drink—and drink deep; 'tis the tenth of
 October,
 One thousand eight hundred and thirty!"
 Oh! Horace, whose surname is Smith,
 Whose stanza I've carved, as you see,
 The troubles and terrors we're now compassed with
 Were, eighteen years since, sung by thee!

When a liquid, by millions held dear,
 Becomes cheap, there is cause to repine;
 For I feel that, if each man may sell his own beer,
 I shall shortly be laid upon mine.
 Even now, as I write it, my eye fills
 With sorrow's sad essence of salt;
 Revolutions in Malta are innocent trifles
 To this revolution in malt!

Ten thousand, let loose from their lairs,
 Stagger forth to effect our undoing;
 And the press, predetermined to treat us as bears,
 Now issues a "Treatise on Brewing."
 The poets all bless the new law,
 And swallow their purl as they wink;
 While artists, who usually drink when they draw,
 May now go and draw what they drink.

Yet each blue should indignantly mark
 All those who this measure have planned;
 For, strange though the issue may seem, the bright
 barque
 Of London may soon strike on land;
 Hannah More, growing less, may be passed;
 While an earthquake may ruin our Hall;
 Even Bowles, while at play, may meet rubbers at
 last,
 Since Porter has had such a fall!

The world may well laugh when it wins,
 And its mirth is the knell of our crimes;
 Like the rest of the outs, we look up to the ins,
 For their signs are as signs of the times.
 Who can say where calamity stops?
 Where hope puts an end to our cares?
 Alas! we seem destined to carry our hope
 Where the kangaroos thrive upon theirs.

How sweet wert thou, sweetwort! until
 The tempest came growling so near;
 Till ruthless Economy came with its bill,
 Like a vulture, and steeped it in beer.
 Reduction's among the court-beauties
 Just now; and there might be a plan,
 As the Don and his Sancho are taking off duties,
 To take the Whole Duty off Man.

The nation seems caught in the net
 Where the foes of mendicity lurk,
 And fearing abuse, is determined to set
 The beer, like the beggars—to work.
 It at least will supply us with cuts
 To the Tale of a Tub we must learn;
 So that having long prospered and flourished on
 butts,
 We have now become butts in our turn.

From eagles we sink into bats,
 And fit round a decalate home;
 While those of each firm, who can roam from their
 rats,

May visit thy Vatican, Rome!
 And there, growing classic, we'll move
 Great Bacchus to back us along;
 Who, hating mean malt, may yet kindly approve,
 This whine, while he's drinking his own.

Yet this we must all of us feel,
 And while we admit it we weep,
 The profession is far less select and genteel
 Since beer became vulgar and cheap.
 But "I'm ill at these numbers!"—they're o'er!
 Both pathos and bathos have fled;
 The world, were I dead, would not want a Whit-
 more,
 For it knows that I'm not a Whit-bread!

Monthly Magazine.

A VISIT TO TANGIERS.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A RECENT
 TRAVELLER.

TANGIERS is the first African town which meets the eye on entering the Straits of Gibraltar. It is the residence of all the European consuls for the empire of Morocco, and is considered the only part in this kingdom in which Europeans can reside with any thing like comfort or security. This town first belonged to the Romans, and afterwards to the Goths, and was given up to the Mahomedans by Count Julian. It was taken, in 1471, by the Portuguese, and given to Charles II., king of England, in 1662, as a marriage portion with the Princess Catherine of Portugal. The English abandoned it in 1684, after having destroyed the mole and fortifications.

The inhabitants, amounting to about fifteen thousand, chiefly derive their support from their traffic with the opposite coast of Spain, particularly Gibraltar, and are much more tractable than the Moors of any other part of Barbary, from their more constant intercourse with strangers. The place would by no means be a disagreeable residence, did not the Moors so strongly oppose any innovation of their old customs, or the introduction of any improvement. Such is their repugnance to derive any benefit from European example, that although the resident consuls have repeatedly offered to pave and cleanse the principal streets at their own expense, it has not been allowed, for fear of exciting a preference for European customs.†

My first visit to this place was in the George the Fourth steam-boat, in the year 1828. These vessels the Moors call "boxes of fire;" they eagerly inquired if such machines were used by the grand seigneur, and on being answered in the

negative, their curiosity to view its construction became greatly damped. The effect produced by an English military band, which accompanied a party of officers of the garrison of Gibraltar in this excursion, will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. During the day, several pieces of music were played in the balcony of the English consul's house, a scene which had never before been witnessed in Barbary: The whole population issued from their houses, the lame, blind, and even the bed-ridden; its real amount was perhaps never known till that hour. The sounds of the trombone and clarionet, like the wand of harlequin, set them all in motion, and roused those who never dreamed of passing their thresholds but on their route to the grave. They could scarcely credit the musicians were human beings, and testified their joy in every sort of rude antic; even women thronged the streets, and every place from which a sound could reach the ear. It was a music of the spheres, which has ever since overwhelmed the Barbary professors in their own nothingness!

The mosque possesses a clock, the gift of one of the European consuls. Shortly after this clock was introduced into the mosque it stopped. The inconvenience of not knowing the exact hour of the day was acknowledged to be a great evil, but that of admitting a Christian into the sanctuary to repair it a still greater. A divan was assembled for the purpose of deciding on the propriety of getting the clock mended, or of ejecting it altogether. After various debates, in which the negative evidence of the Koran was not considered sufficient to overcome all difficulties, an ingenious Iman settled the point by asking "How the materials for building the mosque were brought together?" "On mules and asses," was of course the reply. "Then why not," said this sage, "allow an animal of a Christian to come into the mosque to perform the work we require to be done?"

Without the town is the Zoco, or market-place of Tangiers, a large open space, where all the cross roads from the interior meet. Twice a week the surrounding country here pours forth its productions of live and dead stock, which are all jumbled together in curious confusion. Veterinary surgeons may be here seen administering physic to a camel, which the patient animal kneels to receive; here a travelling dentist extracts the sufferer's tooth with an instrument resembling the picker used for a horse's feet; and here a perambulating auctioneer traverses the market with his merchandise on his back, inviting, in a voice

† There is a well at Tangiers, over which are two slight Gothic arches, said to have been built by the English. In consequence of its having been dug by Christians, the Moors declare the water (although the best in the place) is not drinkable, and only give it to their horses.

of thunder, a fresh bid for his wares, swearing the most dreadful oaths to the truth of the offer already made. Women attend these markets, who may be seen squatting beside their heaps of soft soap, or butter thickly mixed with goat-hair, the negotiation for which they carry on beneath the impenetrable curtain of the el-haïcke, and the broad-brimmed straw hat, which gives them the appearance of speaking automatons; notwithstanding which they take care never to make blind bargains. Beggars and saints likewise take their stations here, whose lazar-like appearance completes the panorama of a Moorish market.

The gardens of the consuls are the next object of attraction; these, together with some caverns at Cape Spartel, which opens on the ever-agitated and tremendous Atlantic, whose breakers dash into their mouths with the foam and noise of angry lions, are almost the only objects of curiosity in this neighbourhood.

During the visit of the sultan of Morocco, Muley Abderachman, to this place, in the spring of the year, he afforded us some specimens of his dexterous horsemanship, by racing with several of his officers along the sands of the sea-beach. At full gallop, some of the horsemen raised handfuls of sand from the earth and scattered it in the air; they likewise fired their guns at full speed, reloaded, and twirled them over their heads, and, at a single check, suddenly arrested the progress of their horses, by throwing them completely back on their haunches.

The curiosity of the Moorish soldiery which attended the sultan, was particularly discernible in the eagerness with which they crowded round the English officers to view their uniforms, &c. Perhaps not a single one of these troops had ever seen an European face. Under pretence of admiring the dirks of the Highland officers, they were with difficulty prevented from stealing them. That which they least comprehended was the use of the knife and fork which the dirk contains, which, from some misrepresentation (the conversation being chiefly conducted by signs), they understood were used for the purpose of cutting up and devouring their enemies when killed. They were equally surprised at the gloves, and could not at all conceive why a covering should be used for the hands. They professed themselves willing to sell their swords or daggers, or any part of their accoutrements, which were of the rudest workmanship, though the Moors are of opinion that their guns are the best in the world, and that foreign nations would be glad to imitate them. One of these was subsequently

purchased of a gunsmith, which cost the unhappy mechanic a hundred severe stripes on the feet, for having dared to sell the arms of his country to an European; and the gun was obliged to be conveyed secretly on board a vessel to be taken out of the country.

The principal characteristics of the natives of Barbary are cunning and deceit; what they want in knowledge they endeavour to make up in subtlety: they are vain and imperious with the weak, and submissive and adulatory with the strong, but too often treacherous to all. They possess a proverbial dignity of deportment and gravity of countenance, which, at first sight, might be mistaken for the effect of inborn greatness, but which is, in fact, nothing more than that assumed garb—the safety of reserve—often adopted by the more polished. Without eloquence, they never want plausibility, and hide their deficiencies beneath the most artful pretences. If by any chance the less obstinate are ever made to feel or acknowledge their inferiority, it must not be taken as a mark of diffidence, but rather as a means of exciting the least unfavourable consideration of their error. When defeated or detected in any misdoings, as a last appeal, they exclaim, “You ought to forgive us, what can you expect from barbarians?” a name which they are aware attaches to them in Europe. But their ingenuity is by no means to be depreciated: it enables them in many instances to cope with their more learned neighbours.

The blacks are the only slaves that can be bought and sold in Barbary; this traffic is merely carried on for the use of the Mahomedans. Timbuctoo is the chief market, from whence they are gradually brought at a very tender age. They are as great strangers in Barbary as Europeans themselves, and consent reluctantly to the ceremonies of that faith to which they are compelled to submit. The Moors are generally careful to purchase these slaves young, in order that they may not cherish any recollection of their former liberty, nor make any attempt to escape. The boys are employed as servants, and often undergo that cruel mutilation which the Moors refuse to inflict on their horses; the females generally find a place in the harems of the rich, from whence (being the only privileged class) they are turned abroad to pursue any vocation they think proper. The half-castes are of divers hues and features, and often heighten their natural ugliness by tattooing the face and body. These form a great share of the population of Barbary, and retain marks of their origin till the third and fourth generation, when physical disting-

tion becomes greatly confounded; but as the population is always renewable from the stock from which they spring, the present race of Moors are more likely to degenerate than improve.

To the religious prejudices of the Moors may be ascribed the marked difference which exists between the African and European world; prejudices which alone form the great bane of civilization, and which have separated the Mahomedans for upwards of one thousand two hundred years from their fellow-creatures, even to the preservation of their original costume, without the slightest alteration which intercourse or convenience might suggest. The dress of the Moors, although it is contended that it is in strict accordance with the law of physics, yet appears a great anomaly. The head is shaved for the sake of coolness, and afterwards covered with a thick woollen cap, twisted round with several rolls of muslin. The dress itself would be considered hot and cumbersome even in England. The cleanliness of the Moors is equally equivocal: although strict in the observance of the five daily ablutions commanded by Mahomet, they seldom keep up a corresponding propriety by a change of linen, and sleep at night in the greater part of the dress worn by day.

Yet it is not so much to the Alcoran itself, as to the numerous expositions and commentaries by interested priests, who have embarrassed and confused the belief of Mussulmans, that may be ascribed much of the superstition and bigotry which at present exist, and which have clogged their minds with an endless tissue of good and evil omens. One of their great superstitions — the evil eye — so universally credited by the Mahomedans of Western Barbary, has been often spoken of without being explained. In seeking supernatural causes to which misfortune may be attributed, they have, amongst other things supposed that the devil has commissioned agents on earth to spread evil, who are generally ill-looking people, with glaring eyeballs. Thus a Moor, previous to entering into any conversation or transaction with a stranger, examines him well; and should he have any reason to suspect that person gifted with the evil eye, he will have no dealings with him however tempting the profit. The evil eye may be set on a child, and blight its fortunes through life, of which parents are so fearful, that it is sometimes attended with a loss of friendship to admire a child, as in so doing the baleful glance is often cast upon them. To shield them from the contagion, they will snatch them up and hide them in cellars. But these poisons have their

antidote; and in the remedy of the physician may be traced the origin of the disease. The priests vend amulets possessing counter charms, which people sometimes wear about their necks. Another remedy is to hold up the right hand, with outspread fingers, and exclaim, "five to your eyes." Children also wear a small silver hand, with extended fingers, to guard against the accidental rencontre of Satan's agents.

Though men of business-like talent, are sometimes met with in Barbary, still their system of education is not such as to open a field for any display of genius: the chief object of a father is to teach his son the laws of the Koran; this precious book is to supply him with food and drink, and shelter him from his enemies in the time of need. The expounding of its mysteries and hyperbolical meanings is a knowledge which the Moors would not exchange for the most useful science in existence. The first ten years of a boy's education is devoted to religious study, beyond which learning has come to a dead halt. At the age of thirteen youth are allowed to attend the mosques, where they are initiated into the rites of the Mahomedan religion — at this period they are separated from the society of female children, and even the faces of their own sisters they can never behold more! This state of society naturally checks the growth of all social feelings, and robs life of all the endearments which spring from family love. It is at the early age of thirteen that the dreadful fast of the Ramazan is first essayed, which, notwithstanding the general opinion of its being a slight penance for the rich, who sleep during the day, is so much the reverse, that towards the end of the thirty days their sufferings become insupportable, especially when it falls during the summer months: for a period of at least sixteen hours per day they are not even allowed to smoke, an abstinence which renders them pale, emaciated, and sometimes frantic. Such is the rigidity with which they observe this anniversary of the flight of the prophet from Mecca to Medina, that it is only in case of absolute danger of life, or in time of warfare, that the Imams can absolve themselves from its continuance, and only then on condition of its being resumed subsequently, to atone for the dereliction.

At the feast of the Bairam, which follows, the Mahomedans resort to the fields to offer up their prayers to heaven, in no temple but that of nature, at no altar but that of the mountains and the skies, and where all alike raise their voice to the Creator, without the mediation of a priest! This is a portion of their worship

which the intolerant and bigotted would do well to bear in memory.

In the Turkish dominions this feast is celebrated with some splendour, but in Barbary the Moors merely walk about in their best dresses, and testify their joy at being allowed to eat during the day, and to associate with their wives, by good feasting, the noisy discharge of fire-works, and the amusement of the *lab-el-barode*, or firing of powder.

GAMESTERS AND GAMING.†

It is not my intention to be serious on the subject of gaming; in the following anecdotes which came under my own observation, I give as it were the raw material; if it fail of effect in the plain shape of warning, I am convinced that no salutary result would be obtained by working it up into precept.

Though I never in my life won or lost 5*l.* at play, I was a frequent visiter at Frascati. I went as a looker-on, and, to confess the truth, for the purpose of indulging in the excitement occasioned by watching the various chances and changes of the game, and their effects upon those who were more seriously interested in them. To a mere observer this excitement is intense: to the player, deeply involved, it must be fearful. I remember a very old gentleman who was daily carried by his servant to the *Rouge-et-noir* table. There he sat playing from three o'clock until five, at which hour, precisely, the servant returned and carried him (for he had entirely lost the use of his legs) back to his carriage. He was a man of large fortune, and the stakes he played were not considerable: yet he was elated by every lucky *coup*, and at every reverse he gnashed his teeth and struck the table in rage. No sooner, however, was the moment of his departure arrived, than he regained his equanimity, utterly regardless as to whether he had been a winner, or a loser by the proceedings. "I have outlived all modes of excitement," said he, "save that of gaming: it is that that takes the fastest hold on the mind and retains it the longest; my blood, but for this occasional agitation, would stagnate in my veins—I should die." Here was a man provoking this conflict of the passions simply for his diversion: how must it be with him who sets fortune, life, honour, at stake!

Upon one occasion I, absolutely, grew giddy from anxiety whilst watching an officer of the *Garde-Royale* who stood opposite to me, and waiting the turn of a card which was to decide whether he should, at once, return a beggar to his home, or his certain fate be deferred till a few hours, or a few nights, later. It appeared to be his last stake. The perspiration was falling from his brow, not in drops, but in a stream. He won; and a friend who accompanied him dragged him out of the room. Some nights afterwards I saw this same person again. He was losing considerably, yet he endured his losses with apparent calmness. Once when a large stake was swept from him, he just muttered between his teeth, whilst his lips were curled with a bitter smile, "C'est bien; très bien." After this, he silently watched the game through five or six deals, but did not play. I concluded he had lost all. Suddenly and fiercely he turned to the dealer, and in a tone of voice almost amounting to a scream, he exclaimed, "C'est mon sang que vous voulez—le voilà." He, at the same time, drew from his pocket two notes of five hundred francs each, and dashing them down on the table, he rushed into a corner of the room, hid his face, covered his ears with his hands, as if dreading to hear the announcement of the result of his speculation, and literally yelled aloud! It was awful! After a few seconds he returned to his place. His last stake was lost! He twice drew his handkerchief across his forehead, but he uttered not a word. Presently he asked for a glass of *eau-sucré*, and having swallowed it, he slowly walked away. The next morning his servant found him sitting in an arm chair, with his sword, thrust to the very hilt, sticking in his throat.

I saw the Chevalier de C—— (a descendant of the once-celebrated romance-writer) when he was nearly ninety. The mode of life of this old man was singular. He had lost a princely property by the scheme which my poor friend Fredrick is still pursuing. By a piece of good fortune, of rare occurrence to gamblers, and oh! unparalleled generosity! the proprietors of the *Salon* allowed him a pension to support him in his miserable senility—just sufficient to supply him with a wretched lodging, bread, and a change of raiment once in every three or four years! In addition to this he was allowed a supper (which was his dinner), at the gaming-house. Thither, at about eleven at night, he went. Till supper-time (two) he amused himself in watching the games and calculating the various chances, although he was destitute of the means of

† From the New Monthly and London Magazine.—No. CXIX.

playing a single coup. At four he returned to his lodging, retired to bed, and lay till between nine and ten on the following night. A cup of coffee was then brought to him; and, having dressed himself, at the usual hour, he again proceeded to the *Salon*. This had been his round of life for several years; and he told me that during all that time (excepting on a few mornings about Midsummer) he had not beheld the sun! The termination of poor foolish B—w's career is at once indignant and contemptible. This young gentleman being a fool of the first water, and possessing a property of about 400l. a-year, strutted and swaggered about the good city of Paris, as a foolish young gentleman has an undoubted right to do. He disdained to creep into a gaming-house with half-a-crown in his hand; no; he went into Frascati, dash, with 500l, resolved at once to break the tables. At one period of the evening he was in a fair way of carrying his threat into execution, being a winner of thirty-eight thousand francs (about 1600l.); he, then, somewhat abated the ferocity of his first intention, and declared that he should be satisfied, for that night, as soon as he had made his thirty-eight an even forty: he walked home without a shilling. He reiterated this unfeeling experiment against the devoted tables with terrific rancour. Now, when it comes to a decided struggle, and one party is fully bent on destroying the other, it is tolerably evident that, in the end, one of the two must come off second best. How it fared with the tables will readily be guessed; but the gallant assailant may now be seen brandishing a yard measure behind a linen-draper's counter in ——— Street.

Break the Tables? A paltry private fortune—paltry however large—carried up, in dribbets, to contend against a joint-stock of wealth enormous! Send a body of a hundred men, in detachments of five or ten at a time, to annihilate a compact army of a hundred thousand!—Block-heads!

Calculations? It is notorious to you that the calculations are already made, and confessedly, in favour of the brick wall against which you are sapiently knocking your heads.†. But you are right: you expect that the whole doctrine of chances will be subverted in favour of your own especial schemes.—Dolts!

† Their splendid mansions, thrown open, free of expense, to all visitors; their dinners, suppers, and balls, gratuitously provided; a tax of many thousands paid annually to government for permission to hold the tables: is it out of their own losses, or your's, ye deep calculators, that the contractors derive the means of defraying these enormous expenses?

Systems? Observe two players on opposite sides of the table. Each has his infallible system by which he must win. Playing on opposite sides, the card which is favourable to one, must, of necessity, be fatal to the other: yet, mark the air of security with which both (playing on infallible systems) place their money on the board! Can one conceive an act exceeding this for deliberate stupidity?—Idiots!

Talking with H—— C—— (a gentleman well known in the sporting world), of the obvious absurdity of systems for winning at games of pure chance—"If I were resolved to win," said I, "I should go very soberly with a hundred Napoleons, and be content with winning one." "That would never do," was his reply; "you should go, very drunk, with one Napoleon, resolved to win a hundred."

In a personal conflict between two men of equal stature, strength, and skill, of whom the one is irritable and impatient, whilst the other is cool and collected, the victory must be with the latter. Now, ye profound calculators, ye ingenious system-mongers, admitting your theories to be as rational as, in fact, they are absurd; admitting that you encounter your antagonists on equal terms, instead of conceding, as you do, weighty odds in their favour—there is still against you this one tremendous point, sufficient in itself for your destruction: according to the various turns of the game, you are elated, depressed, irritated, perplexed; your systems—your calculations—where are they? —THE TABLE HAS NO PASSIONS!

SURGEON LAWRENCE.‡

THE stormy part of Mr. Lawrence's career is now over. We can view him calmly stationed in that port to which all his wishes had aspired. He has quietly succeeded to the chair of the venerable Abernethy—he has a seat in the College Council—he is first surgeon to the largest hospital in London—he has many places, lucrative and honorary, and enjoys considerable practice. Whoever expects to see in Mr. Lawrence's *personnel* any thing corresponding to the noise he has made in the world, will be disappointed. See him, for instance, on the great show-day—the first of October—the opening of the medical session in London at the theatre of St. Bartholomew. "I went, on the 10th of October," says the individual who furnished the following sketch, "to see the

‡ Abridged from the Dublin Magazine.—No. V.

line of the London schools. It wanted still ten minutes of the appointed time of his entrance (half-past two) when I reached St. Bartholomew's. The little theatre was much crowded, though it was certainly not difficult to put it into this state, for two hundred and fifty moderate sized persons, I should imagine, would fill it to suffocation, gallery and all. It is a small circular apartment, pretty lofty, and lighted entirely from above; a narrow gallery of two seats runs all the way round—but the benches below, which are piled steeply one above another, are discontinued for a short space to admit the ingress from the little museum behind, and to give the lecturer some room to display his drawings and preparations. In the middle of this space, and just beneath the gallery, is the marble bust of Mr. Abernethy. The lecturer's table stands exactly in the centre of the theatre: and I may mention, that both table and chair, and all the other equipments of the place, are exceedingly plain, if not mean, for this the most celebrated of the London schools—the school in which Pott and Abernethy taught and were eminent. The expectant auditors were tranquil and decorous; all of them seemed to be pupils, or aspirants to that honour—and business the object of all. I could see no distinguished visitor come to grace or countenance the opening of the session, as on the grand field-days in Dublin. But at length the lecturer made his appearance, and was hailed with hearty and repeated cheers—thunders of hand-clapping. I must confess I was not much struck with his presence; he was simply a plain, gentlemanly man, not above forty-five years of age, with nothing cheerful or animated in his countenance; and he seemed to submit to the annoyance of the thundering welcome rather with patience than pleasure. He stands somewhat above the middle height, is light-haired, and delicate looking; and his features, though not unmarked or uninteresting, are yet pale and deficient in animation. During the noise consequent upon his *entrée*, he stood beside his chair in what I thought rather an ungraceful, awkward position, and with looks demurely submissive; but that being over, he paused for several seconds apparently wrapt in meditation, and choosing how he should speak the first words. He then began: nor can I say that I was better pleased with his voice: it was neither full nor by any means musical to my ear—it was hard, and its cadences rather too guttural. Mr. Lawrence, I should add, to finish my rough draft of him, seemed, moreover, studiously to shun the sable livery of science, or at least of the profession. He

was gaily dressed in a light-coloured waistcoat, blue frock, and black cravat; and wore a pair of slate-coloured gloves, which he displayed pretty prominently with a little occasional action. Of the lecture it is unnecessary to say any thing—it is before the public, accurately reported as he delivered it last year in the same place; and I cannot find, upon referring to this report in the "Medical Gazette," that what he spoke on the late occasion differed from it in the slightest material degree: and this though he spoke without notes. I have no doubt that he is largely indebted to his memory, and speaks all that he has set down for himself, and no more. Nor would he seem to possess the power of ready and unpremeditated eloquence. I observed that when there was some disturbance about the middle of the lecture, arising from some persons who were impatient of their want of accommodation near the door; Mr. Lawrence, though interrupted, never interfered; he looked confused, lowered his voice, paused a little, but took care not to lose the thread of his discourse. I could see in him, in short, nothing of the Lawrence I had expected to see; no demonstration of that spirit which marked his conduct and demeanour in times gone by; nothing but a few paltry sneers at existing establishments—even at the College of Surgeons, so long the butt of his vituperation, until he lately thought proper to accept a place in its management. I came away, as you may suppose, without any particular desire to hear or see Mr. Lawrence again."

Mr. Lawrence may be said to have been born and bred in the profession. His father, who was also his instructor, was a surgeon of respectability in Gloucestershire. While yet a boy, he was placed as a pupil or apprentice, under the care of Mr. Abernethy, with whom he laid the foundation of that character which he has long since established. Mr. Abernethy made him work incessantly, and not more diligently in the practical business of his profession, than in the literary studies connected with it. One of his tasks was the translation of the "*Opus Magnum of Haller*," which he is said to have executed pervasively. A habit of literary labour was thus inculcated; and it is commonly allowed, that few men are better acquainted with the literature of medicine and surgery than Mr. Lawrence; but there is a medium in this, as in most other sublunary good things. It has been conceived by many, and apparently with some justice that his early years might have been more usefully employed in the development and exercise of original con-

ceptions; that too early an acquaintance with the works of his predecessors fastened trammels upon his mind, which he has never been able completely to get rid of; and that to this source, in short, may his greatest defect be ascribed—his want of originality. Perhaps this view of Mr. Lawrence's mental constitution may not seem quite so visionary or hypercritical, when it is considered of what materials his productions are composed, and how freely he has availed himself, in every instance, of the labours of others. The lectures on the natural history of man, are a compilation from beginning to end; and even for the germ of that work, the obnoxious *matériel* principles which it contains, Mr. Lawrence is strictly no further accountable, than in so far as he has catered them, and served them up. The same may be said of his "Comparative Anatomy" in "Rees' Cyclopædia," which he undertook after Dr. Macartney had resigned them, upon being appointed to the Dublin professorship—those articles are most freely borrowed from the French. And with regard to the lectures on surgery, perhaps no man of Mr. Lawrence's standing in the profession could contrive to deliver a course less original. So much for the early habit he acquired of dealing with other men's ideas.

He was still a very young man when he was appointed one of the surgeons to St. Bartholomew's hospital; nor could he have been much more than thirty when he delivered his celebrated lectures on man before the College of Surgeons, as their Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. It is generally admitted, indeed, that his best apology for the course which he pursued on that occasion, is to be sought in the circumstance of his comparative youth when entrusted with the duties of the chair; but it was the same circumstance that endowed him with that impetuosity which gave such a tone of firmness to all his dictations. He could not, or would affect not to see why it should not be permitted him to broach what opinions he pleased. But this was not all. In his second exhibition, when entering upon another series of those lectures, his resentment at the obstruction which had been offered to the dissemination of his principles, bordered absolutely upon fierceness. His feelings, or at least the language in which he represented them, may be judged of by the following indignant burst; "My opinions are published—they were not brought forward secretly—they have never shunned the light—and they shall never be concealed nor compromised. Without this

freedom of inquiry and speech the duty of your professors would be irksome and humiliating—they would be dishonoured in their own eyes, and in the estimation of the public. These privileges, gentlemen, shall never be surrendered by me. I will not be set down nor cried down by any person in any place, or under any pretence. However flattering it may be to my vanity to wear this gown, if it involve any sacrifice of independence—the smallest dereliction of the right to examine freely the subjects on which I address you; and to express fearlessly the result of my investigations—I would strip it off instantly." The time presently came when the Philosophy of our professor was to be put to the test—a test not quite so severe or inquisitorial as Galileo's, yet equally efficacious in producing a like result. The interest, the pecuniary interest of the philosopher was likely to be affected, and his principles were not found to be so firmly fixed as to present an obstacle to the current of his prosperity. His character had sunk rapidly in the estimation of, at least, the religious, if not the most influential part of the community; and in 1819, when the period of the annual re-election of the surgeon to Bethlehem Hospital arrived, Mr. Lawrence was rejected. This was the first practical reprisal on him—it was sudden too. But he had still many admirers, who were resolved to uphold him for his bold independence. They rallied round him, and he was subsequently reinstated in the place, but upon the understanding that he should put forth no more of those offensive tenets. A few years after, however, he was upon the point of being thrown out again; but a timely letter to Sir R. C. Glynn, the president of Bethlehem, was deemed a sufficient recantation to justify his return. Mr. Waithman, too, made wonderful exertions in his favour on the occasion, and ultimately secured his election by a majority of two to one. It may be observed, that the "recantation" is of a very qualified character; it, in reality, goes no farther than to express sorrow for his *imprudence in publishing* his opinions, and winds up with a solemn promise never to do the like again.

Mr. Lawrence's obnoxious hypothesis is not a very complicated one—perhaps its chief merit consists in its simplicity. According to him, organised differs from inorganised matter merely by the addition of certain *properties*, which are called vital, as sensibility and irritability. Masses of matter endowed with these new *properties* become organs, and systems of organs constitute an animal frame, and execute distinct purposes and functions—for

functions, and purposes carried into execution, are here synonymous "Life is the assemblage of all the functions (or purposes), and the general result of their exercise." Life, therefore, upon this hypothesis, instead of being a two-fold or three-fold reality, running in a combined stream or in parallel lines, has no reality whatever—it has no *esse*, or independent existence. It is a mere assemblage of purposes, and accidental or temporary properties—a series of phenomena (as Mr. Lawrence has himself expressed it)—a name without a thing. "We know not," says he, "the nature of the truth that unites these phenomena, though we are sensible that a connexion must exist; and this conviction is sufficient to induce us to give it a name, which the vulgar regard as the sign of a particular principle—though, in fact, that name commonly indicates the assemblage of the phenomena which have occasioned its formation." The human frame, on this supposition, must be simply accounted a sort of barrel-organ, possessing a systematic arrangement of parts, played upon by peculiar powers, and executing particular pieces, or purposes; and life is the music produced by the general assemblage, or result of the harmonious action; so long as either the vital or the mechanical instrument is duly wound up by a regular supply of food, or of the wind, so long the music will continue; but both are worn out by their own action, and when the machine will no longer work, the life has the same close as the music, and accordingly,

"——— *redit in nihilum, quod fuit ante nihil.*"

We should gladly be silent on some later transactions in the career of Mr. Lawrence, but truth demands of us a few brief remarks, on one or two more heads. A spirit of reform had been for years (and, perhaps, it is not yet subsided) haunting and agitating the members of the College of Surgeons; Mr. Lawrence early identified himself with the disappointed party; became eventually their champion, and did battle for them with all his force and fervour. He headed them in all their inroads, for some time upon the council; and vowed never to desert the cause, until their united exertions should be crowned with success in the procuring of a new charter, with a thorough reform of all abuses. Nor did he hesitate upon all occasions to denounce the governing body, and to join in the cry of vituperation as loudly as the rest. But of late, an extraordinary, an unnatural calm has ensued. Mr. Lawrence has accepted a seat at this very unreformed board; and in this cir-

cumstance alone can an explanation of the phenomenon be sought.

As a professional man, Mr. Lawrence ranks most deservedly high. In all the more valuable accomplishments of a good surgeon, he is inferior to few. He may not be so dexterous and capital an operator as Sir Astley Cooper, or Mr. Key; but in all that tact, and judgment, and skill, which is quite as valuable as dexterity in the use of the knife, he cannot, perhaps, be excelled. It is his boast, as it should be that of every surgeon who loves the art he professes, that the necessity for performing operations—thanks to the great advances that have been made in the knowledge of medical treatment—has wonderfully declined of late years. In St. Bartholomew's Hospital, we have heard him say, the number of operations now annually performed is not half what it was thirty years ago; and the decrease has been progressive within the intervening period. This is a glorious testimony to the progress of sound professional principles.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, THE PLAIN "WHY AND BECAUSE."

WHY does water thrown, on a brisk and flaming fire, apparently increase the combustion?

Because the water is converted into steam, which, expanding and mixing with the flame, causes it to spread out into a much larger volume than it otherwise would have occupied.

Why does sunshine extinguish a fire?

Because the rays engage the oxygen which had hitherto supported the fire.

Why does a fire burn briskly and clearly in cold weather?

Because the air being more dense, affords more nourishment to the fire.

Why does a poker laid across a dull fire revive it?

Because the poker receives and concentrates the heat, and causes a draught through the fire.

Why do we stick a pin in a rush-light to extinguish it?

Because the pin conducts away so much heat that the tallow will not melt, or rise in the wick.

Why does the heater of a tea-urn soon change when placed near the water?

Because it parts with its heat to the water, until both are of the same temperature.

Why is a harp or a piano-forte, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, not perfectly in tune when a crowded evening party has heated the room?

Because the expansion of the strings is greater than that of the wooden framework; and in cold the reverse will happen.—*Arnott*.

Why does a gate in an iron railing shut loosely and easily in a cold day, and stick in a warm one?

Because in the latter there is a greater expansion of the gate and railing than of the earth on which they are placed.

Why are thin glass tumblers less liable to be broken by boiling water, than thick ones?

Because the heat pervades the thin vessels almost instantly, and with impunity, whereas thicker ones do not allow a ready passage of heat.

Why does straw or flannel prevent the freezing of water in pipes during winter?

Because it is a slow conducting screen or covering, and thus prevents heat passing out of the pipe. By the same means the heat is restrained in steam pipes.

Why is profuse perspiration so cooling to labouring men, and all evaporation productive of cold?

Because of the necessity of a large quantity of caloric being combined with fluids, to convert them into vapour or gas.

Why do persons take cold by sitting in wet clothes?

Because they suddenly lose a large portion of heat, which is carried off from the body by the evaporation of the water from the clothes.

Why, in hot countries, do persons continually throw water on curtains which there form the sides of apartments?

Because the evaporation of the water absorbs a vast deal of heat, and makes the apartments cool and refreshing.

Why does the sulphuric acid in fire bottles so often fail in igniting the matches?

Because the acid is continually attracting moisture from the air, owing to the imperfect manner of closing the bottles.

Why should the bottom of a tea-kettle be black, and the top polished?

Because the bottom has to absorb heat, which is aided by rough and blackened surfaces; and the top has to retain heat, which is ensured by polished ones.

Why is a crust so frequently seen on the insides of tea-kettles and boilers?

Because of the hard water boiled in them, which holds in solution carbonate of lime, but being long boiled, the latter is no longer soluble, and becomes precipitated.

Why is water, when boiled, mawkish and insipid?

Because the gases which it contained have been expelled by boiling.

Why is hard water by boiling brought nearly to the state of soft?

Because it is freed from its gases; and its earthy salts and substances, by which its hardness was produced, are precipitated.

Why is it wasteful to put fuel under a boiling pot, with the hope of making the water hotter?

Because the water can only boil, and it does so at 212 deg of the thermometer.

Why was paleness in ales formerly much prized?

Because they were intended thus to imitate the white wines of the continent.

Why do brewers put crabs' claws, egg-shells, &c. into their spring-brewed ales?

Because of the power of those articles to absorb the first germs of the acid fermentation.

Why is strong ale improved by bottling?

Because it retains good body, and unaltered saccharine matter enough, to permit a slow and long-continued fermentation, during which time it becomes mellow to the taste, and highly vinous.

Why are certain ales called XX (double X) and XXX (treble X)?

Because, originally, all ale or beer, sold at or above ten shillings per barrel, was reckoned to be strong, and was therefore subject to a higher duty. The cask which contained this strong beer was then first marked with an X, signifying *ten*; hence the present quack-like denominations of XX and XXX.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN'S LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND IN LONDON.†

AM my dear friend—I can not feel the plaisir I express to come to your country charming, for you see. We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice. I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women: but now I agree quite with you; I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps! My faith! I never saw such a mode

† From the Comic Offering for 1831.

to walk; they take steps long like the man! Very pretty women! but not equal to ours! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons, and eyes of lightning: the English have mouth wide like the toads, and their eyes are like *dreaming sheeps*," as one of our very talented writers say "mouton qui rêve." It is excellent, that. I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect: our General Pilon say they all drink brandy: this I have not seen very much. I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white! But I come here filled with candour, and I say I *have seen* some people whose hair was not red. You tell me often at Paris, that we have no music in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after: you other English have no music; and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French names—"des gros de Naples," "des gros des Indes," "des gros d'été," &c. If English lady go for demand, shew me, if you please, sir, some "fats of Naples," some "fats of India," and some "fats of summer," the linen-draper not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks. People say, "puce évanouie," "œil de l'empereur," "flamess, d'enfer," "feu de l'opéra," but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of "fainting fleas," or "emperors' eyes," or "opera fires," or of the "flames" of a place which you tell me once for say never to ears polite! You also like very much our musique in England; the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always, "Le petit tambour," Oh, gardezvous, bergerette," "Dormez, mes chères amours," and twenty little French airs, of which we are fatigued there is a long time. I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out? One reply, "Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa *enjoy such very bad health*." I say, "Oh yes! How do you do your papa this morning, misses!"—"He is much worse, I am oblige to you sir!" I bid them good bye, and think in myself how the English are odd to *enjoy* bad health, and, the young ladies much obliged to me because their papa was much worse! "Chacun à son

goût," as we say. In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any persons beating carpets, playing cricket and such like diversions there, should be persecuted. My faith! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again! What stupid game whist. Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any! Ah! how the English are droll! I have nothing of more for say to you at present; but I am soon seeing you, when I do assure you of the eternal regard and everlasting affection of your much attached friend.

A TRIP TO THE SEA.†

ONE warm evening in July, I sat reposing myself, after the labours of the day, at an open window in a semi-fashionable street in London, feeling as languid and cross as an animal out of its element may very excusably be. My wife was pursuing some female occupation near me, and I envied her woman's useful resource—the needle, that pleasant mean betwixt idleness and application, which allows the mind to repose or expatiate at will, to rest on a few inches of cambric, or to float over the whole extent of space and time; to bury itself amidst the light furniture of a work-box, or to sink into the depths of memory and reflection. I pined for some such busy idleness, fretted and fidgetted from heat and ennui, and strove to force up my windows to an undue extent, as wisely as if a starving man should hope to obtain food by expanding his month unnaturally wide. In vain I panted for air, it was not to be had, and I exasperated my annoyances, by brooding with my mind's eye over some of the fresh, cool, lovely spots where I had formerly lingered away many delicious hours. "How cool and delightful Beech Copse must be this evening!" said I.

"Or the Mill-grove," replied my wife. "And what a sun-set there must be from Hawthorn Hill," I rejoined, as I watched a fleecy cloud of pale crimson float between the opposite chimneys. "Do you remember how often we used to watch it from thence the summer before we were married?"

† From the New Monthly and London Magazine.—No. CXIX.

"And the summer afterwards, when we were at the sea," my wife replied, and to a stranger the words would have conveyed no deeper meaning than the preceding part of our conversation, but to me they spoke volumes, and while they brought the ocean and its glories before me, and made me thirst for its life-renewing breezes, they recalled also sundry matrimonial debates upon the prudence and possibility of a visit to a watering-place.

I rose and walked up and down the room, and the conversation took a less romantic turn—for my first words contained an enumeration of domestic expenses and pecuniary difficulties. Money, that most fatal foe to matrimonial peace, was on the tapis, and tones became of course less gentle, and brows less smooth.

"The boy's schooling, and your confinement, and Emma's illness, have been heavy expenses this year, and next spring the house must be painted, and business is by no means as plentiful as I could wish. Then I want law-books dreadfully, and altogether a trip to the sea would be a very extravagant, imprudent thing, unless, indeed, my dilatory client Mr. D—— would pay his bill; but of this there is no hope."

"Well, my dear," said my wife, in a resigned tone, "say no more about it, but I certainly think sea-air would do the children a great deal of good, for they look pale, and are fractious, and unlike themselves." A short brisk quarrel in the adjoining room, and the baby's faint querulous cry from the nursery above, were opportunely timed to confirm her assertion. But I was inexorable, for, alas! necessity compelled me so to be; yet my enforced and disagreeable prudence, instead of filling me with comfortable self-satisfaction, and thus rendering virtue its own reward, rather vexed and irritated me. I do not know what effect "letting I dare not wait upon I would," may have had on "the poor cat in the adage," but I should suppose from my own experience that it increased very considerably its love of tearing and scratching. As I paced the carpet, my eye, hungry for grievances, discovered that the colours were faded, and wandering round the room, detected a blind that had not been mended, and a book that had been misplaced, my ear meantime became delicately sensitive, was annoyed by the droning lullaby in the nursery above, and the creaking of the footman's shoes in the pantry below, and was at length so distracted by the necessarily loud rap of the postman, that I hurried down stairs to express my displeasure. I returned with smooth brow,

a smiling countenance, and an open letter, which contained the information that the amount of Mr. D's bill had been paid into my banker's. Matters now assumed a very different aspect; I was enabled to issue signals for pleasure instead of rules of prudence, and in a few moments we were surrounded by our shouting rapturous little ones, who, with childhood's usual ardour and aptitude to happiness, seemed to anticipate ten times more eagerly than ourselves the delights of a trip to the sea, though they knew but indistinctly in what those delights consisted. Puzzling questions succeeded each other with amusing rapidity, and sands and cliffs, boats and bathing machines, waves, storms, and porpoises; seaweeds, shrimps, and shells, formed the sole subjects of unwearying inquiry and unsuccessful description for the remainder of the evening. At length the children were dismissed to bed, and my wife and I sat down with naps, road-books, and "a guide to the watering-places" before us, in order to settle where we should go—an important query to persons of moderate means, who having resolved once in a way to pay a high price for health and pleasure, are nervously afraid of not receiving the proper quantum of each. One place was too hot, another too expensive, a third too distant; one was too gay, another too dull; at this there was indifferent bathing, at that no pretty inland walks; some insuperable objection put half of the rival candidates *hors de combat*, and, as we successively enumerated the remainder, we found that in each "some defect in it did quarrel with the noblest grace it had, and put it to the foil." Like other dainty people, we seemed starving in the midst of plenty, and a perplexing interval of indecision followed; at length we fixed upon Dover, because our cook happened to have a cousin there who would engage a house for us; a motive entirely distant from any of those by which we had resolved our selection should be determined. And so the mighty matter was arranged, and in less than a week I handed my family into a Dover coach, mounted the top myself, and in a thorough holiday-mood set out for the sea. Every Londoner must have felt the cheerfulness, the good-humour, the benignity, and philanthropy, which suddenly animate him when at about eight or ten miles from his smoky home, country breezes and country prospects begin to greet him. The conceited man gives himself much credit for all these amiable feelings, the philosopher speculates on the greater share which matter or spirit has in producing them; but for myself, I was contented with being extremely comfort-

able, and anticipating still greater pleasures to come. But about noon a considerable change took place in the state of affairs, and when a violent and continued rain had driven me to take refuge with my family inside the coach, an opportunity was afforded for discovering how much of my late exhilaration and contentment was dependant upon outward circumstances. Alas! a man whirled quickly through the open air in the sunshine is a very different being from him who is cooped up with two women and five children in a narrow space till he is heated almost to fusion, and cramped nearly to dislocation. I never before was fully aware of the thousand ills which flesh is heir to, or of the various shapes they can assume. A suspended bonnet flapped continually in my face, and two or three parasols and umbrellas ran their united points into my side, one of my children fell to sleep on my knee, another smeared me all over with bread and butter, and the nurse seemed to take every opportunity of treading on my corns. One moment I was ordered to put the window up because it rained in, and the next to put it down because Emma was sick; the baby never ceased whining, and the tiresome nurse sang to it twice as loud as there was any occasion for; my eldest boy was incessantly jumping up to watch for a mile-stone, and my youngest urging me to sing "Rule Britannia." My patience, meanwhile, was rapidly exhausting, and was only preserved in a wavering existence by means of occasional glances at the placid countenance of my wife, who, like many others of her sex, possesses that happy power of resisting the petty annoyances of life which is so seldom found in company with masculine dignity and courage. Tired and hot as she was, no fretful word or look escaped her; she could still smile at the inconvenient mirth, and ill-timed activity of the children; still point encouragingly at the breaking cloud, and talk cheerfully of to-morrow's pleasures; while I sat the very image of despair and gloom, and had just persuaded myself that it would rain incessantly for six weeks, when the sun shone again, and I hastened outside to uncrook my limbs and restore my temper. The fresh air speedily improved my spirits, and a good dinner at Canterbury had its usual effect upon mind as well as body. At length the noblest and most exhilarating sight under heaven, the broad bosom of the ocean sparkling under a cloudless sun, met our longing, watching eyes; and after a dislocating jolt through rough and narrow streets, our whole party was safely deposited at a comfortable-looking house, where the

cook's cousin was ready to receive us, and a host of tradesmen to ask our custom. And now another domestic scene occurred, scarcely less formidable to man's unwonted eyes and ears, than the miseries which I had endured in the morning on a more confined theatre. Of all the perplexing medleys of bustle and noise which I ever witnessed, the arrival of a large family at a watering-place is certainly the most Babel-like and over-whelming. From above came the thundering noise of the trunks in their progress to their destination, accompanied by an incessant slamming of doors, opening and shutting of drawers, and that bouncing, stamping sort of walk, those unnecessary questions, useless complaints, and perplexed directions, by which servants delight to make "confusion worse confounded." From below arose the clattering of tea-things and saucepans, the repetition of inventories, the importunities of tradesmen the cook's groans over the inconveniences of the range, and the footman's murmurs at those of the pantry. Meanwhile, the children did their best to add to the tumult; the baby whined, Emma clamoured for her tea, George took a fancy to play on his trumpet, and the two elder boys first sent one of the maids into hysterics by leaning too far out of a window, and then gave another a race by slipping out of the house and making the best of their way to the beach. Upon this hint I resolved to speak, and repairing to the destined nursery, where my wife was quietly superintending the arrangement of the baby's crib: I said, in rather a conscious tone, "My dear, it appears to me I cannot be of the least use, and I think the best thing I could do would be to take the boys out for half an hour; tea cannot be ready yet, for there is no knife in the house to cut the bread with, and Martha has just broken the only tea-pot." My wife looked up from the trunk over which she was leaning, and gave her consent to my proposal with a smile which seemed to say, "How glad you are of an excuse for getting out of this bustle," and down stairs I hurried as fast as possible, without either allowing myself to criticise my own motives, or to hear one of the maids say to another, "Perhaps master car tell us." Before they had settled the "perhaps," I was on my road to the shore, my boys shouting from wonder, surprise, and delight, and myself almost wishing that some such ebullition were permitted to my own strong and excited feelings. When we returned home the chaos and the whirlwind had subsided into order and repose; the baby and Emma were in bed and asleep; the servants had begun to move less rapidly and speak

less loudly; the tea was made, shrimps and bread and butter ready for us; and my wife looking calm, tired, and happy, invited me to my first holiday meal. Oh! the delights of that meal, all present comforts enhanced by the refreshing consciousness that they were the first-fruits of a coming season of rest and tranquillity! What man of wealth and leisure can duly estimate the keenness of that enjoyment which is sharpened by previous labour and confinement? Who but the man of business can understand the luxury of having nothing to do? At the sea we are privileged to be idle; thither neither the toils of business nor of dissipation should pursue us; there the philosopher should trifle, the statesman observe no prognostics but those of the weather, and the gravest student read nothing but novels. Preserve me from the man who is so laboriously and unremittingly wise as to think it childish to spend hours in throwing pebbles into the sea, or waste of time to sit on the beach counting the waves. If a trip to the sea does not usually produce as salubrious an effect upon our moral as upon our corporeal frame, it is, perhaps, that we do not pursue the proper regimen—we are too busy or too gay, we cherish silly acquaintances, invent silly amusements—we dress, and dance, and raffle—nurse-up a public breakfast into its wearying perfection, or welcome with open arms a conjuror or infant Roscius—dreading, apparently, lest Fashion and Folly should be obliged to leave us a breathing-time for reflection, and "leisure to be good."

JANET SMITH'S "CHAMPIT POTATOES."†

It was in the character of a school-boy that I became acquainted with old Janet Smith, who lived in a cottage overshadowed by an ash-tree, and by her wheel earned a subsistence for herself and a somewhat sickly granddaughter. Janet had a particular way, still the practice in Dumfriesshire, of dressing or preparing her meal of potatoes. They were scraped, well dried, salted, beetled, buttered, milked, and ultimately rumbled into the most beautiful and palatable consistency. In short, they became that first, and, beyond the limits of the south country, least known of all delicacies, "champit potatoes." As I returned often hungry and

weary from school, Janet's pot presented itself to me, hanging in the reek, and at a considerable elevation from the fire, as the most tempting of all objects. In fact, Janet, knowing that my hour of return from school was full two hours later than hers of repast, took this method of reserving for me a full heaped spoonful of the residue of her and her Jessie's meal. Never while I live, and live by food, shall I forget the exquisite feelings of eager delight with which that single overloaded spoonful of beat or *champit* potatoes were devoured. There are pleasures of sentiment and imagination of which I have occasionally partaken, and others connected with what is called the heart and affections; all these are beautiful and engrossing in their way and in their season, but to a hungry school-boy, who has devoured his dinner "piece" ere ten o'clock a. m., and is returning to his home at a quarter before five, the presentiment, the sight, and, above all, the taste and reflection connected with the swallowing of a spoonful—and such a spoonful!—of Janet Smith's potatoes, is, to say nothing flighty or extravagant, not less seasonable than exquisite. As my tongue walked slowly and cautiously round and round the lower and upper boundaries of the delicious load, as if loath rapidly to diminish that *bulk*, which the craving stomach would have wished to have been increased, had it been tenfold, my whole soul was rapt in Elysium; it tumbled about, and rioted in an excess of delight, a kind of feather-bed of downy softness. Drinking is good enough in its season, particularly when one is thirsty; but the pleasures attendant on the satisfying of "the appetite" for me!—this is assuredly the great—the master gratification.

But Janet did not only deal in potatoes, she had likewise a cheese, and on pressing occasions, a bottle of beer besides; the one stood in a kind of corner press or cupboard, whilst the other occupied a still less dignified position beneath old Janet's bed. To say the truth of Janet's cheese, it was not much beholden to the maker. It might have been advantageously cut into bullets or marbles, such was its hardness and solidity—but then, *in those days*, my teeth were good—and, with a keen stomach, and willing mind, much may be effected even on a "three times skimmed sky-blue!" The beer, for which I have often adventured into the "terra incognita" already mentioned, even at the price of a prostrate person and a dusty jacket—was excellent—brisk, frothy, and nippy—my breath still goes when I think of it.

† From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.—No. CIV.

WHO, OR WHAT AM I?

"O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it."—
Shakespeare.

Do you not hear a soft and gentle murmur? 'Tis like the gentle drowsy song with which the infant lulls itself to sleep upon the mother's lap. This is my voice!

Do you not hear a noise—a hoarse, turbulent, rushing, roaring, noise? This, too, is my voice!

Have you not admired the gliding motion of some gentle fair with "grace in her steps and heaven in her eye?" This is the way I often come to salute you! And when I go, "'tis murmuring, loath to part."

Have you not marked a hurried, uplifted motion, like rampant horses, with snowy manes? This, too, is the manner of my approach! In fact, I am made up of contradictions.

Were I to enumerate my deeds, you would not only accuse me of vanity, but of hypocrisy and falsehood!

I have been the means of conquering nations, and my dominion is greater than that of an Alexander or a Cæsar!

Like a mighty conqueror, I have overwhelmed whole territories, and left no trace behind! I sometimes bring peace to the wretched, and wretchedness to the peaceful! I often bring smiles to the brow of an anxious friend, and "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole." I have been the ruin of thousands, and made the fortune of tens of thousands!

In the main, I am generous and noble; spurning oppression, and much averse to concealment. I make a powerful resistance to the slightest coercion. Xerxes and his ten thousand could not imprison me, although he threw his chains upon me! Canute the Great, though he could conquer the Anglo-Saxons, could not resist my advances upon his territory, although I came unattended and unarmed.

My complexion is as varied as the chameleon's; and one calls me black, another white, and a third red; yet I do affirm, I am neither black, white, nor red! Yesterday I was *blue*, to-day I am *green*! It is said, that the surface of the chameleon has the peculiar property of reflecting surrounding colours, which accounts for its various hues at different periods. This is precisely my own case. Some people call me superficial—and with some show of reason, I have so much show on my surface, that few look farther—

He who would search for pearls must dive below.

and those who sound me, will find how profound I am. I despise low cunning, but I am deep—very deep—"full fathom five;" and, without being witty, I have a great deal of Attic salt in my composition. Inconstant as the winds, yet I am ever punctual in my appointments; "true as the needle to the Pole." Being thus strict in my assignments, I never wait for any one; indeed my regularity in this respect, has become proverbial, and if you reflect on the nature of my attributes, you will discover perpetual motion. Of all countries, I prefer Great Britain, though myself a cosmopolite. We love those we have obliged—and her pre-eminent power amongst nations is due to me. What would commerce be without me? A mere traffic of pillars. My wealth is so great, and I have so many untouched hoards, that the Bank of England would weigh as nothing in the balance. My pearls are of the choicest kind; richer far than any "jewel in an Ethiop's ear;" indeed, my possessions are as incalculable as the sands upon the shore!

Moonlight is my favourite hour; and then, in my happy, lucid moments, with a silvery garment thrown across me by the Queen of Night, I put "my pearls upon my feet," and "dance upon the sands."

There is a prejudice amongst the vulgar, that the moon has great influence on various diseases of the human frame. Howsoever it may be with others, every change of the moon has a visible effect upon me—although I am no lunatic! I am somewhat of a physician; and so impartial in my practice, that the noble Lord, in all the "boast of heraldry and pomp of power," will receive from me the same treatment as the humblest individual in the realm.

I need scarcely add, that I am a latitudinarian in principle, and fond of levelling all distinctions; notwithstanding which, my success is undoubted.

There never was a poet who did not celebrate my praise, unless it were some Bohemian, who never saw me; and I have furnished more simile, than earth, or air, or sky!

Treacherous and deceitful; yet open and rough in my manners;—calm, yet contentious. Who or what am I? Beware how you ponder!

Aristotle, unable to find out the cause of my actions drowned himself in despair.—
The New Years Gift for 1831.

Half in day, and half in night,
Chiefly prized when least in sight,
Little knowing, ever prying,
Always living, always dying,
Craving peace, yet loving strife,
Sum them up!—the whole is life.—*The Cameo.*

VARIETIES.

Law of Marriage in Scotland.—In a report of a case of marriage and legitimacy, published in the last number of the "Scottish Jurist," certain principles appear to be maintained by the judges of the court of session, which are not only at variance with English jurisprudence, but with English notions of what constitutes matrimonial obligation. We shall give the following outline of the case, as it is not probable that many of our readers are in the habit of seeing the publication to which we refer:—The defendant, Sir R. Honeyman, had endeavoured to secure the affections of a Miss Campbell, who was governess in his father's family. She hesitated to accept of his proposal to marry her, because she was afraid that he would make a sacrifice in the estimation of his relatives, which might injure his future prospects, she having neither connexions nor wealth to qualify her for such an union. He persisted in paying his addresses and, at length, she consented that he should call her wife. He, in return had asked her to call him husband, to which she replied, "Dearest, dearest Dick, you are my husband." It was proved that afterwards he had frequently admitted her to be his wife. Subsequently she bore two children to him. This was established; and it was further shown, from the language used in his correspondence, that the connexion was virtuous. The judges were of opinion that a *promise*, followed by cohabitation, constituted marriage: and that it was not necessary to prove such promise by written documents. She was accordingly declared, by the law of Scotland, to be the legal wife of Sir R. Honeyman.

Dumb Motions.—In Italy, a lover, at a ball, places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you. If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies I consent; but if she turns her hand, it is a denial. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only indifference; to place yourself near her is interest; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is love.

Bear and Birds.—Mr. Bear being at a public dinner at Hammersmith, two gentlemen of the name of Bird being in the company, after the cloth was removed, Mr. Bear, who was a good singer, was called on to oblige the company with a song: he immediately arose, and said, "Gentlemen, your conduct on this occasion is so highly improper, that I cannot help noticing it."—"For why?" said the gentlemen. "That you should call on

a Bear to sing, when you have two Birds in the company."

Watering Places.—Tunbridge Wells is, like Cranbourn Alley, carried to Clapham Common; Bognor, with its pebble-stone rocks, dullness below misery; Hastings, a row of houses in a fives' court; Worthing, a bad imitation of its neighbour; Bath, a tea-kettle, always boiling and steaming; and Cheltenham a cockney edition of Hammersmith.—*Hood's Maxwell.*

Method of obtaining the Skeletons of Fish.—Mr. Bluell's plan is to suspend a fish in a vessel full of water, into which he introduces a number of tadpoles, which devour the flesh, without injuring the bones. The tadpoles should be taken as small as possible: at the end of four and twenty hours the skeleton will be cleansed, but the water must be renewed several times.

Sturdy Bonapartism.—A courtier of the imperial regime, conversing with some ladies who absolutely refused to share his admiration for the Emperor Napoleon, expressed his overflowing zeal in rather a novel manner. "Ladies," said he, "I have such perfect confidence in the emperor, that were he to call me knave, I might at first humbly remonstrate; but were he a second time to say, with an air of conviction, 'I assure thee thou art a knave!'" As I am a man of honour, I would take his majesty's word.—*St. Maure's Petersburgh.*

Mrs. Jordan.—Mrs Jordan was originally known as Miss Francis. Quarrelling with the Dublin manager, she joined Tate Wilkinson's corps at York, where she took the name of Jordan. As I had never heard (says Bernard in his "Retrospections of the Stage") that Miss Francis was married, I inquired of Wilkinson the cause, and he replied, "Her name?—Why, God bless you, my boy! I gave her her name,—I was her sponser."—"You?"—"Yes; when she thought of going to London, she thought Miss sounded insignificant, so she asked me to advise her a name:—'Why,' said I, 'my dear, you have crossed the water, so I'll call you Jordan;' and by the memory of Sam! if she didn't take my joke in earnest, and call herself Mrs. Jordan ever since." This was Tate's story; but as it was told in his usual ambiguous way, my reader may attach what credence to it he pleases.

Doctors Dispensed with.—In the hospital of the nunnery there were several sick; and, on our inquiring for the doctor, and asking what remedies were usually employed, they pointed to the image in a corner of the apartment, and said, "That is our doctor; if it is God's will the sick will recover; if not, what's to be done?—*steho dielitt!*" On being asked, "If a

person breaks a leg, what's to be done?" the reply was, "if it is God's pleasure, it will become straight again."—*Alexander's Travels in Russia.*

Quin.—Quin dining one day at a party in Bath, uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply, "What would your Lordship have me be?—a Lord!—*Retrospections of the Stage.*

Lord Rodney's Kindness to his Midshipmen.—When Lord Rodney's dinner was going aft, he has often he says, seen the hungry *midships* cast over the dishes a wistful eye, with a watery mouth; upon which, he has instantly arrested their supporters, and ordered the whole of his dinner, save one dish, to be carried to the midshipmen's mess.—*Mundy's Life of Rodney.*

NAVIES IN GENERAL, AND THE AMERICAN NAVY IN PARTICULAR.†

NAVAL WARFARE.

It is purposed in the following paper, to institute a brief inquiry into the origin and progressive improvement of navies in general, and into the condition and prospects of the American navy in particular. When it is considered, that independently of the protection of our commerce, a navy is our national means of defence, and that it goes forth to meet the danger at a distance from our shores, leaving the cultivator to reap in peace the fruits of his labor, unalarmed by the turmoil of approaching war, and spared the slaughter and destruction that mark the track of armies;—if we keep in mind these facts, the subject may well command our attention.

Naval war exists in the earliest stages of society; it has its origin in the very passions and constitution of our nature. The savage has scarce learned to venture forth upon the water in the canoe which he has rudely hollowed from a tree of the forest, ere, embarking with his bow and arrow, his hardened war-club, his javelin, or his lance, he transports himself to the spot whither he is attracted by revenge for some real or supposed injury, by avaricious longing for some contemptible booty, the

desire of making prisoners, of adding to the number of his wives, of providing victims for the altar of idolatry, or of furnishing a horrible banquet. He succeeds in his enterprise; or, met by a wary adversary, with equal weapons, and with everything to defend, they join battle; instead of trumpets, the wild whoop and war-conchs sound the onset; arrows and javelins are hurled, clubs are brandished; the frail barks of the combatants are overturned beneath them; and with the sea for an arena, and fury to make up for the imperfection of their weapons, they are enabled to strew it with victims. And thus we find the Caribs, not only destructively encountering each other, but disputing the victory with the steel-clad Spaniards, who first intruded upon the scenes of their triumphs; and with no better weapons than bows and arrows, even these wielded by the hand of woman, offering fatal resistance to ferocity of the civilized.

Not very different from these Carib battles was naval war in the earliest ages reached by history or tradition. The heroes of Homer went forth in slight barks that were stranded and launched at pleasure, and the same individuals rowed and fought alternately. Among them, as among the Caribs, superior strength and valor decided the victory. In process of time, however, naval war began to assume a peculiar system; the ordinary vessels built for commerce were no longer used for warlike purposes, but as transports; and the galley, in whose construction and exercise the Athenians especially excelled, already acted an important part at the battle of Salamis.

In succeeding centuries naval warfare was gradually improved with the general progress of civilization. The Carthaginians, inheriting all the commercial skill of their Phœnician ancestors, were stimulated to new enterprise by their condition as colonists in a novel and growing region. Removed too from the extremity of the Mediterranean to the neighbourhood of its mouth, they were no longer willing to remain circumscribed within its narrow limits, but stood boldly out beyond the *Næ Plus Ultra* of less adventurous voyagers, carrying their commercial enterprises to the extremities of Europe and Africa. As in all other countries the development of their military marine kept pace with the commercial one, of which it was the natural and necessary protector; and Carthage, monopolizing the maritime trade of the world, pretended, like her modern representative in pursuits and character, to the exclusive dominion of the common highway. To support these pretensions, a formidable and well-equipped navy was

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constantly maintained; and we may accordingly look to the most flourishing era of Carthaginian history for the perfection of naval war, as it existed among the ancients.

The galley was the form of vessel used for war. It was long, low, and narrow, having space for the arrangement of many rowers, whilst it offered little resistance in dividing the water. Thus the Carthaginian *triremes* were usually one hundred feet long, by only ten broad, and seven high. The prow either curved gracefully, or was formed into the image of some ferocious beast. It was always sharp, and armed with metal to cleave the side of an adversary; and often had a projecting weapon, like a ploughshare, beneath the surface of the water, to pierce the bottom. On the summit of the prow stood the emblem; on the Athenian galleys it was an owl, on the Phœnician and Carthaginian, a cock. Here also floated the distinguishing pendant. The stern was no less sharp than the bow, curving gracefully upward so as to overhang the poop, and sometimes presented the figure of a shield. Below it stood the *tutela*, representing the deity, patron of the ship, to which prayers and sacrifices were offered, and which was held so sacred, as to afford a sanctuary to those who took refuge there. Nor was exterior ornament neglected in the galley; paint and gilding were profusely used, and gods and animals represented on the outside. The locomotive means of the galley consisted in sails, which, with their masts, were taken down at pleasure; and in oars, which constituted the main dependence. These were arranged in rows ascending above each other, to the number of three; for though we read of *quinquiremes*, *octoremes*, up even to thirty and forty, this cannot mean distinct banks, but probably divisions; for the length of the oar, increasing for each ascending bank, must have been already unwieldy in the upper row of a *trireme*. The oars ascended diagonally above each other; the bench of one rower furnishing the footstool for the one immediately above and behind him. Each bank of rowers had its distinct name and class; the higher ones received most pay; for in addition to their being stouter men, it was necessary to load the handles of their oars, in order to counterbalance the increased length of the portion without, which the narrowness of the galley did not admit of doing by a corresponding length of *loom*. A large oar from either quarter changed the direction of the galley at the pleasure of the pilot. The officers and men, by whom the vessel was thus propelled and guided, were entirely distinct from those who fought. These were heavy-armed soldiers, trained to sea ser-

vice, who stood drawn up in-battle-array upon the deck which covered the rowers. In preparing for battle, the galleys were disburthened of all unnecessary articles, the sails and masts were taken down and stowed, and the oars alone used, so as to move, turn, and assail, without reference to the prevailing wind. The fleet was then formed into a triangle, pointing towards the enemy, the store-ships forming the base, and the admiral-ship being at the angle in advance. This being done, the chief, entering a boat, passed from galley to galley, encouraging his followers in a set speech. When he had returned to his own, a gilded shield or a blood-red banner was conspicuously displayed as a signal for the onset. As the opposite fleets now approached by the exertions of the rowers, the shrill trumpets animated the soldiers by their blasts, as they passively awaited their moment for exertion, invoking the gods, and singing a pœan to the lord of battles. The admirals being in advance, first came in contact, each endeavouring, by celerity of movement, to break the oars of his adversary, and pierce his side with his beak, so as to sink or overturn him; darts, javelins, and stones were hurled; when nigh enough, the soldiers thrust at and transfix each other with their spears of twenty cubits, or plied their battering-ramp against the sides; huge pieces of iron (called *dolphins*, from being cast in the form of that fish) were projected from the top of the mast, so as to pass through the deck and bottom; fire-ships, filled with pitch and brimstone, were sent among the adverse fleet, or pots of combustibles were cast aboard, until at length, ship grappling ship, the soldiers fought foot to foot and hand to hand with sword and buckler. The battle being decided, the victorious fleet returned to port, towing its prizes, and hung round with pieces of the wrecks; the conquerors, crowned with wreaths, entered the port shouting and singing pœans to Apollo. The choice of the spoil was piously set apart as an offering to the gods; wrecks and entire galleys were placed at the porticos of the temples, and, to commemorate the event, the beaks of others were raised upon the tops of columns.

Naval war underwent but slight variation until the Romans, urged by their contest with Carthage for the possession of Sicily, first turned their attention to the creation of a marine. It is a singular instance of national greatness and magnanimity, that, when without a ship, and totally ignorant of maritime affairs, the Romans should have meditated a contention for the dominion of the seas. A Carthaginian galley, opportunely cast upon their shore, furnished them with a model;

and, for want of better sailors, a sufficient number were hastily *manufactured*, while the galleys were building, by means of benches placed upon the land, where the rowers were trained to the use of the oar. The galleys being complete, the rowers were embarked and further exercised in port; and then the soldiers were taken on board, and the fleet set sail. And now, to do away with the vast disparity between his own motley crew and a thoroughly practised enemy, the consul Duillius resorted to an expedient which brought about a partial revolution in naval warfare. He caused a plank bridge to be so suspended from the mast of each galley, that, by loosening a cord, it could be let fall at pleasure on board of an adjoining vessel, where the spikes at the bottom, and grapnels attached to it, held it immovably fixed. This was the origin and character of the *corvus*; the result will show its use. The adverse fleets came in sight off Sicily, and the Carthaginians, flattered by the comparison between their own trim ships, and the clumsily built and worse manoeuvred galleys of the Romans, were filled with the happiest anticipations. As they drew nigher, the lumbering appendage at the mast, hitherto the object of derision, began to excite distrust. This grew stronger when they found that, instead of pausing to send off their missiles, the Romans, concealed behind their curtain of hides, urged boldly on until each galley had struck an adversary, when the *corvus* was let fall with terrible force upon the deck, crushing and transfixing those who had gathered to defend the entrance. The two galleys being thus connected as by a bridge, the Romans rushed boldly to the assault, covering their bodies with their shields. The skill of the Carthaginians was completely neutralized, while their previous confidence was exchanged for consternation; the Roman soldiers, on the contrary, fighting as on land, deserved and won the victory.

Little modification took place in this system of naval warfare until the introduction of cannon. The navies of the Eastern empire continued to consist of galleys, now reduced to *dromones*, having two tiers of fifty oars, making in all one hundred, rowed by as many men. Signals had been introduced to convey orders when out of hearing, and the line of battle was changed from a triangle to a crescent, of which the horns pointed rearward. The admirals, remaining in the centre, continued to head the encounter. The weapons of annoyance were still bows and arrows, engines discharging javelins with terrible force, as well as huge rocks, a single one of which was often fatal to a

galley and her crew. But the most destructive machine then used was the iron tube which each galley carried on her bow, and from which the *Greek fire* was projected in a constant stream upon the enemy, kindling a blaze which water made but more furious, and scattering a horrible death, to which the sea offered no alternative.† Though the assault of the beak remained in use, it was more common to grapple at once, so as to escape the terrible range of the fire-tube, and lie broadside to broadside; thus attached, whilst the rowers transfixed each other with lances through their row-locks, the soldiers fought with such desperation, that often none remained to claim the victory.

The revolution in naval war produced by the introduction of cannon, though not immediate, was eventually greater than upon land. They were first used by the Venetians, who mounted them upon the deck of their galleys, either pointed over the rail, or through port-holes pierced through the bulwarks. In *galea*, which was first used at the battle of Lepanto, a row of small cannon was pointed between different divisions of the oars, while the heavier pieces were arranged upon the poop and forecastle. Notwithstanding the efficacy of cannon to destroy such frail fortresses as ships that a single shot might deliver over to the lurking enemy on whose bosom they reposed, yet, perhaps because their adaptation was at first imperfect, we do not find that they immediately became the chief means of annoyance in naval engagements. At Lepanto we see Don Juan and Ali, the rival admirals, after a short cannonade, rushing to the encounter, grappling ship to ship, and fighting with bows and arrows, fire-locks, swords, attaghans, pikes, and battle-axes. The Christians prepared for the *mêlée* by such defensive armour as mail and helmet, and the Turks covered their bodies with huge leathern shields. At length, as the adaptation of cannon to ships of war became more complete, this means of annoyance grew more prominent, and was made the arbiter of almost every battle. Ships of war, too, had increased so greatly in size, that it became dangerous to both parties to come in contact, lest the weight and mass of each, moving

† The *Greek fire* has been lately rediscovered by our countryman, Mr. Brown. He discharges it, like water from an ordinary engine, through a leathern hose terminating in a tube of metal; and from its resinous and adhesive quality, he projects it to a much greater distance. The moment the stream emerges into the open air, it is kindled by a match affixed to the end of the tube, and converted into a liquid fire of a destructive activity, nowhere inferior to that described by the ancients.—ED. N. A. R.

independently, should cause an exchange of shocks which might send both to the bottom. Moreover the fashion of causing ships to *tumble in*, made the distance so great between the upper sides, at the moment when their bodies were in contact below, as greatly to increase the difficulty of boarding. From all these reasons the contact of ships and hand-to-hand fighting, which made the ancient sea-fights so fatal to life, were exchanged for battering at a distance, until one ship should be made leaky and ready to sink, or have her guns dismounted, or else be so crippled in her spars as to remain at the mercy of her antagonist. Thus the destructive efforts of the ancient mode of naval warfare were chiefly directed against the lives of the combatants, whilst in modern times they are chiefly exerted to destroy or disable the ship. Cannon having become the great destructive agent of ships of war, their relative powers were thenceforth determined by the number and calibre of their respective batteries. These depending in turn upon the size and capacity of the ships, led to their progressive enlargement, until we find the sea groaning under the weight of huge wooden masses, carrying their two, three, and even four tiers of cannon. The oar, moved by the muscular energies of man, was of course powerless to propel the vast machine which had thus taken the place of the galley, and it therefore only remained, by the adaptation of sails, to render available the agent furnished by nature, in a restless and ever-moving element.

When two adverse ships meet in modern times, each manœuvres to obtain the weather-gage, if chance should not already have decided it before coming in sight. The advantage in being to windward is manifold; in the first place, it enables the weaker ship, if not to escape immediately by superior sailing, at least to keep out of action until favoured by the intervention of night, or by the many chances of the ocean; in the second, it enables the stronger ship to direct its course at once upon the weaker, with the best possible chance of capture; and lastly, in the case of equal ships, the one having the weather-gage goes into action with a decided advantage. The ship to windward can at pleasure bear down to board, or cross the bow or stern of her adversary to rake her decks; moreover, being careened towards her adversary, she receives her shot far above the ordinary water-line. On the other hand, the leeward ship, presenting her broadside far below the ordinary water-line, should she receive a shot there, the wound would be

brought below the surface, in the event of the tack being changed, or the ship, by a diminution of wind or of sail, being brought on an even keel; moreover, the leeward ship is not only incommoded with its own smoke, but with that of its adversary.

Having determined to fight, a very few minutes serve to clear a ship for action. So soon as drum and fife have pealed forth the well-known alarm, all repair to quarters; the guns are loosed; the magazines opened, the decks wet and sanded, and fire-tubs filled with water; additional shot and wads are brought from below, the yards hung in chains, and the sheets stoppered, lest they should be shot away; the pumps are rigged, and shot-plugs and fishes for strengthening wounded spars are made ready; loaded muskets and pistols, swords, pikes, and tomahawks are placed in readiness to board or repel boarders. All being at their stations, and everything prepared, the ships approach under easy sail, and the battle begins. Round shot are fired low so as to pierce the hull near the water-line, or at the body of the ship, to disable the guns and kill the men who manœuvre there; grape and double-headed shot are directed at the gangways and body of the ship to destroy life, and at the spars and rigging to bring them down and cripple the evolutions of an antagonist. Thus the fight continues until one party being ready to sink from shot-holes between wind and water, or being incapable of further resistance from the disabling of guns, or slaughter of crew, and from loss of spars equally incapable of escape, is compelled to yield. Sometimes, indeed, when thus situated, boarding and a sudden effort of desperate valour may retrieve the worst situation, and render the vanquished victorious. But in order to effect this, the party having the worst must be to windward, so as to bear down and grapple. At this critical moment the boarders are called up, by sound of trumpet or clatter of rattle, and, seizing their weapons, leap upon the deck of the enemy, where, as in storming a fortress, or as in the ancient sea-fights, individual courage and prowess may decide the victory.

In the encounter of fleets or of single ships, the weather-gage is esteemed an advantage. Drawn up in columns, they engage ship to ship, conquering by superiority of numbers, of evolutions, or of fire. Instead of engaging line to line, sometimes the enemy's array is broken, and his ships cut off and overpowered in sections, while some are too distant to take part in the conflict. It was by this manœuvre, (skillfully devised and boldly executed, that Nelson and Collingwood decided the battle of Trafalgar.

MODERN NAVAL POWERS.

Among the naval powers of the present day, Britain claims the pre-eminence; a pre-eminence founded on vast national resources, from which the government supplies itself at the call of vanity or ambition; and upon an extended commerce, covering every ocean and every sea, and furnishing employment to thousands of hardy seamen, who are forced at pleasure into the public service. The next marine in point of force and number is that of France. The great population and resources of that nation, and the extent of coast by which she is nearly surrounded, naturally adapt her to make a brilliant display of naval power. But her mercantile marine, the only true foundation of a military one, has been so crippled and kept under by the superior force and grasping character of her neighbour, that the large navy which she now possesses rather results from the determination of government to create one, than from the character and immediate interests of the nation. Spain, though even more adapted than Britain, by the happy union of great internal and external resources and means of development, to excel as a maritime power, and though but half a century since she was second only to the mistress of the seas, may now, thanks to the withering extension of priestcraft and despotism, eating like a cancer at the core of her greatness, be said to possess no marine whatever. Russia, with little commerce, is not yet without a formidable fleet, which, called into existence by the ambition of her emperors, may increase in power and rest on a more natural foundation, should she, while development is going on within, gain an extent of coast on the Mediterranean, and add the Greek seamen to the number of her subjects. Holland is still prominent among naval powers, excelling as formerly in the number and excellence of her ships, and in the skill, experience, and courage of her seamen. She owes her present comparative insignificance more to the development of her neighbours than to her own deterioration.

This brief view would have included, a few years since, all the maritime nations of the earth. But in the mean time a nation has sprung up in another hemisphere, destined ere long to become the chief of naval powers; we speak of this western world, and our own happy union. Already is our commercial marine second only to that of Britain; already do her statesmen calculate the time that must elapse before we can equal her; already do they point out to the period when the

sceptre of the seas shall depart from the hand that has so long wielded it in the spirit of tyranny and exclusion. It is true, that not only Britain, but several minor powers, exceed us in number and force of ships; but, as in every nation, the commercial marine is the true and only foundation of the military marine, so the extent of the one is the only true measure of the other. The sinews and muscles of naval war are not the less our own that we do not exercise them; when it shall be necessary to strike the blow, their force will assert itself. But it is not enough that the pugilist shall have strength of body, nor does it suffice that we possess the elements of naval power. They must be developed, concentrated, organised. Our merchant ships visit every corner of the world where there is water to float them, and our ships of war must follow to lend them protection, and enable them to pursue their occupations in peace. A dozen ships of the line, displaying the American ensign in the British Channel, would have protected our trade from beligerent spoliation, and saved us from the check which our national progress received, and the heavy debt which we contracted in the late war. We are, however, indebted to that event, for calling into existence the navy which we now possess. The few ships we sent to sea at its commencement, accomplished, indeed, more than could have been expected from so inconsiderable a force, and fairly fought their way into public favour. Their astonishing speed, and the active energy of their commanders, enabled them to harass the enemy in every sea; and, aided by a discipline never before equalled in any naval service, when they met an enemy of equal, or even slightly superior force, they were able to thunder forth their fire with a precision and rapidity that rendered a naval battle the affair of minutes instead of hours. Since the war, we have added greatly to the number of our ships, until now we could put to sea at short notice with a dozen ships of the line, the largest, noblest, and most efficient that ever went into battle. This is not merely an American conceit, but the acknowledgment of the whole world. We have preserved the exterior proportions of the most beautiful class of vessels in our ships of the line, which, while they present the level side, uniform outline, and perfect symmetry of frigates, for which they are often mistaken at sea, yet threaten an enemy with batteries of one hundred guns of a calibre hitherto unknown upon the ocean. We see no room for improvement in this important class of our ships, should there not soon occur another era in

naval war, by the introduction of a new agent more destructive than any now in use. We have not been so successful in the frigates and sloops which we have constructed since the war, as in our ships of the line. New models have been introduced with a view to improvement, and the result is, that while the best of the new frigates and corvettes are in no particular superior to the old ones, many of them are decidedly inferior in speed and beauty. We speak of beauty as an advantage, and we consider it so without doubt; for, independently of the fact that good looks and good qualities are almost invariably found together in ships, that attachment of officers to the vessel they sail in, which is so desirable, depends in no slight degree upon her beauty.

The era to which we allude, as capable of changing the system of naval war, and setting aside our ships of the line, is the introduction of bomb-cannon, or the practice of projecting boulders horizontally. It has been discovered that shells, or hollow shot, charged with combustible matter, may, with perfect ease, be projected in a right line from ordinary cannon, and that, consequently, they may not only be used from the land against ships, which the difficulty of striking when projected in a curve before prevented, but also in the ordinary naval battle between ship and ship. The frail character of these floating castles, too, renders them peculiarly assailable by this means of destruction. Experiments have been tried in various countries, and especially in France, to prove the practicability of this new mode, and the results, so far as we are acquainted with them, threaten the overthrow of the present method of naval warfare. Hollow shot, charged with combustibles, were fired from ordinary cannon into masses of timber bound more securely together than the most solid ship, and they were rent to pieces. Hulks prepared for the purpose were attacked in the same manner; when the shell failed to explode, it produced the same injury as an ordinary shot; if it entered a mast and there exploded, it shivered and overturned it with its whole system of yards and rigging; if it came through the side and lodged upon deck, its explosion scattered smoke, fire, and destruction on every side; if it lodged in the side and there exploded, the rent opened, if near the water, was such as to cause inevitable sinking. These facts, thus determined, have led naturally enough to various speculations as to the means of meeting the danger. There are two sides to a question of fighting, as to every other question; and when efficacious means of destruction

have been invented, it next becomes necessary to devise preventive means to obviate them. In this spirit we remember to have seen, several years ago, an article in the "French Review," in which the practicability was gravely discussed of defending ships from shell and shot of every kind, by means of bands of iron nailed upon the whole exterior surface. Should this idea be realized, ships of war would become so many cuirassiers afloat. We would suggest to the attention of the speculative, that since shot are harmless when they strike even a wooden surface at a certain angle, ships of war, instead of being wall-sided, might be made to *tumble out*, and continue increasing in beam from the surface of the water upwards, so as to give to their sides the angle that would deflect a cannon-ball. This would be the more feasible, if, as has been suggested by the speculators on the subject, the introduction of bomb-cannon should cause the abandonment of large ships, and the substitution of smaller ones; for, whilst a ship of the line offers many times the surface for attack that a sloop or a schooner does, her increased means of annoyance are not proportionate; ten bombs lodged in the side of a ship being as efficacious for her destruction as a hundred, a ship carrying ten guns becomes as formidable as one mounting ten times ten.

What we here give is only the result of experiments upon the other side of the ocean. We should like much to know if any thing has been done on this side. If the same experiments have produced the same results here, and proved conclusive as to an approaching change in naval war, would it not be the part of wisdom, instead of multiplying expensive constructions connected with an exploded or obsolescent system, to be beforehand, not only in introducing the new engine, but in preparing to meet and resist it? The advantage will attach to the first nation that adopts it, in the event of war; but cannot long remain peculiar. If the plea of humanity be in the way of its adoption, we answer, with the history of all ages to support us, that naval war has become less fatal to life as the means of destruction have become more effective and formidable. The slain at Salamis were more than those of Lepanto, and this last battle counted alone many times the added victims of the Nile, of Trafalgar, and Navarino. Besides, what has humanity to do with warfare? Is it from humanity that we mount guns of the heaviest possible calibre, from which we are prepared to shower round shot, grape, and canister—that we wield muskets, pistols, pikes, cutlasses, and tomahawks? Why did we so

strive, during the last war, to excel in rapidity of fire? And what, in fact, is any and every naval battle but a trial of powers of destruction? With us, indeed, the cause of resistance is the cause of humanity. Whatever may be the character of other governments, the genius of ours forbids any but a defensive war; and self-defence, among nations as among individuals, is equally legitimate and praiseworthy.

But to return to our ships; admitting their organization to be perfect, that of the officers and crews who sail them admits of great melioration. To begin afloat, as in duty bound, the first and most glaring defect that our system offers, is the want of the higher ranks found necessary in other countries, in every warlike force, whether naval or military. We lay no stress on the embarrassment and humiliation our commanders sustain on foreign stations, where they often come in contact with men of superior rank in command of inferior forces; nor of the crying injustice of allowing the faithful officer, after attaining the modest rank of captain in the prime of life, there to come to anchor and grow gray, until those who commenced their career under him as school-boy midshipmen shall have reached the same station, and become his equals. In descending to the subordinate officers, we think that we can still discover a want of proper gradation. To prove this, we will simply instance the fact, that the first lieutenant of a large ship, who has been fifteen or twenty years in service, is no-wise superior in rank, emoluments, and consideration, to the youngest lieutenant of a schooner, whose term of service may be but half as long. There requires, we consider, two gradations of lieutenants; those of the inferior one being called sub-lieutenants, or ensigns. These could do the duties of lieutenant in the smaller vessel, and of sailing-masters in all. The rank of masters should be allowed to extinguish itself. Few of our commanders receive willingly on board their ships any other masters than *passed* midshipmen, temporarily appointed to the station; well aware, as they are, that men taken from the command of merchant ships are, through age, habits, and education, ill calculated to harmonize with the regular officers. One important advantage of having the duties of master filled by officers in the line of promotion, is, that they are very improving, and calculated to cherish science among those who perform them. The establishment of the intermediate gradation of ensigns, too, by multiplying promotions, would diminish the present tedious probations of midship-

men, and tend to keep hope and ambition alive in the pursuit of a toilsome career. We can, however, give no reason so potent for the creation of this rank, as the fact, that it already exists in the present practice of giving increased pay and additional buttons to *passed* midshipmen, whereby they are invested with a sort of mongrel promotion. Much as we think this intermediate rank required, we do not see that positive necessity for it which exists for the creation of the higher ranks.

Of the various classes of officers into which our navy divides itself, there is none, however, that so urgently recommends itself to the solicitude of the country as that of midshipmen. It may be further said, that none can, by future results, so well reward the solicitude that may be bestowed upon it. The habits and characters of the older officers are already formed, and will admit only of slight modification; but midshipmen may be modified at pleasure. According to the existing system, their only education beyond the mere reading and writing they have learned of the school-madam, is picked up on board, so that if they acquire any thing in addition to the mere practice of the profession, it is owing, in the first place, to their own zeal and desire of improvement, and, as they grow older, and draw nigh the term of their probation, to the terrors of an approaching examination. Some may say that the practice of the profession is enough, and instance sundry hard fighters, who have known no more, to prove it. But our most meritorious officers, of every rank, are not of this opinion; and accordingly we find them acquainting themselves with the laws of nations, mastering the languages of those countries which they most frequently visit, and cultivating a taste for the sciences, and the study of that nature which presents herself to them in so many various and imposing forms. We conceive that a preparatory school ought to be established for the navy, similar to what the army possesses in the academy at West Point. In time of war, the navy is to fight our battles, to meet the danger at a distance upon the deep, and preserve our shores from the foot of the invader; surely the navy should not merely be brave, but skilled in all the arts and resources that decide the fate of battles; versed not only in whatever theory may suggest, but acquainted with all the expedients that have ever been resorted to in extremity of peril by the naval heroes of ancient and modern times. In seasons of peace, our friendly relations with the greatest powers of the earth are in no slight degree entrusted to the keeping of

our naval commanders; for it is only on the common highway that we come in contact with each other, and it is there that our interest and honour are most often brought into collision. No one, then, can deny that the happiness of our country is as much entrusted to the safeguard of the navy, as to the officers of the army.

Outriders of a naval academy are, that it should be established in some healthy, isolated situation, with the sea in sight, and constant opportunities of witnessing the manœuvres of arriving and departing ships. The age of admission might be twelve years, and the term of service four years, making the youths sixteen at the time of graduation; at this age, with their previous training, they would be able to serve some better purpose on ship-board than that of playthings for the older officers. The system of discipline should be rigid, yet paternal, under the superintendence of a most carefully selected officer. Mathematics would of course form the groundwork of their education; but we would not urge its pursuit beyond the point necessary to render intelligible the various problems of nautical astronomy, upon this would afterwards be raised the superstructure of physics, astronomy, navigation, naval architecture, and the theory of working ships. In connexion with these more solid studies, a knowledge of history, of the laws of nations, and of the rules of composition, should be acquired. The French and Spanish languages should be thoroughly taught by natives, and the more advanced classes should be able to understand lectures in both languages. An infusion of young men of French and Spanish parentage, from Louisiana and the Floridas, would greatly facilitate this most necessary acquisition. Drawing would be a highly useful accomplishment to naval officers. As for general literature, we would leave them to acquaint themselves with it hereafter, during the abundant leisure of their future profession, doing no more to cherish a taste for it than to provide a well-selected library, in which travels, naval chronicles, and whatever relates to the sea, should not be forgotten, and from which all idle books of a sickly and demoralizing character, such as form the chief mental nutriment of modern readers, should be most carefully excluded.

Nor would we be satisfied, as in most seminaries, with merely training the mind; we would bestow equal care upon the unfolding of the bodily powers, and strive to send each aspirer forth a perfect Lacedæmonian. No young man should wear a sword until he could wield it to some purpose in defence of life or honour. The

chief of our exercises, however, would be found in the manœuvres of a small ship; not moored in the mountains, as at Angoulême, nor planted upon dry land, or rather on the tops of trees, as at Amsterdam; but a real, moving, little live ship, that could lift her anchor and sail away at will. In such a ship, reefing, furling, steering, and all the manipulation, should be performed by the lads themselves. Each class should have its proper station; the junior class should do the hauling and deck-work; the next would know enough to become top-men; those who should have served a year longer would fill the stations of forecaddlesmen, petty officers, and helmsmen; the senior class, having learned a lesson of obedience and subordination in each succeeding gradation, would now in turn exact equal deference in the character of officers, and be stationed in various parts of the ship, each directing the efforts of his more youthful and less experienced gang; while one of this number would in rotation be invested with the command of the whole, under the ever-watchful eye of the superintendent. An allotted portion of every fine day might be employed in stripping or rigging ship, or in reefing and furling; one day in each week should be exclusively appropriated to a cruise round the harbour.

During at least one entire month of every year, we would set the whole school free from study, and keep the lads constantly embarked, organized, and stationed for evolutions and for battle, like the crew of a regular cruiser. In this interval we would not only have them reconnoitre the coast, and become pilots, but brave the ocean, visit various ports, and penetrate our noble rivers. We would not deny them the cordial attentions which their proud and admiring countrymen would hasten to tender to them, wherever they appeared; and we can conceive no vacation so delightfully spent as would be this of our young aspirants after naval glory. Seamanship, taught in the way that we thus suggest, would be taught most thoroughly; nothing would be left to accident, or individual ambition and desire of excellence, but every youth would be forced to become a seaman and an officer. We can see no reason for withholding the institution, which justice, not less to the navy than to the nation, claims from our legislators, but the plea of economy. To remove this, we would suggest that the lads should be clothed and rationed upon a regular system, at the public expense; parents would be happy enough to procure their children such an education on any terms, and as for the boys, they are quite as well without money. We might

find another source of economy in abolishing the expensive examinations, which now furnish a poor substitute for preparatory education.

It has been suggested, that, in the event of our having a naval academy, an observatory, for which we already possess the necessary instruments, should be connected with it, and the professors be constituted a board of longitude. The suggestion is an admirable one, and we would improve it by the additional idea, that the institution should contain a hydrographical *dépot*, for the collection and collation of charts, and for procuring, by correspondence with navigators, naval and mercantile, whatever information might conduce to perfect a knowledge of the coasts and waters of the navigable world. Science gains by concentration, and the neighbourhood of such pursuits would greatly tend to raise the standard of scientific excellence among the students of the academy. The nation which holds the second rank for extent of commerce and navigation, should not depend entirely for the most necessary calculations upon one that is already her rival, and may again become her enemy; nor be the only one to do nothing to improve nautical science, and diminish the dangers of the deep. Pride and policy alike forbid it.

When our navy shall be supplied with officers from an institution such as has been suggested, we may confidently look for some new accessions to the honourable reputation which it has already obtained for itself. One of the greatest benefits it would incur, would be found in the probation of mind and character which would take place at the academy, whereby those who are disqualified would be purged from the profession, and, instead of going on disgracing themselves as midshipmen, lieutenants, and superior officers, be arrested at the very threshold. The seeds of good being thus sown, and our young men thus prepared to run an honourable career; much might still be done after they entered upon the active exercise of the profession, by the care and solicitude of the commanders. We think there might be more sympathy between the commander and his officers. Especially do we think there should be, as we know there often is, something paternal in the government over the midshipmen. We think that every opportunity of improvement should be thrown in their way, by not only allowing them to visit the ports where their ship may be anchored, but encouraging them to make excursions into the interior, and bring away more definitive ideas of national manners and customs than can be gathered in a visit of a

few hours to the shore, the chief of which time is usually spent in the billiard-room. It is in the power of every commander to introduce his officers, everywhere, to the best society, and we can conceive no way so effectual of diverting them from destructive dissipation. The author of the "Naval Sketches" speaks very sensibly on this subject, in describing the occupations of our officers during their yearly wintering at Minorca.

Before we take leave of that part of our naval system which applies to the officers, we will avail ourselves of the occasion to express a few opinions upon the subject of their uniform. In all military corps, one of the most efficacious means for the support of discipline and concerted action, is a uniformity of dress. Harmonious appearance and the mere gratification of the eye are not its only advantages. It furnishes the means of distinguishing a peculiar set of men from all others, and, by preventing them from withdrawing themselves from the observation of their superiors, greatly increases their sense of amenableness. It abets the authority of those who order, and rivets the subservience of those who obey. The great essentials of a uniform dress we take to be perfect and decided uniformity, in connexion with plainness, cheapness, neatness, and durability. These essentials are in no particular attained by the present system. Our officers have now a dress so expensive and gaudy, and in such bad taste, that they are ashamed to wear it; and an undress, that is no dress at all. Both being lawful to be worn, some choose the one, and some the other, according to individual fancy; whilst others compromise matters by adopting a mean between both. Thus, a laced hat may sometimes be seen in connexion with a rolling-collared coat, nowise different from those worn by our citizens, except in a profusion of buttons. In fact, the undress naval uniform is a uniform exclusively of buttons; and nothing is more common than to see a coat, which has already done its owner good service in his peaceful character of citizen, during the interval of his cruises, by the aid of a few pounds of brass, transformed suddenly, upon the arrival of an order from Washington, into as pugnacious a campaigner as ever paraded a quarter-deck. The fashion of such an old servant, its velvet collar, or fan-tail skirt, can no more than faithful service save it from conscription.

We think that there should be one only uniform; which, whilst it should be characteristic and decided, should be at once neat, plain, cheap, and durable, entirely free from all lace and tinsel, to glitter for

a week, and then look dim and tarnished during the rest of the cruise. With this view, we suggest the substitution of a single-breasted coat of green or blue, to be worn buttoned in front, and free from cuffs, pocket-flaps, and other excrescences; a pantaloon of the same for winter, and of white for summer. The coat might be lined with buff or scarlet, and a rib of the same be carried down the outside seam of the pantaloon.† To these should be added half-boots, a plain cocked-hat, and a stout sword, for use as well as show, made on a uniform pattern at the government armories; it should be worn securely upon the hip, suspended from a concealed shoulder-strap. As for the trifling swords of every possible pattern, which now dangle at the heels of our officers, they are, in connexion with the general ignorance of their use, rather a danger than a protection. The only variation we would allow from this single uniform, should be that of round jackets, of similar cloth and fashion to the coat, and cloth foraging-caps.

A large double-breasted fatigue sur-tout, of the same colour, should relieve the whole family of plaid cloaks, upper benjamins, pea-jackets, and monkeys. This or some similar general system of uniform once established by order, we would compel all the officers, on all occasions, to dress in uniform or fatigues, in conformity to the temporary regulation of the commander. This authority is already exercised to produce uniformity in the appearance of the seamen, though no regulation of the service specifies their uniform; much more, then, may it be applied to the dress of the officers, whose dress is regulated, and with whom subordination should ever begin. We would have a uniform system running through the dress of the various ranks of officers, and reaching, to a certain extent, to the sailors, whose dress should also be regulated; the superior officers should be distinguished from their inferiors, less by superior glitter, than by the quality of their epaulettes, or some minute ornament, obvious rather to their own corps than to a stranger or an enemy. Nelson lost his life at Trafalgar by the conspicuousness of his uniform. We think this subject worthy of

attention, not merely because it has much to do with the appearance and display of our navy; but because it might always affect its efficacy; and because a neat uniform would, among the younger officers, do much to cherish in them a love and pride of profession.

Let us now consider what room there may be for improvement in the organization of the most numerous class of our navy, the class of inferiors. In the first place, then, we consider the abolition of the marine-corps absolutely necessary to the efficiency and harmony of our ships. The marine-corps was adopted in our navy with the rest of the system which we copied from Britain, although the reason of its institution did not apply to us; it having been originally instituted in order that the officers might avail themselves of the aversion existing between the seamen and soldiers, to make themselves a bulwark of bayonets in the event of mutiny, so likely to result from the vexatious irksomeness of a compelled and hopeless servitude. The voluntary enrolment and regular discharge of our seamen entirely remove this danger from among us; so that we do not derive from the marine-corps the advantages which led to its institution, whilst we are fully exposed to all its inconveniences. Soldiers, when embarked, whilst they are more in the way than an equal number of seamen, are either of no use for the ordinary duties of the ship, or else, in becoming useful, they lose entirely their distinctive character, and cease to be more of soldiers than the seamen among whom they become mingled.

The marine-corps abolished, or, at least, its unnatural connexion with our ships severed, it would be easy to introduce a more perfect and harmonious organization among the crew. Nothing would be easier, if necessary, than to have all the men trained to the use of the musket, and qualified to act on shore in defence of the coast, without the danger of dispersing. But the great object of rendering them effective at sea would be perfectly attained by enlisting them for a particular ship, with the right of transfer, and in all cases for the duration of the cruise. This arrangement would save our commanders the infinite embarrassment which often results from the expiration of the term for which their crews have entered. No men are greater sticklers for the letter of the law than seamen; and when thus illegally detained beyond their time, they often become discontented, and the commander must either yield a portion of his authority, or resort to a harshness of discipline, which the circumstances render as unpleasant as

† The two colours being equal in other respects, we should prefer the green, because it is not worn by the navy of any other nation, and would, therefore, be more characteristic. We may perhaps owe our readers an apology for thus marring the dignity of the critic page with a dissertation upon buttons and broadcloth; but stateliness, grandiloquence, and generalization, would be alike thrown away upon such a subject, and we had only to choose between not speaking at all, and speaking specifically.

It is unjust. To obviate the dread of an unlimited term of service, which might deter seamen from entering for the cruise, care should be taken that no cruise exceed three years; a term already sufficiently prolonged. In entering a crew, we would not allow them to enter for any particular rank or wages; but would classify them according to their merits when embarked, awarding the stations of petty-officers to those who should possess recommendations for having faithfully filled those stations in other ships, and retaining the power to promote, through all the various gradations of boys, ordinary seamen, seamen, and petty-officers, according to individual merit and good behaviour. We do not think that the boat-swain, gunner, carpenter, and sail-maker, should be warrant officers, but entered like the rest of the crew, and equally subject to promotion and degradation. These offices are best filled by individuals temporarily appointed, and liable to removal at the pleasure of the commander; while those who have warrants, having no hope of going higher, and no immediate fear of descending lower, lose all ambition. Moreover, they would furnish to the whole crew, when within their reach, a powerful motive to emulation and excellence. Finally, we would not receive a single individual into our ships who was not a native-born American. But under the present system of discipline, and whilst there is danger of being for ever degraded by the stroke of the lash, American seamen, or, at all events, the better class of them, will not enter the service of their country. That system which deters Americans from serving their country, and forces us to receive a large proportion of foreigners as the only alternative, must be false, cannot be permanent, and, therefore, demands of legislative wisdom (we do not appeal to humanity), an immediate reformation.

Our naval system, as we have already seen, was received from Britain. Her sailors, forced into her navy like slaves, and forming at least one excepted class from the boasted spirit of universal emancipation, could of course only be controlled by the same bodily compulsion by which they were kidnapped and deprived of their liberty. Though voluntary enrolment was at once substituted among us for compulsion, the lash, which was its counterpart, was most inconsistently retained. Hence the more worthy of our seamen were excluded from the public service, except when out of employment in time of war or embargo; and of course it was compelled to supply itself from among the less scrupulous; out of whom and the fo-

reigners, who entered extensively, a class was formed and perpetuated of degraded individuals, who have rendered the name of man-of-war's men a stigma, and who, accustomed to obey no law but that of brute compulsion, are still kept in order only by the means of their degradation.

The navy, in point of ease of labour, quality of food, and the chance which long voyages offer for accumulation (to which sailors, however quickly they may spend their money, are not indifferent, as may be seen by their making long voyages in the merchant service, at reduced wages;) the pleasures to be derived in it from a numerous society and stated leisure; its festivities, music, dancing, *esprit de corps*, pride of ship, and all its multiplied means of enjoyment, holds out strong inducement to seamen; all, however, counteracted among the less corrupt by the terrors of the lash. Take away these terrors, and our best seamen will enter in abundance. Associate with them a large number of youths, alike unimpaired in character and constitution, and these, cherished by their officers, and ambitious to excel, will soon become skilful seamen. Seamanship is incomparably more perfect in the navy, and it will, therefore, be easy to send these young men forth more perfect, than if they had been reared in the merchant service. Hence, then, instead of being indebted to the merchant service for seamen, whom we send back corrupted, and only susceptible of being kept in order by naval discipline, to mutiny, and cause the miscarriage of voyages, we should furnish it with seamen equally distinguished for skill and habits of subordination.

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

Ye ever eloquent rills—ye lonely ways
That lead, I know not whither—ye fair flowers,
Rich with the sunlight which the summer
showers
Into your breasts through all her gladsome days—
Ye many-voiced birds—ye clouds that sail
O'er heaven's unrocky sea—ye caverns wild,
By Nature's own resistless hands up-piled,
'Mid you I wander free, and bid ye hail!
Feeling a reverence deeper far than leads
The sage to linger in the ruin'd dome,
Where men, by time made sacred, had their
home—
Time, which conceals both good and evil deeds.
Not man, but God, was, and is always here,
Filling the sinless scene with glory far and near!

The Amulet.

CURIOUS FACTS RELATIVE TO MIND.

[Dr. Abercrombie's book,[†] though chiefly addressed to readers of his own profession, the object of it being to ascertain and illustrate the manner in which the manifestations of mind are affected by diseases of those bodily organs, by which it holds intercourse with external things, especially the brain, contains much of an interesting nature for general readers. The following extracts are of this description.]

CONNEXION OF THE BRAIN WITH THE THINKING PRINCIPLE.

It is necessary that we should refer briefly to the remarkable instances in which the brain has been extensively diseased without the phenomena of mind being impaired in any sensible degree. This holds true both in regard to the destruction of each individual part of the brain, and likewise to the extent to which the cerebral mass may be diseased or destroyed. In another work I have mentioned various cases which illustrate this fact in a very striking manner; particularly in the case of a lady, in whom one half of the brain was reduced to a mass of disease, but who retained all her faculties to the last, except that there was an imperfection of vision, and had been enjoying herself at a convivial party in the house of a friend, a few hours before her death. A man, mentioned by Dr. Ferrier, who died of an affection of the brain, retained all his faculties entire till the very moment of his death, which was sudden. On examining his head, the whole right hemisphere, that is, one half of his brain, was found destroyed by suppuration. In a similar case, recorded by Diemerbroeck, half a pound of matter was found in the brain; and in one by Dr. Heberden, there was half a pound of water. A man mentioned by Mr. O'Halaran suffered such an injury on the head, that a large portion of the bone was removed on the right side; and extensive suppuration having taken place, there was discharged at each dressing, through the opening, an immense quantity of matter mixed with large masses of the substance of the brain. This went on for seventeen days, and it appears that nearly one half of the brain was thrown out mixed with the matter; yet the man retained all his intellectual faculties to the very moment of dissolution; and, through the whole course of the disease, his mind maintained uniform tranquillity. To these remarkable histories may be added the very interest-

ing one related by Mr. Marshall. It is that of a man who died with a pound of water in his brain, after having been long in a state of idiocy, but who, a very short time before death, became perfectly rational.

BYSTANDER'S POWER OF REGULATING DREAMS.

To this part of the subject are to be referred some remarkable cases in which, in particular, individuals' dreams can be produced by whispering into their ears when they are asleep. One of the most curious as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers: I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them. The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree; that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and, when the people were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awaked by the report. On another occasion, they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but, at the same time, increased his fears, by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was, that, after these experiments, he had no

[†] Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, &c. By John Abercrombie, M.D. Edinburgh, Waugh, 1830.

distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure that he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar is related in "Smith's Natural History," the subject of which was a medical student at the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has been observed in dreams which are excited by a noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the person, and produces a dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been related to me:—A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with that report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awaked him. The same want of the notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman, who, after sleeping in a damp place, was, for a long time, liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and, after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion, he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES IN DREAMS.

The following anecdotes I am enabled to give as entirely authentic:—A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hur-

ried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire—which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on farther investigation, a stroug knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned, along with some young companions, with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Frith of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to give up his engagement—his companions went, and were all drowned. Such coincidences derive their wonderful character from standing alone, and apart from those numerous instances in which such dreams take place without any fulfilment. An instance of a very singular kind is mentioned by Mr. Joseph Taylor, and is given by him as an undoubted fact. A young man, who was at an academy a hundred miles from home, dreamt that he went to his father's house in the night, tried the front door, but found it locked; got in by a back-door, and finding nobody out of bed, went directly to the bed-room of his parents. He then said to his mother, whom he found awake, "Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good bye." On this she answered, under much agitation, "Oh, dear me, thou art dead!" He instantly awoke, and thought no more of his dream, until, a few days after, he received a letter from his father, inquiring very anxiously after his health, in consequence of a frightful dream his mother had on the same night in which the dream now mentioned occurred to him. She dreamt that she heard some one attempt to open the front door, then go to the back-door, and at last come into her bedroom. She then saw it was her son, who came to the side of her bed, and said, "Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good bye:" on which she exclaimed, "Oh, dear me, thou art dead!" But nothing unusual happened to any of the parties;—the singular dream must have arisen from some strong mental impression which had been made on both the individuals about the same time; and to have traced the source of it, would have been a matter of great interest.

THE PLEASURES OF MADNESS.

A remarkable peculiarity in many cases of insanity, is a great rapidity of mind and activity of conception—tendency to seize rapidly upon incidental or practical relations of things—and often a fertility of imagination, which changes the character of the mind, sometimes without remark-

ably distorting it. The memory, in such cases, is entire, and even appears more ready than in health; and old associations are called up with a rapidity quite unknown to the individual in his sound state of mind. A gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Willis, who was liable to periodical attacks of insanity, said that he expected the paroxysms with impatience, because he enjoyed, during them, a high degree of pleasure. "Every thing appeared easy to me—no obstacles presented themselves, either in theory or practice. My memory acquired all of a sudden a singular degree of perfection. Long passages of Latin authors occurred to my mind. In general, I have great difficulty in finding rhythmical terminations, but then I could write verses with as great facility as prose."—"I have often," says Penil, "stopped at the chamber door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appeared to soar above the mediocrity of intellect that was peculiar to him, solely to admire his newly acquired powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the revolution with all the force, the dignity, and the purity of language, that this very interesting subject could admit of. At other times, he was a man of very ordinary abilities."

PERSONS MOST LIABLE TO INSANITY.

Insanity is in a large proportion of cases, to be traced to hereditary predisposition, and this is often so strong, that no prominent moral cause is necessary for the production of the disease, and probably no moral treatment would have any effect in preventing it. We must, however, suppose, that where a tendency to insanity exists, there may be, in many cases circumstances in mental habits, or mental discipline, calculated either to favour, or to counteract the tendency. Insanity frequently commences with a state, in which particular impressions fix themselves upon the mind, in a manner entirely disproportioned to their true relations, and in which these false impressions fail to be corrected by the judgment comparing them with other impressions, or with external things. In so far as mental habits may be supposed to favour or promote such a condition, this may be likely to result from allowing the mind to wander away from the proper duties of life, or to luxuriate amid scenes of the imagination, and permitting mental emotions, of whatever kind, to be excited in a manner disproportioned to the true relations of the objects which give rise to them. Habits of mental application must also exert a

great influence; and we certainly remark a striking difference between those who are accustomed merely to works of imagination and taste, and those whose minds have been rigidly exercised to habits of calm and severe inquiry. A fact is mentioned by Dr. Connolly, which, if it shall be confirmed by farther observation, would lead to some most important reflections. He states, that it appears, from the registers of the Bicetre, that maniacs of the more educated classes consist almost entirely of priests, artists, painters, sculptors, poets, and musicians; while no instance, it is said, occurs of the disease in naturalists, physicians, geometers, or chemists.

HOME, COUNTRY, ALL THE WORLD.†

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

We love our native home, our native place, our native province, our native land. There is a peculiar and distinct kind of attachment belonging to each of these relationships; but patriotism is the bond of the whole; and he who loves his country, loves his home and all between. But at home, and in our country, this sentiment, like the light of heaven and the air we breathe, is so familiar, that we are scarcely conscious of its presence; unless reflection be powerfully awakened to it by the return of some national or domestic occasion on which we are wont to felicitate ourselves, and those who are dear to us, on *this* cause of so much of our mutual felicity. In a strange land, it is far otherwise; the smallest incident there that reminds us of what we have loved from our childhood, and left perhaps for ever, touches the finest springs of affection; and the sight of a flower, the sound of a voice, the cast of a countenance, the colour of a garment, the air of a song, may electrify both nerve and spirit, and quicken emotions more deeply transporting than have ever been inspired by the scenes and enjoyments themselves, which are thus overwhelmingly renewed. The pleasures of memory are sometimes, though seldom, more lively than the pleasures of hope, but they are always more defined; and the certainty that we "have been blest," is something still in possession, which a wise man would not ex-

† From the *Amulet* for 1831.

change for the unreal-reversion of blessings to come, in the precarious contingencies of life. The farther, too, that we are removed from the time and the place of our earliest and sweetest associations, the more they are endeared to us, and the oftener recollected. The very sadness which accompanies the remembrance of "departed joys," makes them a thousand times more exquisite. Man is so little of a hermit by nature; that he runs out of the desolate island of himself to seek social existence in the hearts of his fellows; and though his happiness must ever begin and end in his own bosom, there is ample room within range of his affections to embrace the whole species. Next, however, to his kindred and friends, his neighbours, and then his countrymen, claim the warmest share of his spontaneous—nay, rather his involuntary, esteem; for it bursts out so naturally, suddenly, instinctively, that he can hardly say he has any choice, or will, or power, in the matter. With these, according to circumstances, especially in countries where both are aliens, he cannot help forming new, and often intimate, connexions. It is wonderful, as well as amusing, to observe how unexpectedly meeting even in a neighbouring country, attracts stragglers, who are unknown, or indifferent to each other, at home. Two persons from the same village or town, who never speak when they pass in the street, coming together at the other end of the kingdom, exchange salutations almost before they are aware, and each is right glad to ask or answer, that all friends at — are well. Two Englishmen, though the one be from Berwick-on-Tweed, and the other from Penzance, suddenly encountering on the banks of the river of the Amazons, would exult in the desert as if a brother had found a brother. Two Europeans, though one were a German, and the other a Welshman, would shake hands like "auld acquaintance," and vent their joy in gutturals which neither could understand, were they to start out of a forest, face to face, in the heart of Japan. Two inhabitants of this earth, though one were a Chinese and the other a Parisian, lighting at once on the *terra firma* of the planet Jupiter, would see all the world in each other's countenances, and inquire as eagerly for tidings from any quarter of it, as if there were not a speck on its surface which was not comprised in the country, ay, in the home, of each.

THE SITKA ISLANDERS, &c.

[The following extracts are from Captain Kotzebue's "New Voyage round the World," a work pregnant with interesting detail. The first contains a picture, a most disgusting one truly, of the features of Sitka, on which island is the New Archangel, the principal settlement of the Russian-American Company.]

THE SITKA ISLANDERS.

THE Sitka islanders, who are called Kalushes, as well as their neighbours on the continent, are large and strongly built, but have their limbs so ill-proportioned, that they all appear deformed. Their black straight hair hangs dishevelled over their broad faces, their cheek-bones stand out, their noses are wide and flat, their mouths large, their lips thick, their eyes small, black, and fiery, and their teeth strikingly white. Their natural colour is not very dark; but they appear much more so than is natural to them, from the custom of smearing themselves daily over the face and body with ochre and a sort of black earth. Immediately after the birth, the head of the child is compressed, to give it what they consider a fine form, in which the eyebrows are drawn up, and the nostrils stretched asunder. In common with many other nations, they tear the beard out by the roots as soon as it appears. This is the business of the women. Their usual clothing consists of a little apron; but the rich wear blankets, purchased from the Russians, or from the American ships, and tied by two corners round the neck, so that they hang down and cover the back. Some of them wear bear-skins in a similar manner. The most opulent possess some European garments, which they wear on great occasions, and which would have an absurd effect, were they not so disgusting as to extinguish all inclination to laugh. They never cover the head but in heavy rain, and then protect it by round caps of grass, so ingeniously and closely plaited as to exclude every drop of water. Whatever the degree of heat or cold, they never vary their costume; and I believe there is not a people in the world so hardened against the weather. In the winter, during a cold of 10 deg. of Reaumur, the Kalushes walk about naked, and jump into the water as the best method of warming themselves. At night they lie without any covering under the open sky, near a great fire—so near, indeed, as to be sometimes covered by the hot ashes. The women whom I have seen were either dressed in linen shifts reaching to their feet, or in plaited mats. The custom, common to both sexes, of painting their

faces in broad, black, white, and red stripes, crossed in all directions, gives them a peculiarly wild and savage appearance. Although this painting is quite arbitrary, and subject to no exact rules, the different races distinguish each other by it. To give the face a yet more insane cast, their long, hanging, tangled hair is mixed with the feathers of the white eagle. When powdered and painted in this way, the repulsiveness of the Kalush women, by nature excessively ugly, may be imagined; but they have a method of still farther disfiguring themselves. As soon as they are nearly marriageable, an incision is made in the under-lip, and a bone passed through it, which is exchanged from time to time for a thicker one, that the opening may be continually widened. At length a sort of double button, of an oval form, called a *kaluga*, which, among the people of rank, is often four inches long, and three broad, is forced in so as to make the under-lip stand forward thus much in a horizontal direction, and leave the lower teeth quite bare. The outer rim of the lip surrounding the wooden button becomes, by the violent stretching, as thin as a packthread, and of a dark blue colour. In running, the lip flaps up and down, so as to knock sometimes against the nose. Upon the continent the *kaluga* is worn still larger; and the female who can cover her whole face with her under-lip passes for the most perfect beauty. Men and women pierce the gristle of the nose, and stick quills, iron rings, and all kinds of ornaments, through it. In their ears, which are also pierced in many places, they wear strings of bones, muscle-shells, and beads. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the hideousness of these people when their costume is thus complete; but the lips of the women, held out like a trough, and always filled with saliva stained with tobacco-juice, of which they are immoderately fond, is the most abominably revolting spectacle. The Kalushes have no fixed residence, but hover round the coast in their large canoes, which they call the women's, carrying all their property with them. When they fix upon any spot for their temporary establishment, they build a hut with great celerity, having all the materials at hand. They drive a number of stakes into the ground in a quadrangular form, fill the interstices with thin planks, and roof in the whole with the bark of trees. With such a building they are satisfied: in the severest winter the family sit in a circle, carrying on their several employments round a fire in the centre. The interior displays as much filthiness as if the inhabitants belonged to the dirtiest class of

the brute creation. The smoke—the stench of bad fish and blubber—the repulsive figures of the women, disgustingly occupied in seeking for vermin on the heads or skins of the men, and actually eating them when found; the great utensil for the service of the whole family, which is also the only vessel capable of containing water to wash with; all this soon drives the most inquisitive European out of so detestable a den. Their food, sufficiently disgusting in itself, is rendered still more so by their manner of eating. It consists almost exclusively of fish of which the whale is the chief favourite, and its blubber an especial dainty. This is sometimes cooked upon red-hot stones, but more commonly eaten raw. The skins of the sea-otters form their principal wealth, and are a substitute for money; these they barter with the ships which trade with them, to the prejudice of the Russian Company, for muskets, powder, and lead. No Kalush is without one musket at least, of which he perfectly understands the use. The richer a Kalush is, the more powerful he becomes; he has a multitude of wives, who bring him a numerous family; and he purchases male and female slaves, who must labour and fish for him, and strengthen his force when engaged in warfare. These slaves are prisoners of war, and their descendants; the master's power over them is unlimited, and he even puts them to death without scruple. When the master dies, two of his slaves are murdered on his grave, that he may not want attendance in the other world: these are chosen long before the event occurs, but meet the destiny that awaits them very philosophically. The continual wars which the different races carry on against each other, with a ferocious cruelty uncommon even among savages, may account for the scanty population of this district; the fire-arms with which, to their own misfortune, they have been furnished by the American ships, have contributed to render their combats more bloody, and consequently to cause renewed and increased irritation. Bows and arrows were formerly their only weapons; now, besides their muskets, they have daggers, and knives half a yard long. They never attack their enemies openly, but fall suddenly upon them in moments of the utmost fancied security. The hope of booty, or of taking a prisoner, is a sufficient motive for one of these treacherous attacks, in which they practise the greatest barbarities; hence the Kalushes, even in time of peace, are always on their guard. They establish their temporary abodes on spots in some measure fortified by nature, and

commanding an extensive view on all sides. During the night the watch is confided to women, who, assembled round a fire outside the hut, amuse themselves by recounting the warlike deeds of their husbands and sons. Domestic occupations, even the most laborious, are also left to females; the men employing themselves only in hunting, and building their canoes. The slaves are required to assist the women, who often treat them in a most merciless manner. The females take an active part in the wars; they not only stimulate the valour of the men, but even support them in the battle. Besides the desire of booty, the most frequent occasion of warfare is revenge. One murder can only be atoned by another; but it is indifferent whether the murderer or one of his relations fall—the custom merely requires a man for a man; should the murdered person be a female, a female is required in return. A case which would appear inconceivable has actually occurred—that one of these most disgusting creatures has occasioned a struggle similar to that for the fair Helen, and an advantageous peace has been obtained by the cession of one of these monsters. The Kalush, who would probably look coldly on our most lovely females, finds his filthy countrywomen, with their lip-trongs, so charming, that they often awaken in him the most vehement passion. In proof of this, I remember an occurrence which took place, during our residence in Sitka, among a horde of Kalushes, who had encamped in the vicinity of the fortress. A girl had four lovers, whose jealousy produced the most violent quarrels: after fighting a long time without any result, they determined to end the strife by murdering the object of their love, and the resolution was immediately executed with their lances. The whole horde assembled round the funeral pile, and chanted a song, a part of which was interpreted by one of our countrymen, who had been long resident here:—"Thou wast too beautiful—thou couldst not live—men looked on thee, and madness fired their hearts!" The dead of this people are burned, and their ashes preserved in small wooden boxes, in buildings appropriated to that purpose. They have a confused notion of immortality, and this is the only trace of religion which appears among them. They have neither priests, idols, nor any description of worship, but they place great faith in witchcraft; and the sorcerers, who are also their physicians, are held in high estimation, though more feared than loved. These sorcerers profess to heal the sick by conjurations of the wicked spirit; they are, however, ac-

quainted with the medicinal properties of many herbs, but carefully conceal their knowledge as a profitable mystery.

AUDACITY OF THE BEARS—AN INTERESTING PAIR OF SWALLOWS

The following anecdote evinces the hardihood of the Kamtschatka bears. Fish, which form their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves from the rivers, was last year excessively scarce. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court: the bear smelt to it and burned his nose; provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burnt himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor bruin was soon dispatched by shots from the windows. He has, however immortalised his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's people; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, "they call him the bear with the tea-kettle."

In the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul there is sufficient depth of water close to the shore to admit of landing by means of a plank only. This proximity led a pair of swallows to mistake our frigate for a building upon terra firma, and, to the infinite delight of the sailors, who regarded it as a lucky omen, they deliberately built themselves a nest close to my cabin. Undisturbed by the noise in the ship, the loving pair hatched their brood in safety, fed their young ones with the tenderest care, and cheered them with joyous songs. But when on a sudden they saw their peaceful dwelling removing from the land, they seemed astonished, and hovered anxiously about the ship, yet still fetched food for their young from the shore, till the distance became too great. The struggle between the instincts of self-preservation and parental love then became perceptible. They flew round the vessel, then vanished for awhile, then suddenly returned to their hungry family, and stretching their open beaks towards them, seemed to lament that no food was to be found. This alternate disappearing

and returning continued some time, and terminated in the parents returning no more; the sailors then took on themselves the care of the deserted orphans. They removed them from the nest where the parent's warmth was necessary, to another lined with cotton, and fixed in a warm place, and fed them with flies, which seemed to please their palates very well. The system at first appeared to have perfectly succeeded, and we were in hopes of carrying them safely to America; when, in spite of the most careful attention, they fell sick, and on the eighth day, to the general sorrow, not one of our nurslings remained alive. They, however, afforded an additional proof how kindly the common people of Russia are interested in all that is helpless.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

AN EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

By the Author of "Lillian."

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wae or witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years—years ago—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly;—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I felt in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the county ball—
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet, in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing.
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—oh, heaven! her dancing!

Dark was her hair; her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Slight night and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of dangles, or of dancing bears;
Of battles, or the last new bonnets,
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me—it matter'd not a fiddle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmur'd Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday journal;
My mother laugh'd: I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frown'd: but how should you
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord lieutenant of the county.

But titles, and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations!
Black eyes, full forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catalani jealous;
She touch'd the organ, I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories:
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft notes to Julia's cockatoo,
Pierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite ador'd;
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many, just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming haud; and, oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little sniver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after;—
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For, in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the Ball-Room's Belle,
But only Mrs. Something Rogers.

Literary Souvenir,

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE.†

A TRUE STORY, BY MISS WINTFORD.

ABOVE half a century ago—for to such a date does my little story refer—Red Lion Square, was accounted a graceful if not fashionable place of residence, and numbered amongst its inhabitants, some of the principal London attorneys—solicitors was not the phrase in those days—to whom its vicinity to the Inns of Court rendered that neighbourhood particularly convenient. Amongst the most respectable of these respectable persons, was Mr. Mordaunt, a widower with five children, whose mingled strength and kindness of character rendered him the very man to educate and bring out his motherless family; just as the union of acuteness and integrity, for which he was distinguished in his profession of life, had placed him deservedly at the head of one of the most flourishing firms in the metropolis. He was not rich, for he had begun the world with nothing but industry and talent, had married a lady in the same predicament with himself, and had preferred giving his children the inalienable possession of an excellent education, to the accumulation of money for their immediate portions; but in the prime of life with an excellent income, and still brighter prospects, he lived as became a man of liberal habits and elegant tastes; and generous, both from temper and principle, refused no indulgences to his family, except such as appeared to him inconsistent with their station, or with that wise and liberal economy which is as essential, perhaps even more so to the affluent, as to the poor.

The young people were all of high promise. The eldest, Charles, a youth of extraordinary ability, bringing up to the law, was on the point of leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself greatly and had recently been entered at the Temple. George the second son was in his father's office; and of the three daughters, Catherine, the elder, a girl of eighteen, was eminently pretty; Sarah, two years younger and less handsome, had something of her brother Charles's talent; and little Barbara, the pet and plaything of the whole house was that charming creature—a lively and good-humoured spoilt child. One evening in July this amiable family were assembled in the drawing-room.

Mr. Mordaunt was writing a letter at one table; his eldest daughter working, or to use her brother's phrase, flourishing an apron at another, the young men were

lounging at the windows; and Bob (for the dignity of that aristocratic name, so often seen in the portage, and so seldom elsewhere, was in this young lady's case sadly pretermitted—the very housemaid who dressed her called her Miss Bob) was playing with her doll on the floor.

Sarah's employment was different from the rest. She was standing at the harpsichord, busied in arranging, in China vases, a quantity of flowers with which it was strewn, and which had just arrived from a small country house, which Mr. Mordaunt called his farm, on Enfield Chase. With intuitive taste Sarah had put the honeysuckles, so pretty by themselves and which mix so ill with gayer flowers, in a large jar on the centre of the mantelpiece, flanking it with a smaller pot filled with white Provence roses—so elegant and delicate among their own green leaves—on one side, and some of the roses called the maiden's blush on the other; while the rest of the old fashioned bean-pot, pinks, lilies, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and sweet peas, she gathered together in a large China bowl, and deposited on the harpsichord between a pile of music-books and a guitar-case.

"How I wish these flowers had arrived before poor Mrs. Sullivan went away!" exclaimed Sarah. "She seemed so out of spirits—poor woman!—and some of these beautiful flowers would have comforted her and done her good; at least," added she, seeing her elder brother smile and shake his head, "I am sure they would always have cheered me, let me be as melancholy as I might; and she is as fond of them as I am, and was always used to them in her father's fine garden."

"Kindness must always do good under any form my dear Sarah," observed her father looking up from his letter, "but I fear poor Mrs. Sullivan's depression is too deeply-seated to be touched by your pretty remedy, and that any thing which reminds her of her father's house is more likely to increase than remove her dejection."

"Mr. Darrell; then continues implacable?" inquired Charles with much interest—"Yes," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "and I fear will remain so. I am writing to him now in his daughter's behalf, but I have no hope from the result. He sent for my partner yesterday to make his will, evidently to avoid my importunity in favour of these unfortunate Sullivans. Her elopement was a most foolish act—a wrong, a foolish act; but ten years of penitence and suffering might have softened my old friend towards his only child, and one who, spoilt by indulgence, and her own position in society—a beauty and an heiress—can so ill support the

† From the Amulet for 1831.

penury and neglect under which she now languishes."—"Was she beautiful?" asked Catherine: "I see no remains of former loveliness."—"She is much changed," answered Charles; "but even I can remember her a most splendid woman. She had the presence and air of a queen. Poverty and her father's displeasure have wrought this change in her," and perhaps her husband's death."

"Chiefly want of money," observed Mr. Mordaunt, sealing and directing his letter. She had pretty well got over the loss of Captain Sullivan. "Want of money is the pressing evil."—"I wish I were as rich as Mr. Darrell!" cried Sarah; and then she blushed and stopped, adding, in a hesitating voice, "what a pity it is that good wishes can do no real good."

"Except to the wisher, Sarah," replied her father; "the slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thought and noble feeling. Cherish kind wishes my children; for a time may come when you may be enabled to put them in practice. In the mean time," added he, in a gayer tone, "tell me if you were all very rich, what you would wish for yourselves—for your own gratification, ladies and gentlemen."

"Oh papa," exclaimed Sarah, "a great library!"

"And I," said Miss Bab, from the floor, "I'd have a great doll."

"I'd go to Italy," said Charles.

"I to Oxford," said his brother.

"And I to Ranelagh," said Catherine, laughing. "In the mean time," added she, as the footmen—it being now six o'clock, for they had dined at the usual hour of three—brought in the tea equipage, followed by the silver kettle and lamp:—"in the meantime, we may as well go to tea, and afterwards take a walk in Gray's Inn Garden, as we meant to do, for the evening is beautiful, and my new hat is just come home."

About two months after, the same party, with the exception of Mr. Mordaunt, were assembled at nearly the same hour in a very different scene. They were then passing the long vacation at the farm, and it being Bab's birth-day, had adjourned to the root-house, a pretty rustic building at the end of the garden, to partake of fruit and cakes, and a syllabub from the cow, which the delighted little girl herself had been permitted to compound, under the direction and superintendence of the house-keeper. It was a scene beautiful in itself and full of youthful enjoyment. The somewhat sombre root-house, with its gothic painted windows, its projecting

thatch, supported by rough pillars clothed with ivy, clematis, passion-flowers, virgin-in-the-bowers, looked out on a garden, gay with holly-hocks, balsams, China-asters, marigolds, the rich scarlet geranium, and the sweet marvel of Peru. The evening sun gleamed brightly around, and alone on the old farm-house, whose casement windows peeped through a clambering vine, beneath which stood Catherine blooming as Hebe, catching in a wicker basket, the large bunches of grapes which her younger brother, with one foot on a ladder, and one on the steep roof of the house, threw down to her and Charles, who was at once steadying the ladder and directing the steps of the adventurous gatherer. Little Bab, the heroine of the day, was marching in great state down a broad gravel walk, leading from the house to the root-house, preceding a procession consisting of the footman, with a tray of jingling glasses—the housekeeper, bearing the famous syllabub, her own syllabub—and the housemaid, well laden with fruit and cakes. Sarah, faithful to her flowers, was collecting an autumn nosegay, partly as an offering to Miss Barbara—partly for her father, whose return from town, whither he had been summoned on business, was anxiously expected by them all. Just as the gay young party were collected together in the root-house, Mr. Mordaunt arrived. He was in mourning, and although receiving with kindness Sarah's offering of flowers, and Bab's bustling presentation of a glass of syllabub, which the little lady of the day insisted on filling herself, was evidently serious, pre-occupied, almost agitated. He sat down without speaking, throwing his hat upon the table, and pushing away Catherine's guitar, which had been brought thither purposely to amuse him. He had even forgotten it was Bab's birth-day, until reminded of it by the child herself, who clambered upon his knees, put her arms round his neck, and demanded clamorously that her dear papa should kiss her and wish her joy. He then kissed her tenderly, uttered a fervent benediction on her, and on all his children, and relapsed into his former silence and abstraction. At length he said, "My sadness saddens you, my dear boys and girls, but I am just come from a very solemn scene, from Mr. Darrell's funeral."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Charles, with much emotion, "I did not even know that he was dead."—"Nor I till I reached London yesterday," returned Mr. Mordaunt.

"Poor, poor Mrs. Sullivan," cried Sarah: "did her father forgive her before he died?"

"He sent her his forgiveness on his

bed—an unspeakable comfort!—but still his angry will remains unrevoked. She and her children are starving, whilst his immense fortune descends to one unconnected by blood or alliance, or any tie save that of an old friendship. After a few trifling legacies to friends and servants, I am left residuary legatee. The property is large my children; larger, perhaps, than with your moderate views and limited expectations you can readily apprehend. You may be rich, even beyond the utmost grasp of your wishes, and Catherine may revel in innocent amusement, and Charles in tasteful travel; college, with all its advantages, is open to his brother; Sarah may have endless books, and Barbara endless dolls; luxury, splendour, gaiety, and ambition, are before ye—the trappings of grandeur or the delights of lettered ease; ye may be rich, my children, beyond the dream of avarice—or ye may resign these riches to the natural heir, and return to peaceful competence and honourable exertion, reaping no other fruit from this unsought legacy, than a spotless reputation and a clear conscience. Choose, and choose freely. My little Sarah has, I think, already chosen. When some weeks ago, she wished to be as rich as Mr. Darrell, I read her countenance ill, if the motive of that wish were not to enrich Mrs. Sullivan. Choose, my dear children, and choose freely!”

“Oh, my dear father, we have chosen! Could you think that we should hesitate! I answer for my brothers and sisters, as for myself. How could your children waver between wealth and honour?” And Charles, as he said this, threw himself into his father’s arms, the other young people elinging round them—even little Bab, exclaiming, “Oh, dear papa, the money must be all for Mrs. Sullivan!”

The relater of this true anecdote, had the gratification of hearing it from one of the actors in the scene—the Sarah of her little story, who is now in a green old age, the delight of her friends, and the admiration of her acquaintances. Her readers will probably be as glad to hear as she was, that the family thus honourably self-deprived of enormous riches, has been eminently happy and prosperous in all its branches—that the firm distinguished by the virtues of its founder still continues one of the first in London—and that a grandson of Mr. Mordaunt’s, no less remarkable for talent and integrity than his progenitor, is at the present time a partner in the house.

CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.†

THERE was a time when theatrical affairs were topics of paramount interest. The word “town,” in these by-gone times, signified the people who visited the theatres. “The town was pleased;” “it did not hit the taste of the town;” “the town expressed its opinion;” “the town did not attend;” “Tweedledum and tweedledee divided the town,” &c. Those whom their ill taste and ill fortune kept away from the theatres were looked upon as barbarians not yet emerged from some of the primitive stages of human society. Those who are now “the town”—the exquisites, the dandies, the exclusives, the ladies who are at home, and the gentlemen who are in the clubs, know nothing about them. *Frequenting* a theatre would be ruin to any man of the slightest pretensions. You might as well have, under the dynasty of Brummell, asked twice for soup. Literary men, with scarcely an exception of any pretension, avoid writing for the stage; if Byron or Scott wrote a play, they took care to prefix the rather superfluous notice in their cases, that it is not intended to be acted. Our modern dramas are avowedly taken from the French, and adapted by a process, which, as far as intellect is concerned, is not above the craft of a tinker, to English manners. The actors, though in general respectable men, are no longer companions of the upper classes either of rank, fashion, or literature: we feel the same curiosity about them or their affairs, as we do about the sayings or doings of our tailors. Even the *éclat* of an adventure with a lady of the theatre, which was once a matter that filled the hearts of rival beaux with envy, has lost its glories.

Many reasons have been assigned for this undoubted carelessness as to dramatic affairs among us. The spread of methodism is alleged as one cause, but *by itself* that could not do much more than the hostility of the severer orders in the Roman Catholic church might effect abroad. The travelling preachers have less influence upon English society than the Capuchins and other monastic mountebanks had upon that of France and Italy. The late dinners of fashionable life are mentioned as a second obstacle; but this is only saying in another way that it is not the fashion to go to the theatre. It merely puts us back a single step. If people of fashion were as fond of the drama as their grandfathers and grandmothers,

† Abridged from Fraser’s Magazine.—No. X.

they would very soon make their dinners fit theatrical hours. The size of the great houses—a third cause, according to some—may mainly contribute to the necessity of sacrificing the ear to the eye, and therefore make the poet and wit give way to the machinist and scene-painter. But in other countries the same causes are in operation; and, let us add, that the scene-painters and machinists of Drury Lane and Covent Garden produce what we may justly call triumphs of art; things in themselves well worthy to be visited.

Let us attempt in some sort a solution of the difficulty, if there be one. We think it will be found chiefly in two causes—the *march of intellect* and the *march of London*. Of the latter, first:—

1. It is evident that the increased size of London has rendered a desire for public amusements less vivid. The fashionable people fancy themselves compelled to live apart, and to include, for the purposes of visiting, &c. their dominion within comparatively small limits. The increasing wealth (or its greater condensation, for as we are not writing politics in this article, we shall avoid all debatable topics), has given the means of appearing fashionable to many—say thousands; whom those who are already in possession do not wish to acknowledge. This draws the line still closer. Contact, in all cases, with these people, must be sedulously avoided—and how could it be avoided if frequenting public places of amusement were permissible. The narrow circle must, therefore amuse itself; and, owing to the size of London, it can do so. The nightly parties and daily visitings can very well supply the place of theatres to those classes who went formerly to the play only to see and be seen. The mob of the boxes do not contain their friends—for what is going on upon the stage they never pretended to care. The late dinner, which, now that hospitality is voted coarse, is no event of the day, assembles those whom a box world would formerly have assembled; and the miscellaneous rabble of the fashionable party supplies whatever might have been expected to be found in the company of a "theatre sixty years ago."

2. *The March of Intellect*.—When playhouses, in England, absorbed all public attention, or divided it only with politics and the pulpit, the reading classes were far less numerously supplied than at present.—Those who—because they had no light intellectual fare spread before them—went to the play, now find their wants, in some degree at least, supplied by the improved newspaper, the superior magazine, the new creation of novel, &c. &c. It is less and less necessary every day to

go to the theatre *pour se delasser*; the private party is more entertaining. The accomplishments of society have spread over a wider class—the means of gratifying the minor intellectual tastes more easily accessible—and the play is but one of the attractions which educated life affords.

Here, then, we look upon the theatre as neither a resort of fashion, a school of taste, nor an arena for literary talents. Working for the theatre, at all times hazardous—(*valet res ludicra, si me pulma negata macrum, &c.*)—is only ventured upon by men of character when the reward is great. The real dramatic writer of the present day appeals to the closet, and generally chooses the novel as the shape in which he appears. The reward of Drury Lane or Covent Garden is small when compared with what literature supplies in other directions; and, therefore, with scarcely an exception, nobody tries dramatic writing as a business, but those who have no chance of succeeding in any other department. As the author sinks, so sinks the actor. The one poorly remunerated, is careless of his composition; the other, having lost the main link which bound him to the living intellect of the country, becomes a mere mechanic. Buffoons, and the broader they are the better—simple tune-turners, and the less of scientific music they know the better—these are the really successful performers at present. The jack-pudding and the ballad-singer must ever be the favourites at Bartholomew fair.

They manage these matters otherwise in France. In France, the stage is yet connected with the literature of the country, and from the mouths of the French players you are still sure to hear the language spoken in its purity. In France, the poet, the scholar, the man of fashion, and the gentleman, do still write plays, and the honour derived from success in their authorship is even greater than it was with us in the days of Sir Charles Sedley. A single comedy has secured the writer's election in the academy,—has procured him the riband of honour—and gained him the *entree* to the most aristocratic salons; while he, at the same time, is not deprived of a more substantial reward, in the shape of a regular percentage upon the receipts arising from the performance of his work in every theatre of the French dominions. There, too, the actor must be of a superior order; a single fault in pronunciation would be sufficient to occasion his everlasting expulsion. Thus it happens, that no Frenchman ever dreams of rushing to the stage from the desk or the counter, which his idleness or

dishonesty has compelled him to abandon. He knows that, even to be tolerated, he must possess that perfect purity of pronunciation, and grace of delivery, which belong not to the ignorant and the vulgar; and consequently, even in the lowest characters of the drama, we never see in France any of those wretched animals, who offend our eyes and hurt our ears in Horatio; and all the other parts which, in the language of our green-rooms, are described as second-rate. In France no person is considered to have a prescriptive right to the first line of characters. The actors there form a society, in which all are equal, and in which no man can rise to eminence, except by the gradual exhibition of power in the various parts which are successively committed to his charge. The actresses, too—(we will not dwell upon their character, for in all countries that must naturally be the same)—are for the like reasons, elegant and fascinating creatures. A clumsy *Celime* would be hooted from the stage; an ill-made *Suzon*, and an ugly *Hortense*, would share the same fate; and an *Elmire* that spoiled the verses of *Molière* by a provincial vulgarity of pronunciation, would be sacrificed forthwith to the offended dignity of *Thalia*. From the intimate connexion which always exists between effect and cause, the actresses there live in the most learned and polished society of the literary capital of Europe. The *soirées* of *Mademoiselle Mars* are the most *recherchées* things in the world. There is more genius in her assemblies, than in half the kingdoms of Europe. All persons of rank and name in the world of letters must find themselves in her *salon*; and any drama, in which she is to perform, excites, long before its production, the most intense interest.

INGRATITUDE OF ENGLAND TO HER SCIENTIFIC MEN.†.

"In England, whole branches of continental discovery are unstudied, and, indeed, almost unknown, even by name. It is in vain to conceal the melancholy truth. We are fast dropping behind. In mathematics we have long since drawn the rein, and given over a hopeless race. In chemistry the case is not much better. Who can tell us anything of the sulpho-salts? Who will explain to us the laws of isomorphism? Nay, who among us has ever veri-

fied *Thénard's* experiments on the oxygenated acids? *Oersted's* and *Berzelius's* on the radicals of the earths? *Balard's* and *Serullas's* on the combination of brome, and a hundred other splendid trains of research in that fascinating science? Nor need we stop here. There are, indeed, few sciences which would not furnish matter for similar remark."

Such are the statements recently published by Mr. Herschel, whose range of scientific acquisitions is at present unrivalled in this country. Like the other writers, who have touched upon the state of our science, it was introduced by him only as an incidental topic, to which the bearings of his subject had casually led. These casual and incidental notices, as they appeared only in scientific works, which were perhaps not known even by name to those who rule over the destinies of England, were not likely to attract attention, or to excite discussion. An appeal, however, of a more formal kind, has been at length made from the chair of Newton, and from the pen of his successor, Mr. Babbage, whose varied and profound acquisitions fitted him in a peculiar manner for such a task. A mathematician of the first order, a learned natural philosopher, and the inventor of one of the most extraordinary machines that ever proceeded from the sagacity of man, he has had occasion to be intimately acquainted with the present condition of the arts as well as the sciences of his country. Let us hope his "Reflections" will excite that serious consideration and attention to which they are so justly entitled. Among the causes which have led to the decline of science in England, Mr. Babbage enumerates, the lack of substantial encouragement extended to its cultivators. Were we to take a retrospect of the honours which have been conferred by princes, on those illustrious individuals, by whose labours the temple of modern science has been reared, we should perceive that England holds a very subordinate place. Her liberality to Newton is the only striking instance we should be able to adduce, because it is the only one in which the honour of a title was combined with an adequate pecuniary reward. Sir W. Herschel, indeed, was made a Hanoverian knight, and Sir Humphry Davy, a baronet, but the comforts which these distinguished men enjoyed, and the stations which they occupied in society, were neither derived from the sovereign nor from the nation. No monument has been reared to their memory, and no honours have descended to their families. Nor are these the only instances of national ingratitude. The inventive genius of Wollaston, and the

† Abridged from the Quarterly Review.—No. LXXXVI.

talents and literature of Young, have passed like a meteor from our sight. No title of honour has illustrated their name, and no tribute of affection has been pronounced over their grave. He who buckled on the weak arm of a man of power or gigantic energy; who taught his species to triumph over the inertia of matter, and to withstand the fury of the elements, who multiplied the resources of the state, and poured into the treasury the spring-tide of its wealth—the immortal Watt, was neither acknowledged by his sovereign, nor honoured by his ministers, nor embalmed among the heroes and sages of his country.

Of all the kingdoms of Europe, France is undoubtedly the one in which the scientific establishments have been regulated by the most enlightened and liberal principles, and in which science is most successfully cultivated. This high distinction she owes to the formation of the institute,† which consists of four different academies, viz.—the French Academy; the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres; the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts; and the Royal Academy of Sciences—which alone comes under our notice. It is composed as follows:—

Mathematical Sciences.

	Members.	Corresponding Members.
Geometry	6	6
Mechanics	6	6
Astronomy	6	16
Geography and Navigation	3	3
General Physics (Nat. Philosophy)	6	6
	27	37

Physical Sciences.

Chemistry	6	12
Mineralogy	6	8
Botany	6	10
Rural Economy, and Veterinary Art	6	10
Anatomy and Zoology	6	10
Medicine and Surgery	6	8
	63	100
Associate Members	8	

The vacancies which take place in this body are supplied by the majority of suffrages, and in the case of ordinary and associate members, the royal approbation is necessary to complete the election. Political motives have, we believe, seldom, if ever, influenced these elections; and our readers have only to look at the list of its members—a list crowded with immortal names—to be satisfied of the truth of this statement.

The sixty-three ordinary members of the academy receive each an annual pension from government of one thousand five hundred francs, and the two secretaries six thousand francs each. A considerable number of these members, from the sections of geometry, mechanics, astronomy, and navigation, compose the board of longitude, and receive a handsome additional salary; others hold situations in the University of France, in the Royal Observatory, in the Polytechnic School, in the Jardin des Plantes, in the School of Mines, and in the School of Roads and Bridges; in a word, the members of the academy may be considered as placed in opulent circumstances, and being freed from all the anxieties of professional labour, are enabled to pursue their scientific inquiries in the calm of seclusion and domestic life. Nor, in her generous care for the respectability and comfort of her scientific men, has France overlooked the most powerful stimulus of genius and industry. All the honours of the state have been thrown open to her philosophers and literary characters. The sage and the hero deliberate in the same cabinet;—they are associated among the privy-councillors of the king;—they sit together in her house of peers and in her chamber of deputies;—they bear the same titles; they are decorated with the same orders, and the arm and the mind of the nation are thus indissolubly united for its glory or for its defence.

“If we analyze the list of the institute,” says Mr. Babbage, “we shall find few who do not possess titles or decorations;” but as the value of such marks of royal favour must depend, in a great measure, on their frequency, I shall mention several particulars, which are probably not familiar to the English reader:—

† The following sums are annually voted by the French government:—

	Francs.	£.
For the scientific and literary establishments	1,355,000	69,000
For the establishments of the fine arts	453,000	18,675
For artists and literary men	382,000	15,916
	2,490,000	103,591

The first of these sums is, we believe, divided between the four academies. Those who gain one of the great prizes for the fine arts are sent to Rome, and supported at the public expense.

Number of Members of the Institute of France in the Legion of Honour.				Total number of each Class in the Legion of Honour.
Grand Croix	3	.	.	80
Grand Officier	3	.	.	160
Commandeur	4	.	.	400
Officier	17	.	.	2000
Chevalier	40	.	.	not counted.

Number of Members of the Institute decorated with the Order of St. Michael.				Total number of that order.
Grand Croix	3	.	.	} 100
Chevalier	27	.	.	

Amongst the members of the Institute, there are,

Dukes	.	.	.	2
Marquis	.	.	.	1
Counts	.	.	.	4
Viscounts	.	.	.	2
Barons	.	.	.	14

23

Of these there are Peers of France

5

In the same year to which these details more particularly refer, the biennial exhibition of the national industry of France took place; on which occasion the king conferred the decorations of the Legion of Honour on *twelve* of the most distinguished artisans, and adjudged forty-eight medals of gold, thirty-nine of silver, and two hundred and seventeen of bronze, in all four hundred and four medals. The influence of such liberality on the progress of the arts does not require to be pointed out.

How different a picture England presents. There is not at this moment, within the British isles, a single philosopher, however eminent have been his services, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, or to the humblest servant of the crown!

There is not a single philosopher who enjoys a pension, or an allowance, or a sinecure, capable of supporting him and his family in the humblest circumstances!

There is not a single philosopher who enjoys the favour of his sovereign, or the friendship of his ministers!

Mr. Dalton, the most distinguished chemist in Britain—and the man who has given to chemistry her numerical laws, has been allowed to spend the flower of his days in the drudgery of teaching the elements of mathematics at Manchester, and has never been honoured by a single mark of national gratitude. Mr. Ivory, the first mathematician in England, after exhausting the vigor of his life as a mathematical teacher at Marlow, has retired, as his humblest colleague would have done, on a superannuation, and has been allowed to spend his latter years in comparative poverty and obscurity.

When the eldest and the most illustrious of our sages have been thus neglected, need we inquire into the condition of those younger men who are destined to succeed them? Need we ask what mark of respect has been conferred upon Brown, the first botanist of the age;—on Herschel, the morning star of our science;—on Babbage, the inventor of a machine which seems to be actuated with almost intellectual power;—on Kater, Barlow, Christie, and South, who have extended the boundaries of physical science;—on Thomson, Henry, and Faraday, who have shone in the field of chemical discovery;—or on Murdoch and Henry Bell, who first introduced into actual use the two greatest practical inventions of modern times? Of the two last it has been the fortune of Mr. Murdoch to rise to wealth and consideration in the field of commercial enterprise; but Henry Bell has been preserved from starvation only by the private contributions of his fellow-citizens.

Were not the detail likely to prove tedious, we might unfold to our readers a series of grievances of the most afflicting kind. We might point out English inventions rejected at home and adopted abroad. We might adduce the cases of ingenious men, who, when denied public aid, have exhausted upon their inventions their private resources, and terminated their days in poverty, or in prison. Every day indeed we meet with the victims of our patent laws, that fraudulent lottery, which gives its blanks to genius and its prizes to knaves,—which robs the poor inventor of the wealth which he has either earned or borrowed, and transfers it to the

purse of the attorney-general and the keeper of the great seal of England.

From general observations, which are calculated to make but a transient impression, we shall proceed to an examination of our scientific establishments. Without expecting that any of our philosophers should be cabinet ministers, or privy-councillors, or ambassadors, it might reasonably have been supposed that, in a country like Great Britain, a variety of her public institutions would have furnished ample provision for scientific men. As mistress of the ocean, her board of longitude should, like that of France, have furnished an elegant endowment for many of her philosophers; her lighthouse boards, with her immense revenues, might, like the corresponding board in French, have given situations to others; her boards of manufactures might have been appropriately conducted by men who combine practical with theoretical knowledge; her mineral treasures might have proffered a tithe of their produce to reward the knowledge which explored them, and applied them to the arts; her royal societies might have added several official situations; and her universities, beside the ordinary chairs for professional education, might have contained others, which, while they attracted men of great name within their precincts, left them sufficient leisure to peruse their researches. All this might have been expected in England, because it is found in other countries less able and less called upon to be liberal to their philosophers.

But how greatly are these expectations disappointed! The board of longitude was placed under the management of the lords and secretaries of the admiralty, &c. &c.; under the astronomer royal, and certain professors of Oxford and Cambridge; under the president and three fellows of the royal society; and under three scientific commissioners, chosen by the admiralty, who received 100*l.* per annum, and one of whom, acting as secretary, had a salary of 300*l.*, and 200*l.* additional for superintending the "Nautical Almanac." This singularly constituted board was abolished in 1828,—and simply, we believe, because it was considered as actually useless. Its failure, however, as an useful institution, arose from the very circumstance that it was not managed, like the French board, by scientific men, with regular salaries, personally responsible for the rewards which they conferred, and the publications which they issued.

Great Britain possesses three lighthouse boards; viz., that of the Trinity House, the Scottish Lighthouse Board, and the Board for improving the Port of Dublin. With respect to the exact con-

stitution of some of these boards, we are not accurately informed; but we know that the funds which annually pass through their hands cannot be greatly less than 100,000*l.* They have engineers, secretaries, and treasurers, who receive good salaries, and in one of the boards we believe the members are paid; yet, by a fatality which impends over every British institution, not one of all the numerous members and officers of these three scientific boards is a man of science, or is even acquainted with those branches of optics which regulate the condensation and distribution of that element which it is their sole business to diffuse over the deep. That grave inconveniences arise from boards thus composed is not left to conjecture, a striking instance having occurred in the Scottish. The inventor of a new compound lens, and of a particular apparatus connected with it, published an account of his invention in 1811.[†] Some years afterwards, a most distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences brought forward the same lens and apparatus as a new and important improvement in lighthouse illumination. It was submitted to the most severe trials by the French lighthouse board, composed of some of the most eminent philosophers and naval officers in Paris, and was found to be greatly superior to every other mode of illumination. It was adopted in the great national lighthouse of Cordouan, and arrangements were made for its universal introduction on the coasts of France. The author of the invention had previously, but vainly, attempted to draw to it the attention of the engineer of the Scottish lighthouses; but, fortified by its actual introduction in a foreign country, he addressed himself to the three lighthouse boards of Great Britain, and offered his gratuitous services in bringing into use the new system. The Scottish lighthouse board went so far as to order one of the lenses to be executed under the superintendence of the inventor. The Trinity board made some trials with the lens before it was sent from London; and the board in Dublin declined doing anything in the matter. No other step has been taken; and the inability of these boards to judge of the merits of the invention has prevented it from being substituted for those unscientific methods which are used on every part of the British shores.

The three scientific societies of Great Britain present to us many singular phases, which we are persuaded no foreigner can comprehend, and of which few of our

[†] See the Edinburgh Transactions, vol. xj. p. 33. for the particulars of the following statement.

countrymen are aware. They contain no official situations capable of affording a provision even for a single philosopher; they are constituted on a plan which necessarily throws them under the management of persons little acquainted with science; and they are not only supported by the subscriptions of their own members, but some of them, if not all, pay taxes to government for the rooms which hold their collections, and in which their sittings are held. The Royal Society of London has three stipendiary officers, *viz.*, the senior secretary, who receives 105*l.* per annum; the junior secretary, who receives 110*l.*, 5*l.* being allowed for making the index to the Transactions; and a foreign secretary, who receives 20*l.* When we consider the duties which belong to these offices, especially the superintendence of the "Philosophical Transactions," of which two volumes are published annually, we must be convinced that the secretaries receive an inadequate compensation for their labours; and if they are either professional men, or have the power of increasing their income by their literary exertions, they must be considerable losers by holding their appointments. The Royal Irish Academy is, we believe, in the very same predicament; or, if a remuneration is annexed to any of its offices, these offices are certainly not held by men of science.

In the Royal Society of Edinburgh none of the office-bearers receive any salary. The Society, however, have, on three occasions liberally given a present to their general secretary for his trouble in superintending their transactions; but this sum would not average more than 20*l.* or 30*l.* per annum. This institution presents some interesting points of consideration. It receives nothing whatever from government, nor from the town of Edinburgh, nor from any individual endowments. It is supported wholly by the subscriptions of its members. It pays to government, or to the board of trustees who act for the government, an annual rent 260*l.* for its apartments; and it is besides, well taxed for the blessed light which exhibits its meagre and pillaged collections.

Since our scientific boards and institutions contain no situations for scientific men, we shall now inquire if any shelter is afforded them within the walls of our eight universities. On this subject, Mr. Babbage has the following observations:—

"There are no situations in the state, there is no position in society, to which hope can point to cheer the young philosopher in his laborious path. If, indeed, he belong to one of our universities, there are some few chairs in his *own* alma mater, to which he may, at some distant period,

pretend; but in most instances their emolument is small; and, *when otherwise, the lectures which are required from the professor are not, perhaps, in all cases, the best mode of employing the energies of those who are capable of inventing.*"

A small number of chairs in our universities are certainly the only rewards which are open to scientific ambition; but when we consider how many of these have been filled either from political influence, or the personal favour of the patrons, the actual number considered as the rewards of eminence is greatly diminished. Mr. Babbage has asserted, that "the great inventions of the age are not, with us at least, always produced in universities;" but we go much farther, and maintain, that the great inventions and discoveries which have been made in England during the last century have been made without the precincts of our universities. In proof of this we have only to recall the labours of Bradley, Doland, Priestley, Cavendish, Maskelyne, Rumford, Watt, Wollaston, Young, Davy, Chenevix; and among the living, to mention the names of Dalton, Ivory, Brown, Hatchett, Pond, Herschell, Babbage, Henry, Barlow, South, Faraday, Murdoch, and Christie: nor need we have any hesitation in adding, that within the last fifteen years not a single discovery or invention, of prominent interest, has been made in our colleges, and that there is not one man in all the eight universities of Great Britain who is at present known to be engaged in any train of original research.

Since our scientific men then can find no asylum in our universities, and are utterly abandoned by our government, it may well be asked, what are their occupations, and how are they saved from that poverty and wretchedness which have so often embittered the peace, and broken the spirit of neglected genius? Some of them squeeze out a miserable sustenance as teachers of elementary mathematics in our military academies, where they submit to mortifications not easily borne by an enlightened mind. More waste their hours in the drudgery of private lecturing, while not a few are torn from the fascination of original research, and compelled to waste their strength in the composition of treatises for periodical works and popular compilations.† Nay, so thoroughly is the

† In 1817, the year before Dr. Young was appointed Secretary to the Board of Longitude, with a salary of 500*l.* per annum, his valuable time was wasted in professional authorship, as appears from the following extract of a letter to a correspondent:—"I shall be most happy to receive from you at all times any account of your interesting investigations; but do not send me any information you are not prepared to have mentioned again, for I am always scribbling something anonymous, and I am very capable of introducing your experiments, where perhaps you would not wish them to appear

spirit of science subdued, and so paltry are the honours of successful inquiry, that even well-remunerated professors, and others who enjoy a competent independence and sufficient leisure, and are highly fitted by their talents to advance the interests of science, are found devoting themselves to professional authorship, and thus robbing their country of those services of which it stands so much in need.

VARIETIES.

An Irish Defence.—Some years ago, Mr. Boyle (who conducted a satirical paper at Cork, called "The Freeholder,") came in contact with one of the city sheriffs at the theatre there. He suffered so much from this collision, that he brought Boyle to trial for the assault. Juries, at that time, were not the most unprejudiced in Ireland, and a "corporation jury" were not in the habit of leaning to the side of *mercy* when an enemy of the "ascendancy" was brought beneath their justice. Boyle had written some severe things against the corporation, and his conviction, on almost any grounds, was anticipated by his foes and feared by his friends. The trial came on before one of the judges at the assize. After many challenges, and much difficulty, the jury were empanelled. Mr. O'Connell, the leading counsel at the Munster bar in criminal cases, was retained for Mr. Boyle. The evidence bore strongly against his client although it was admitted that the assault might have been accidental; and, O'Connell, declining to call rebutting evidence, spoke at some length in reply to the prosecution. Finding his appeal to justice made little apparent way into the hearts of a Cork corporation jury, he suddenly adopted the language of irony, and concluded in the following abrupt manner:—"Gentlemen, I remember a trial at Clonmel, of a poor man on a charge of murder; a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence—like what you have just now heard—was made up against him. The prisoner's life seemed to hang by a single hair, when the

case against him closed. He requested leave to call a witness, and to the amusement of the court produced on the table the man alleged to have been murdered. Perhaps, to use a phrase you all understand, he had been only 'kilt.' The judge instantly desired the jury to send down their verdict. After a little pause, the foreman handed in a slip of paper, with the awful word "guilty" written on it. The judge, in utter astonishment, exclaimed—"Why, the man has not been murdered! how can the prisoner be guilty?"—"Oh, my lord," replied the foreman, "that may be: but if he did not kill the man, sure he stole my bay mare three years ago!" So, gentlemen, (concluded O'Connell), you must find Mr. Boyle guilty: for though he did not assault the sheriff, sure he libelled the corporation!" The jury, who had laughed at the anecdote, were shamed into justice, and Boyle was acquitted.—*Athenæum.*

Simple and efficacious mode of destroying Rats.—The works at Hurlet were lately overrun with rats to such a degree, that it became absolutely necessary to adopt summary measures for totally extirpating the destructive vermin. The following means were resorted to, and they were attended with the most perfect success:—A number of corks, cut down as thin as sixpences, were roasted or stewed in grease, and then placed in the way of the rats. The dish was greedily devoured as a special delicacy, and, as was anticipated, they all died of indigestion.—*Paisley Advertiser.*

Grafting Grapes.—The quickest method of procuring grapes is to graft into the body near the ground, or which is preferable, into the roots of large vines. In the following year, if the graft has taken, fruit will be produced. Thus every farmer who has large vines on his ground, may, by procuring cuttings of a hardy foreign or native kind, and paying a little attention to the grafting and training, be soon and amply supplied with grapes for the market or wine making.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Rebort Courtous.—A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbour in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round sharply, accosted the satirist in the same language; "When a woman," says she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."—*St. Maurice's Petersburg.*

—but I cannot help it—I can only give you fair warning. I have indeed very lately been entering into some optical subjects pretty much at large; but I do not think I shall resume the consideration of them for a long time." However valuable Dr. Young's compositions are yet his fame rests upon his optical discoveries, and science sustained a severe loss by the direction of his talents to any other subject. His appointment to the Secretaryship of the Board of Longitude did honour to the Admiralty; and had Providence spared his valuable life, we should have witnessed, in his scientific discoveries, the happy influence of the leisure which it gave him.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION OF SCOTLAND.†

THERE is scarcely a prospect in the world more curious than that of England during a general election. The congregations of people—the principles appealed to—the eminent men who appear—the pledges required or proffered—the vicissitudes of the poll—the triumphant chairing—these, with all the others, exhibit the most peculiar and stirring scene that any country has to show. It is a scene, in which a person, who understands the busle, beholds the whole practical working of the constitution. He sees the majesty of public opinion; the responsibility of representatives to constituents; and the formation of the political virtues. It is impossible to behold this animating and ennobling spectacle, without turning with sorrow and humiliation to Scotland. This part of the empire originally formed a kingdom by itself; and it still retains its own laws, religion, interests, feelings, and language. It contains greatly above two millions of inhabitants, who are still rapidly increasing. It is full of generally diffused wealth. Education has for ages been habitual throughout the very lowest ranks. The people are extremely peaceable; and their character for steadiness and prudence is so remarkable, that these virtues have been imputed to them as vices. Yet this is the only portion of the united kingdom which is altogether excluded from all participation in the representative system. It is not enough to say that their representation is defective. The only correct statement of the fact is, that *the people have no share whatever in the representation*. It is needless to waste time in explaining how this arose; for it would only lead us away from the consideration of the fact into historical disputes; and an exact knowledge of the origin of the evil does not facilitate its cure. The result only is certain, that there never has been, and, while the existing system endures, there never can be, any thing resembling real representation in Scotland.

In order to justify this statement, it is only necessary to explain the circumstances.

The only places which elect members are the counties and certain towns. Neither the universities, nor any other bodies or professions, possess the elective franchise. The counties return thirty members, the towns fifteen.

I. To entitle a person to vote in a county, he must either be the actual proprietor of a portion of land, or he must be the feudal superior of it—the land itself, in this last case, being in the hands of a vassal. To afford a qualification, the property must be very considerable. The whole country was valued many centuries ago; and a freehold qualification can only arise from land of which it can be proved that it was then examined and found to be worth forty shillings Scots a year, or which is now valued by the commissioners of supply as yearly worth 400*l.* Scots. It is not easy to say what these ancient valuations denote in modern times; but the subject was very much discussed about forty years ago; and persons who were then deemed competent judges, estimated 400*l.* Scots of valued rent as equivalent to a present yearly rent of from 100*l.* to 200*l.* sterling. If this was correct then, the subsequent improvement of the country, which has increased the modern worth of property, while the old valuations remain, must have greatly increased the difference; so that, speaking with reference to existing circumstances, the qualification in Scotland is probably at least thirty or forty times higher than in any other part of the empire; and above a hundred times beyond the general qualification in England. Besides this, there are two things very material to be kept in view. In the *first* place, the qualification attaches merely to land, including under this word, fisheries, mines, and such other things as are inseparable from land; it is not conferred upon property in houses. In the *second* place, not even land qualifies, whatever may be its extent, unless it is holden of the crown. So that a person may have an estate of 20,000*l.* a year, which affords him no vote, because he holds it of a subject. The qualification, therefore, is first high, and then it must be high within a limited description of property.

The result of this is, that the whole freeholders of Scotland are fewer in number (we believe) than those in any English county, unless, perhaps, the very smallest. There are certainly not three counties in England in which the freeholders do not in each exceed those of all Scotland. We cannot state their amount with perfect accuracy; but, according to the list usually referred to, and which, we are confident, is not very far wrong, the total number, a few months ago, was somewhere about three thousand two hundred and fifty-three. These chosen few are thus distributed:—

† From the Edinburgh Review.—No. CIII.

1. Aberdeen	182	15. Haddington	109
2. Argyle	119	16. Inverness	84
3. Ayr	202	17. Kincardine	77
4. Bamf.	49	18. Kirkcudbright	161
5. Berwick	151	19. Lanark	222
6. Bute	21	20. Linlithgow	69
† 7. Caithness	50	21. Orkney	41
7. Clackmannan	16	22. Peebles	48
† 8. Kinross	21	23. Perth	237
8. Cromarty	19	24. Renfrew	148
† 9. Nairne	17	25. Ross	84
9. Dumbarton	72	26. Roxburgh	151
10. Dumfries	84	27. Selkirk	53
11. Edinburgh	166	28. Sutherland	21
12. Elgin	31	29. Stirling	126
13. Fife	236	30. Wigton	70
14. Forfar	122		

But calling the total number about three thousand two hundred and fifty-three, is rather a flattering view of the political state of Scotland. Two deductions must be made:—1. There are a great many cases in which the freehold belongs to a proprietor, but is entitled to be used during life by another. The names of both these persons are on the rolls; but only one of them can vote. 2. Many persons have votes in a plurality of places. If these double reckonings be discounted, it is very doubtful if the total number of persons would be above two thousand five hundred. Some think that they would not exceed two thousand.

A franchise so little attenuated by diffusion, is worth having. The tenth or two hundredth part of a member of parliament is a dear article in the political market. The holder of it is an important man to government. Some people therefore buy votes as an investment. There is never a contest at which such purchasers do not appear; and they are generally the last to declare how they are to go. It is observed, moreover, that those who take such charge of the representation, seldom have their families long on their hands. These qualifications, even after being stripped of every thing except the mere right of voting, are probably never worth less than 200*l.* or 300*l.*—the average price is probably about 500*l.*; they frequently sell for double this sum; and, on one recent occasion, six of them, exposed to public sale in one day, brought above 6000*l.* What is so valuable cannot be easily parted with; and, therefore, devices have been fallen upon for giving out qualifications for occasional use, without permanently losing them. The most common of these schemes is, for a person whose estate affords many votes to dispose

of them to his friends *only during their lives*; which, by certain legal forms, he can easily do, without at all impairing his estate. These donees, or purchasers, appear technically as the absolute life-owners; but they are generally under feelings nearly as strong as written obligations, to support the person who has trusted them. And then, lest these qualifications should be lost to the family, it is lawful to *entail* them along with the family estate. So that a great landed proprietor may first be surrounded by his own satellites while his attraction lasts; after which, the lesser stars return and are lost in their parent luminary; who again sends them periodically forth to perform the same evolutions. Although the present number of voters be only about three thousand two hundred and fifty-three, yet, if all the latent voters were to be brought into action, they could be very greatly increased. But still the increase would take place on the same principle of each landed proprietor merely multiplying his friends, without holding out any prospect of relief to the public.

II. In the *towns*, the system is different, but not better. There are sixty-six places, which, in consequence of their municipal constitution, and their holding of the crown, are termed royal burghs. Of these, Edinburgh is the only one which returns a member for itself. All the rest are divided into clusters either of *four* or *five*; and these four or five return one member among them. Many of these places are so insignificant, that their share in the representation is the only thing which *reminds* the public that they exist, and (somehow or other) constitutes their only wealth. And, on the other hand, there are many very large places, such as Leith and Greenock, with about twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand inhabitants each, and Paisley with fifty thousand, which do not contribute to return any fragment of a member; because, although

† Each of these three pairs only returns a member alternately.

great towns, they are not royal burghs. The mode of electing in these burghs is this: the town council of each elects a delegate, and these four or five delegates from each cluster meet, and choose the member. Each delegate is appointed on the faith that he will vote agreeably to the wishes of those who trust him; but he is not legally bound to do so; and these delegates sometimes find it convenient to take their own way. When a fit of this kind comes upon them, the member is elected by these four or five individuals;—when they are faithful, he is chosen by a majority of those persons' constituents.

Now, in the appointment of these constituents, the people have no voice whatever. Nothing can be more close than the most liberally constituted Scotch town-council; of which the universal, the hideous, the ludicrous, and the peculiar feature is, that each set of magistrates elects its own successors; to the utter exclusion of the rest of the public, and to the eternal perpetuation of their own feelings. Nothing can be fairer than to take Edinburgh as an example of the whole: because it is amongst the best, and has an entire member for itself. Now, in Edinburgh, the town-council consists of only thirty-three individuals, which is considerably above the usual number. The sum total of the property of these persons within the town was rated, when it was last examined, at about 2800*l.* a-year. These thirty-three individuals, or rather a majority of them, have the absolute power of electing the member who is to represent a population far exceeding one hundred thousand, and possessing property rated at above 400,000*l.* a-year; or, in other words, the right of voting is engrossed by less than the three-thousandth part of the population, and by about the one hundred and fiftieth part of the real property. This population contains above one thousand two hundred merchant burghesses; above two thousand persons connected with the profession of the law; at least one hundred and fifty, including professors in the university, engaged in the higher branches of education; a clergy of about sixty or seventy persons; and at least a hundred of the medical and other learned professions;—not one of whom has a single word to say in the election either of the member, or of the town-council. It is town-councils so constituted that elect all the delegates.

It is important to observe, that this system, both with respect to the counties and the burghs, is the only one that exists. The chief ground on which the defects in the English representation have

been defended, is, that the closeness of one place is compensated by the openness of another—there being still popularity enough upon the whole. Neither Burke, nor Blackstone, nor any one who has excused these defects, ever carry their apology beyond this. But in Scotland there is no popularity at all in any one place. It is all close burgh or close county.

It is therefore unnecessary to explain that the people of Scotland scarcely feel any interest in the election of what are called their representatives. They are not taken into calculation by the parties engaged; and, having no right to interfere, the expression even of their opinion is generally considered obtrusive and dangerous. While every other part of the empire is teeming with life, they are dead. The candidates and their friends take the only concern in the proceedings; and the ceremony of an election, and the substance of a dinner, are gone through with due animation by them. But the people are left entirely out of view; and, conscious of degradation, withdraw from a scene where they can only exhibit themselves in humiliating contrast with others certainly not better educated, and not necessarily wealthier than themselves. The hustings, which could not be put down without putting down England, are things that Scotland never saw. The county freeholders always meet under cover; sometimes in a church, but generally in a room; and the four or five town electors burrow in holes still more obscure. The whole fifteen members of all the sixty-six burghs are always chosen on the same day; yet, in so far as the public is concerned, no day passes more entirely like another. If it were not from seeing the circumstance mentioned casually in the newspapers next day, the very fact that a member had been elected would often not be known to those living in the same street. The burgh delegates merely take the oaths, vote, and depart. The county freeholders are much more oporose. They sometimes wear out both the day and the night before their incubation be over. But, instead of discussing public measures, or men, they are engaged in wrangling about feudal niceties, and trying to pick or vote holes in deeds. The scene resembles a meeting of attorneys, endeavouring to overreach each other in a set of conveyances.

These are the facts.—Their consequences are inseparable from the system, and are marked by the deepest lines.

A Scotch elector finds himself the possessor of a privilege, which he owes solely to his being a landholder or a member of

a town council. This narrows him to a sympathy with one or other of these particular classes. He sees himself cut off from the rest of the people to exercise a high and invidious privilege. Conscious of the jealousy which this inspires in the body of the people, he considers them as opponents, and regards even their approbation, not as an object of ambition, but an encroachment on his right. In the exercise of his privilege he may act with perfect purity; but great is his merit if he does so; for he has no publicity to check him. He has paid, or could get, a large price for his freehold or its use;—and it is not unnatural that the master of an article for which there is a keen demand, should look out for the highest purchaser. In Scotland what is of less weight than the resolutions of a town-council, or of a meeting of freeholders? What would be of more weight, if these bodies were constituted as they ought to be? They are so constructed that even at general elections, they are sensible of the operation of only two interests—that of government, and that of some individual of great local influence. Among voters, who are so few, and each with his feelers out, the power of government is acknowledged in all places, at all times, and, when not counteracted by the local family, is absolute. It is a conclusive fact against the Scottish system that no man can, by almost any possibility, enter the walls of parliament for a Scotch place, except on one or other of these two interests. We do not believe that any one member was ever returned by any body of Scotch electors, solely in consequence of his public character or services. On the contrary, whenever the most meritorious public servant, ceases to be backed by government, or by the commanding influence of the local family, that instant he is on the wane as a Scotch member. Hence it is that Scotchmen rejected by the electors of Scotland, are often received with acclamation by the electors of England, and that the most distinguished public men of Scotland, instead of appearing in their natural position as representatives of their native country, are obliged to give the honour of choosing them to strangers. He who thinks of being a representative in parliament for Scotland, knows that there are only two pivots on which he can enter it. Instead of preparing himself, therefore, by powers, or connexions, or principles, worthy of ambition, his views are limited to those means by which—in the local ministerial leading-string—he may gain the unsatisfactory favour of a handful of voters. Thus, the greater part of the talent of the

country is turned away from parliament. Usefulness or glory in the House of Commons forms no object with the youth of Scotland, and indeed is rarely ever thought of. And that portion of the talent of the country which is admitted into parliament, is trammelled by its supporters. Having no connection with the people, the member does not partake of their character. He goes to parliament without constituents, and is treated according to the insignificance of his origin. Speaking the sentiments of no portion of the community—depending for his seat on a nod—and not prepared, by habit or, education, to attain, while he is allowed to sit, that distinction which of itself will do him little good on his next canvass—he is driven by his very helplessness to earn that protection from government, which can alone save him. If he fail in this, he is gone. If he obtain it, any sacrifice he may have made is immaterial, for he has no electors to fear. If a stranger were to come to Scotland, and to ask what sphere of public life shone with the largest portion of the national talent—who would say it was parliament? In all the other avocations of genius, industry, or knowledge, the country is full of competitors, many of them splendidly successful;—there is not one other department in public life, at the head of which the natives of Scotland are not to be found;—and they have increased the general stock of public intellect in a portion far exceeding their numbers. Yet, where is the great member Scotland has ever sent to parliament? Deduct those whose personal influence cannot be separated from their official, and the poverty of our contribution to the harvest of parliamentary patriots is most lamentable. And it is the more humiliating, that many of the brightest names by which parliament has been adorned, have been those of men born, educated, and chiefly interested, in Scotland. It has sometimes been said, that even although there were popular elections in this country, nearly the same individuals would be returned. Even though it were so, these individuals would be different members. The simple circumstance of their depending on a larger portion of the intelligence of their country, would change their natures. A reformed system of election would breathe a better spirit into the representatives; and it is the only thing that will ever enable the country to redeem itself from the hereditary shame—of producing every thing that is great, except statesmen.

But the chief thing is the character of the people. It is not merely the misfortune of the people of Scotland, their

not being permitted to exercise a particular function, but in the circumstance that this interdiction plucks the good qualities connected with the exercise of that function from their breasts. What these qualities are, a Scotchman may well be excused for asking. They are watchfulness, courage, fairness—an interest in public affairs and men;—a love of justice;—and the elevation which is imparted by the consciousness of being trusted, and of having rights, in the administration of the national business. The great blessing of a free government consists in its generating the virtues of freedom, which, in their turn, become the only preservatives of that which creates them. But the people of Scotland are expected to have the manliness of liberty without its practice; and a taste for constitutional rights, which they only know by having them described as what they must not touch. The law has as yet assigned them no place or privilege, which connects them directly with the political part of the state. They form no political element—have no legitimate power—no established vent for their opinions—and are placed in unnatural opposition to the classes with which it would be most useful for them all that they were blended. There is no common general thought to make them one.

THE COWARD.†

I SEEK relief and sympathy at the price of wide-spread infamy; I would awake that pity for my suffering which must be denied to its cause. I am a coward; but there are moral and physical dastards; and how many of the former have been indebted to the accident of robust proportion and the sense of strength it bestows for concealment of this worst species of cowardice? Is he to blame whose delicacy of make and constitution hath rendered him timid and prone to fear? And where fear is the master-passion, the nobler virtues become choked in the self-abasement and dependence it creates. A moral dastard may be personally brave, but a physical coward necessarily becomes a moral one also.

I inherited from my mother a sickly constitution and a flame-work of the slightest and most fragile description; and to the pampering and excessive care she bestowed upon my infancy and youth, do I owe at least in part my subsequent

misery, which yet I pray may not be visited upon her dear and aged head. My father, Sir Charles Glenham had, together with his brother, taken too active a part in the king's affairs, even before he found himself at war with his parliament, to devote much time to home occupations; and afterwards, active service, in the cause of his royal and unfortunate friend, prevented his bestowing that care on my education which might, in part, have remedied the natural defects of my character; as it was, I was wholly left to my mother's guidance, and consequently, when an infant, I was thrown into convulsions by every storm; as a child, trembled before every threat of my maid; and, as a youth, shrank from all my companions, who, were braver and stronger than myself, and scrupled not to buy off punishment with the meaneast concessions. My youth did not pass away, but that some flagrant instances of cowardice met with the contempt and chastisement they merited; nor was my sensitiveness to shame less poignant that it was over-mastered by my fear. These painful lessons, taught me, however, better to disguise the latter, and generated a hate against my adversaries, naturally the more implacable, that fear barred its iron door upon all outward expression of this passion. It required all the softness and sweet feminine forgiveness that formed the ornament and very essence of my mother's character, to counteract this most fearful and natural consequence of cowardice. Even her words, though they dropped like honey upon my irritated feelings, might have proved unavailing, but that she early acquired a powerful assistant; to whose gentle bidding I was more obedient than are the wild waves to their silver-queen,

I had attained my eighteenth year, and my fond mother was suffering daily torture from the fear that I should receive a hasty summons to join my father at Oxford, in order to commence my military education and career immediately under his eye, when the event took place to which I have alluded. Equally new and unexpected, it at once put away from me all bitter thoughts, and filled me with that luxuriance of happiness which throws back its hallowed light over the whole earth to make it heaven. Helen Mortimer, an orphan heiress and distant relative of my mother, came to reside under her roof. One year younger than myself, her character had early attained a maturity, which it owed rather to the times and the conflicting scenes she had witnessed, than to an inward and self-born sense of strength. Friend after friend, her father and brother, had all fallen victims to their

† From the *Keepsake* for 1831.

attachment to their king ; and the demand made upon her energies to bear up against her repeated misfortunes, to decide and act for herself, under the most trying circumstances, seemed to give them birth, because it called them into early action. Her stature, not yet arrived at its full height, was nevertheless above the middle size, and the fragility of her person, the cloudless radiance expressed by her sweet and regular features, and that keen smoothness of beauty that belongs only to the first stage of womanhood, were requisite to repress a something of awe, the firmness of purpose and inflexibility of principle she evinced at first inspired.

I know not how I won this bright and beautiful creation to be my own ; I cannot but think the very defects of my character chiefly aided me ; my ductile principles and unsettled resolves she knew how to guide and strengthen, and the interest with which I inspired her, from being tinged with compassion, was in itself so tender, that it easily softened into love. After a while I spoke her thoughts, and my conduct was swayed by her sentiments, and she looked upon her work and loved it.

My mother no sooner discovered our mutual affection, than she overcame every obstacle occasioned by our youth, my father's absence, the impossibility of obtaining the king's sanction, and we were privately married ; in the hope, I firmly believe, that this marriage would prevent my joining the army.

For a while we were happy—but short was my happiness. I was peremptorily summoned to join my father. The king's forces had suffered defeat, and it was judged necessary to reinforce the army by every possible accession of numbers. I was called upon to join instantly the gallant throng who fearlessly devoted their lives and fortunes to the losing cause, and seemed to glory in a death that closed their eyes on the triumph of their enemies. I cannot express the mingled sensations, all of reluctance, that assailed me on this summons. Hitherto I had believed my love for Helen to be the strongest feeling of my being : but the pang that shot through my frame, and left me covered with a cold and death-like dew, was not occasioned by the thought of her grief, nor of her unprotected condition, but of the danger I was about to encounter. If for a moment I entertained a fond hope that Helen would urge me to remain near her, I was bitterly mistaken.

"Go, my beloved," she said, "without delay ; and as you honour your king, deal heavily with his enemies. Think not of me, lest thine arm tremble, and thy cou-

rage fail. Tarry not an instant, lest my woman's tears cast a dampness on thy soul. When thou art gone, I shall find time enough to weep.—Farewell."

Thus urged, my departure was necessarily immediate ; and by keeping strictly and cautiously the very letter of my father's instructions as to the route, I reached him in safety.

It was on the 20th of June, the eve of the success of Cropredy Bridge, that I arrived at Banbury. On the following morning, raw and inexperienced, unacquainted with discipline, and possessed by the demon of fear, I was to earn, as volunteer by my father's side, a commission in his regiment.

"This is my son," I heard my father say to some brother veterans, with a feeling of honest pride ; "he cannot prove a recreant."

Could he at that moment have read that son's soul, I do believe he would have sought and found a glorious death in the morrow's battle. He was reserved for a harder fate. The morning rose ; a mantle of cold gray mist spread over the heavens and the earth one dull and uniform colour, My teeth chattered, and my heart beat so loudly, that I could not at first distinguish a word uttered by my father, though his voice was clear and powerful. At length I heard him, and then his words seemed louder than thunder, and I was stupified with the imaginary noise. At length the hour for action came. A large detachment of Sir William Waller's parliamentary army was ordered to cross the bridge at Cropredy, and fall upon our rear as we proceeded towards Daventry : this we learnt afterwards. At the moment of attack, I looked around to find some possible chance of escape. Alas ! I only met my father's eye, and felt that searching glance upon me every way I turned. The word was given, and my charger galloped as eager to the fight as though he bore a willing burden. I recollect closing my eyes, and grasping my sword. From that instant, till in my father's arms, I had no consciousness at the time, nor any recollection afterwards, of any thing that occurred, I gathered, however, from others, that I made my onset with headlong impetuosity—was among the first that repulsed the enemy—and had borne myself as well and gallantly, considering my inexperience, as the bravest among them. A mere scratch on my sword-arm was the only wound I had received. It will be thought that this unexpected triumph gave me at once pleasure and confidence ; such, it appears to me, ought to have been its natural consequence ; but I was overwhelmed with horror. My safety was too

accidental to give me courage; and the wound, slight as it was that I had received, frightfully reminded me of the nature of the risk I had encountered.

Now followed the success at Lestwithiel, and afterwards the defeat at Newberry. In these two actions, I contrived to keep aloof and escape detection. In the last the king had been compelled to leave his cannon and baggage in Dennington Castle; and being reinforced by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Northampton, he determined to recover it, and actually succeeded in bringing it off in the face of the enemy. This honour, which delighted the king's chivalric feelings far more than a more useful victory, was to teem with dreadful consequence to me.

Captain Glanville, a young man of the highest promise, had been hopelessly wounded in this victorious retreat, and I was appointed to command the few men who carried him on a rude litter, constructed of such material as was at hand, and lead them by a safer though circuitous route, that all unnecessary fatigue might be spared the wounded man. From my ignorance of the localities, we were benighted on the skirt of a thick wood, and our burden was put down within its shelter in a kind of shepherd's hut, discovered to us by the fitful glimmerings of the moon, about a stone's throw from the road. Suddenly the silence of night was broken by a confused murmur of mingled voices in measured cadence that gathered strength as it neared us. Soon the very notes might be distinguished; and each of us became convinced, at the same instant, that it was the rough voices of a party of presbyterian soldiers, modulated in one united strain of psalmody. My companions rushed into the thickest of the wood, whilst I, chained to the spot by some unholy charm, felt my breath thicken, and my feet rooted to the earth, by the side of my dying companion. He had now become perfectly unconscious, even of suffering, though a groan, deep and occasional abundantly testified his existence. The moon that had hitherto given a ghastly and uncertain light, now wholly withheld her beams. Night covered every object with her sable and friendly pall, and thus concealed my accidental shelter from the puritans. Still I could not but feel to agony that my safety was utterly precarious, whilst in the vicinity of these dangerous enthusiasts. I listened until the sense of sound seemed to borrow from my remaining senses, their several powers, as well as treble its own acuteness. I believe that I saw and felt through the organ of sound. They now entered the wood—

one moment of breathless suspense, and they marched onward across it, and the load was off my breast and I was glad and innocent.

This relief was of no long continuance. I soon distinguished voices in a low tone of conversation; something had induced them to suppose they were in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, and a small party was left stationed at the skirt of the forest. I knew the vicinity was too dangerous to admit of their remaining till day-break, but full three hours must elapse ere morning could bring me safety, and in the meantime Glanville's groans might surely be heard, since I could plainly distinguish their low voiced muttering. My fear became more dreadful as it was prolonged. At length my forebodings were realized; a groan louder than usual, caught the ear of some one of the puritans who put his comrades on the alert. Another, and a discovery became inevitable. I could not, I would not hesitate. I bent me down, I placed my hand firmly on the mouth of the dying wretch; fear, not only made me cruel, but possessed me of a calm determination to effect my purpose. I paused, however; Was it! Oh! was it a compunctious cry at my heart that held me for one moment hesitating over my victim? But that which I prized beyond wealth or honour, was on the hazard of this die; that undefined and busy thing which separated me from the charnel-house, from the gnawing worm, the ghastly skeleton, from all the dim and nameless horrors of the tomb—the sweet light of day shut out from me for ever, and that yet would smile on its bland and heedless smile; the mortal agony ere I could reach the resting place which no lip-felt prayer would avert, no supplication delay an instant; which would be attended with horrid shouts, and the bitter mocking of music and thanksgiving to drown the dreadful cry for mercy, I could not withhold; all this rushed upon my mind with frightful vehemence, in all the colours, shape and vividness of reality painted by my imagination on the darkness before me in the deep pencilling of fear. One moment I yet hesitated, when by a convulsive movement Glanville shook my hand from his mouth; and a sound, not loud, but long and gurgling, burst from his compressed lips; a start and “hark!” from the puritans without, and it was silenced for ever. I felt, yea, in the dark, and as though it were my trade to murder. I sought with my hand for the seat of life, and despite the beating of his heart that seemed to repel the murderer's hand, I stabbed deep, deep; the body

writhed under the knife; I pressed harder and all was still!

In all probability the gallant soldier would have breathed his last in a few hours; yet I cannot plead the fact in mitigation of my crime, for it never once occurred to me. The king was much affected by Glanville's death, but no suspicion attached to me on the occasion. He was known to have been mortally wounded. And now let me once again refresh myself from the fever that consumes me, and think of a second oasis in my life's wilderness.

I obtained leave of absence, and with my father sought my Helen's dwelling. My mother, my fond, dotting, mistaken mother, was also there, and one other, a glad and innocent creature, looking up with as bright a face as the morning on which I first pressed my babe to a father's bounding bosom. Oh! God grant me thankfulness for that delight! It is past and for ever; yet it is recorded in ineffaceable characters: the memory of joy is as deep as that of sorrow. I would turn from my little girl, her placid sleep, and bright awakening, to look upon the early matron—the proud and happy mother. Oh! Wherefore was this heart made to feel so intensely the good of true and passionate love, all the sweet charities of life, and to know that one feeling stronger than them all existed, and feel with the most poignant shame that this master-passion was fear!

Once or twice my eye quailed beneath Helen's glance, when she spoke to me of Glanville, and of his early unmerited death. "It is sad," she said, turning to my father, for a secret instinct told her, that by him she would be better appreciated, "to think of his early death; but his was the bannered bed of the soldier, carved out by the hand of honour; and his dying spirit must have worn the flush of honourable fame as it ascended to the presence of God."

"Thou art a sweet enthusiast," said Sir Charles Glenham; "and I prophecy will make a hero of my son."

If at that moment the Weird sisters had lifted the curtain of the future, to show how thy forebodings were to be disappointed, thou wouldst not have believed them.

Not long was I permitted to enjoy the happiness of my home. The young Earl of Montrose, who had been so coldly received on a former occasion by the king, that he had been induced to offer his services to the Covenanters, and had been commissioned by the Tables to wait upon the king, then lying at Berwick, was so

won over by the honied persuasions and graceful condescension which Charles so well knew how to assume, and which derived added interest from the sweet sadness that characterised his melancholy, yet handsome countenance, that he resolved, though covertly, to aid him with his whole power. An intercepted letter caused him to be thrown into prison, and I was selected as one but little personally known as a partisan of the king's, and whose youth would, in all probability, secure from capital punishment, even if discovered, to convey letters and messages to the noble prisoner. Favoured by Fortune in that partial manner, in which she beguiles her apparent favourites, I performed my journey and errand in safety; but, on my return, when proceeding to join my father in the west, was made prisoner by Colonel Weldon, and was subsequently shut up with him in Taunton by the royalists. In this situation I made no attempt at escape, which was certainly possible, though not to be effected without personal hazard; and I cannot but think it was this supineness, so unnatural in one so young, that induced a suspicion of my real character in Weldon's mind, and which he afterwards used to my ruin in order to effect a political purpose. Mine is not a history of the war; I will hasten, therefore, to relate the last black pages of my life. A series of disasters had rendered the king's cause utterly hopeless. The gallant Montrose, who had been liberated, after several brilliant successes, was himself defeated, and the king's friends began to feel all the peril of their situation, without, however, flinching from their post. Among those whose personal attachment to the king was strongest, my father held a conspicuous station; and, as the obstinacy of these latent adherents to the king, their inflexibility of purpose and faithful attachment, equally spoke in favour of their royal master, and threw a kind of odium on those less firm, who had been won from their allegiance, it became the policy of the ruling party to secure, at every hazard, the persons of these sturdy counsellors and warriors, and to visit them with condign punishment. Thus, after the defeat at Stowe, it behoved them to conceal themselves with much precaution, both to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, and to keep themselves ready against a future day, when their services might be required by their prince. My father had been wounded at Stowe, and it was supposed not difficult to track the maimed lion to his lair. A very vigorous search was made in vain, when it occurred to Weldon that I might be made

instrumental in procuring knowledge of my father's retreat. Helen had contrived, at various periods, to give me tidings of herself and child, and she now informed me of the place of my father's concealment. By her advice, I had destroyed every paper as I received it, but her messenger on this last occasion was discovered and tampered with. He acknowledged that I was acquainted with Sir Charles Glenham's abode, but declared truly that he knew it not himself. A friend procured me intelligence of this event, and advised me to make my escape immediately. I eagerly followed this advice—for my stay now involved my safety—but was discovered and brought back. My life was now forfeited, and there remained to me but one chance of escape. I was permitted to purchase life by a general confession, and betrayal of my father. Colonel Weldon himself visited me in my prison to make this proffer. It was in vain that I sought life on any, every other condition. It was in vain I poured out confession of all I had done—of all my father's heroic deeds—that I begged for pardon for him and for myself. I see his calm, stern look at this moment, that defied hope, all hope but such as mine. He moved to depart, and I rushed forward. I clung to his knees in the extremity of anguish, despite his efforts to shake me off, and repeated exclamations of "dastard!" "coward!" I clung to him with a kind of fondness; surely it must be fear that makes the spaniel caress the hand that chides him.

"Deliver up your father into our hands," he said, "and you shall be free as the winds of heaven."

"Not that! not that!" I cried, repulsing the suggestions of my own coward heart, rather than refusing to comply with his demand.

"You have pronounced your doom," replied the colonel.

As I looked in his calm, decided face, the certainty grew upon me, that only one way could I preserve my life. Why should I palter with the truth—it must be told—I consented to betray my poor, unconscious father. Nothing could be more easy. I alone, besides my wife, who was secure from their power, was possessed of the secret of his hiding-place. To come quickly to the sequel of my story: Sir Charles Glenham was seized and brought to trial as a traitor—a traitor! he who had kept unshaken, amidst the backsliding of the times, the allegiance he had sworn to his king. His son—his betrayer—the parricide—was compelled to appear against him. Oh God! should I exist for

a thousand years, that day, with all its horrors, would live in terrible distinctness in my memory. When my father saw who was his accuser, a holy and deep compassion invested his countenance. The only words he said to me, were, "My poor mistaken boy!" To his judge he merely said, that he was content to die as he had lived, in the faith of his ancestors, and a true and loyal servant to his royal master, the rightful King of Britain. I looked as a bird is said to be fascinated by the serpent, upon his manly and handsome countenance, on the crisped locks of his ebon hair—I sickened as I gazed. I fancied that prideful form bowed by an untimely blast to the earth—I saw that face distorted in mortal agony, and those curls that feminine and fairy fingers had been wont to twine among so fondly, appeared to my distempered fancy dabbled in blood!

Helen never uttered a reproach; but she would not avail herself of the immunity I had thus dearly purchased. We crossed to Calais, and a few days after, our child sickened and died. Cold and tearless, she looked on, whilst torrents gushed from my eyes of unavailing heart-dew over the infant's grave; a stern emotion would sometimes flit in dark shadow over her beautiful face, and leave it as white as Parian marble; but no tear fell from her eye, no complaint escaped her lip. I could not forbear to ask how she had learned such fortitude.

"The blossom hath gone," replied she, calmly, "but the parent-tree was already blighted, and will shortly follow. Did I not feel this to conviction, I had not parted thus with my only blessing."

Her words were a true prophecy. Her proud spirit could not brook her husband's dishonour; and though she ministered to my slightest wish, and tried to smile faint hope upon my bursting heart, almost up to the hour of her death, I could never read in her eyes one look of love, nor one regret that she was dying. They sleep—all sleep in the quiet grave who ever cared for me, doomed to death by my murderous hand; but the spectres, that all pale, and still, and ghastly, haunt me in my desolation, fail not to throw back on me, with tenfold power, the curse I was fated to be to them. If suffering deserve compassion in proportion to its intensity, then pour down your pity on the head of a lone old man—ay, though he be a coward and a murderer!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
WILLIAM HAZLITT.†

MR. HAZLITT was first pointed out to me about fourteen or fifteen years ago. His name was not so extensively circulated then as it since has been; but he was, nevertheless, well known to be a first-rate critic in matters connected with art and the theatres; and by his associates (some of them not too ready to admit the claims of literary candidates) he was characterised as an acute and profound thinker. His countenance did not belie this opinion. His figure was indeed indifferently, and his movements shy and awkward; but there was something in his earnest irritable face, his restless eyes, his black hair, combed backwards and curling (not too resolutely) about a well-shaped head, that was very striking. I may boast of having had some acquaintance with almost every eminent writer of my time. Among the very first of these I do not scruple to place—William Hazlitt! I am sensible of his violence, his prejudices, his defects. I know that he could not have written "the Scotch Novels," the "Lyrical Ballads," nor "Don Juan." His mind was stamped with other impressions; his impulses tended another way. He had, perhaps, little imagination or humour, though he had a keen sense of them in others; but his critical powers, when they were unfettered, and there was no personal dislike in the way, were second to none; and that he could probe a subject to its depths, and deal with questions of almost every kind, his volumes of essays and criticisms abundantly testify. He was not only a critic on poetry and painting (both of which he understood and traced up to their subtlest beauties), but he was also a metaphysical writer of power, and one of the most acute observers of men and manners that ever lived.

When Hazlitt first came to London between 1789 and 1804, he resided with his brother, who had a house in Great Russell Street; but, when the peace of Amiens took place, he went to Paris, and, during the short interval of quiet that then occurred, studied regularly in the Louvre. On his return to England he continued to live with his brother, I believe, until his marriage with the sister of Dr. Stoddart. Soon after this event, he established himself in a small house in Westminster. This house was remarkable for having been formerly occupied by—Milton; it was an

old-fashioned place, but it had one pleasant good-sized room, that overlooked the garden of Mr. Jeremy Bentham. Hazlitt was a great talker, when it was his cue to talk, and I have never known one more amusing. If he uttered fewer words than Mr. Coleridge, or expatiated less, he developed his ideas more distinctly, and I think exhibited as many of them. The difference between these two was well expressed by — I forget who, and was afterwards adopted by Mr. de Quincy, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Coleridge, he said, was a *subtle* and Hazlitt an *acute* thinker. There was the same distinction between them as between the alchemist and the regular professor of chemistry. This judgment, however, is too hard upon Mr. Coleridge, who, if he soared too frequently in "mid-air," and traversed the regions of Mesmerism and astrology, can also descend upon the earth and reason like a philosopher.

Ten or a dozen years ago I was thrown a good deal into the society of Hazlitt, in company with whom I used to meet (at different places), Mr. Charles Lamb, Mr. John Scott, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Colson, Mr. Haydon, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Charles Lloyd, &c. &c. Charles Lamb, one of the best hearted men in the world, is also one of the most original. When he is inclined to talk, his quips and cranks, and jokes, are as ingenious as his observations are acute and free from common-place. He is one of the finest, and, if I may use the word, one of the most *interesting* critics that ever lived. He is as much a discoverer (of the latent beauties of literature), as Vasco Nunez or Magellan. Mr. Hogg's talk is terse and satirical; Mr. Hunt's, humorous and vivacious; and Mr. Haydon's vivid and picturesque. I have heard the last-mentioned artist describe Edinburgh in a shower of rain, in a way to make the "Modern Athens" absolutely visible to one's imagination.

It must not be supposed that Hazlitt spent all his life in writing or talking. On the contrary, he was a furious racket player. The whole of many, and the half of more days, were consumed in this amusement. The Fives Court (now pulled down) was the arena where he was then ambitious to figure; and rackets occupied almost his whole existence. The racket was the only instrument with which he desired to conquer. If he ever thought of that more formidable weapon, the goose-quill, it was unwillingly, and in order only to provide for his wants. When he undertook a work of any extent, he would frequently leave town, and shut himself up in the little inn or public house called Win-

† From the *New Monthly Magazine*.—No. CXIX.

terslow Hat, on the edge of Salisbury Plain. Here, with scarcely any books, often with none, and with no companions, he would set to work, and get through a volume without much difficulty. He drew upon his recollections of books and pictures, and recalled what he had observed of men and things; probed his own character unshrinkingly; (extracting an infinite quantity of knowledge from his own infirmities;) and, after wandering about amongst the woods and pastures, finding

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,"

he would go home in the evening to his inn, and set down the thoughts that had sprung up in his solitude. He wrote the whole of his "Lectures on the Elizabethan Age" at this place, several of his other volumes of criticism, and many of his best essays. Living alone and very temperately (for, during the last fifteen years of his life, he drank nothing but water), he was enabled to make the whole evening his own, and he employed it generally in placing upon record the ideas that his walk had given birth to in the morning.

The following memoranda have no connexion with each other: they are set down without order, just as they occur to me:—

Miscalculating his expenses, he once found himself at Stamford reduced almost to his last shilling. He set off to walk to Cambridge, but having a pair of new boots on they gave him acute pain. In this predicament, he tried at twenty different places to exchange them for a pair of shoes or slippers of any sort, but no one would accommodate him. He made this a charge against the English, "Though they would have got treble the value by exchanging," said he, "they would not do it, because it would have been useful to me."—"Perhaps," said some one, jestingly, "they did not know that you came honestly by them."—"Ah! true," said H. "that did not strike me before. That shakes my theory in this respect, if it be true; but then, it corroborates another part of it; so the fact is valuable either way. There is always a want of liberality, either in their thoughts or actions."

When I first knew Charles Lamb, I ventured one evening to say something that I intended should pass for wit. "Ha! very well; very well, indeed!" said he. "Ben Jonson has said worse things." (I brightened up, but he went stammering on to the end of the sentence)—"and—and—and—*better!*" A pinch of snuff concluded this compliment, which

put a stop to my wit for the evening. I related the thing to Hazlitt afterwards, who laughed. "Ay," said he, "you are never sure of him till he gets to the end. His jokes would be the sharpest things in the world, but that they are blunted by his good-nature. He wants malice—which is a pity."—"But," said I, "his words at first seemed so."—"Oh! as for that," replied Hazlitt, "his sayings are generally like women's letters—all the pith is in the postscript."

"I am sorry," said I, "to hear talk of a monument to Shakspeare. Surely, a million copies of his plays together with all the printing-presses of the kingdom, are sufficient to preserve him from decay. A monument at Stratford-upon-Avon will increase the gains of the publicans there, and put money into one of our classical stone-cutter's pockets, but it will do nothing more."—"It is an absurd proceeding," said Hazlitt, "and is therefore sure to meet with supporters. I wish they would let Shakspeare alone; he is fully able to take care of his own reputation. But people are never satisfied unless there is the substantial—the tangible. They imagine that fame will fly off like an essence and be lost, unless it be built round with stone or brick. A great square pillar erected to the memory of Shakspeare, is (not to speak it profanely) like the graven image of a Superior Nature, where all should be ethereal—celestial! *What will Shakspeare gain by the matter?* If nothing, why it is a monument only of the national vanity; and it is quite clear that that requires no monument at all."

We were speaking of the old masters. "I think," said I, "that one might generally express the quality of a painter in a word. Thus we might speak of the *savage* character of Salvator's pictures, and the *amenity* of Claude's—the *suavity* of Correggio, the *elegance* of Parmegiano, the *bravery* of Rubens."—"Bravery is a good word," said he, "it gives an idea of his drawing as well as of his colour."—"the *power* of Michael Angelo, the *splendour* of Titian, the *gorgeousness* of Paul Veronese, the *courtliness* of Vandyke, and so on. But there is one that I can find no word for—I mean Raffaele."—"That," said Hazlitt, "is because he has several qualities in the highest degree, whereas the others have only one. Perhaps, indeed, Titian deserves a second epithet, for his faces are as *intellectual* as Raffaele's; but he wants the grace, the sweet, soft, natural, yet divine beauty, which floats about the other's heads. Titian's faces have a true, stern, uncompromising look; whereas in Raffaele we have the 'rapt soul sitting in the eyes.'

They look as if they had seen angels, Titian (and Michael Angelo too) were of the earth, earthy. Raffaele seemed as though he had communed with the skies."

He admired Northcote much more than Fuseli, to whom he did not, I think, do justice. He said he was a mere exaggeration of littleness—always awearing and straining for something that was out of his reach. I replied, that he certainly possessed humour, and instanced what he said respecting a picture of Constable, which (like almost all that artist's landscapes) seemed to have been painted during a shower of rain. "Jawn! bring me ma umbrella! I'am go-ooing to looke at Meester Cone-stable's pictur."

"What you say may be true, occasionally," said Hazlitt, "but in general he was all sound and fury—a mere explosion of words. Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man (eighty years of age), pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away; and yet—my God! what fine things he says."—"Yea," observed some one, "and what ill-natured things; they are all malicious to the last word. L—— called him a little bottle of aquafortis, which, you know, corrodes every thing it touches"—"Except gold," interrupted Hazlitt: "he never drops upon Sir Joshua, or the great masters."

THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.†

It becomes an interesting question, whether the singular prosperity of England, does not contain within itself the seeds of decline? But we have a right to distrust those prophets of evil, who exert their sagacity only in seeing the seeds of ruin in the most palmy state of national fortune. If all the leading commercial powers have fallen, England has been placed in a condition distinct from them all. All those states were exclusively commercial: they had no foundation in the land. Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Genoa, Holland, had no territory extensive enough to give them a national existence independently of the sea: they were strips of territory, inhabited by men whose natural dwelling was on ship-board; they had no popu-

lation that could meet the attack of the military powers that pressed on them by land: their whole armour was in front; their backs were naked. All the maritime states were thus compelled to the perilous expedient of employing foreign mercenaries. The mercantile jealousy that uniformly refused the rights of citizenship to the neighbouring states, left the merchant helpless in his day of danger. The French cavalry insulted the states of Amsterdam at pleasure; the Austrians seized Genoa, and besieged Venice, when an Austrian cock-boat dared not appear on the Adriatic. In older times, the Mountaineers of Macedonia tore down the battlements of the Phœnician cities, when their ships were masters of all from Syria to the Pillars of Hercules, Scipio found but a solitary force of mercenaries between the shore and the walls of Carthage.

From the catastrophe of those small, jealous, and tyrannical states, what argument can be drawn to the fate of the extensive, the generous, and the enlightened, and, above all, the free?

The population of the British isles is worthy of a great dominion: It probably amounts to twenty millions; and that immense number placed under such fortunate circumstances of rapid communication and easy concentration, as to be equal to twice the amount in any other kingdom. Facility of intercourse is one of the first principles of civilized strength. The rapid returns of merchandise are not more indicative of prosperous commerce, than the rapid intercourse of humankind is essential to national civilization and safety. In England, for whatever purpose limited strength may be demanded, it is forwarded to the spot at once. It makes the whole land a fortress. If England were threatened with invasion, a hundred thousand men could be conveyed to the defence of any part of her coasts within four-and-twenty hours.

Some common, yet striking calculations evince the singular facility and frequency of this intercourse. The mail coaches of England run over twelve thousand miles in a single night—half the circumference of the globe! A newspaper, published in the morning in London, is, on the same day, read a hundred and twenty miles off! The traveller, going at night from London, sleeps, on the third night, at a distance of more than four hundred miles. The length of canal navigation, in the vicinity of London, is computed as equal to the whole canal navigation of France!

The late combination of the rail road and steam-engine systems, and the almost miraculous rapidity of passage thus attained, will increase this intercourse in an

† From Croly's Life of George IV.

incalculable degree. Ten years more of peace may cover England with rail-roads; relieving the country of the expenses of canals, highways, and all the present ponderous and wasteful modes of conveyance; bringing the extremities of the land together, by shortening the time of the journey from days to hours; and, by the nature of the system, which offers the most powerful stimulant to the native ingenuity of the English mind, and summons the artificer from the rude construction of the boat and the waggon, to the finest science of mechanism, providing, in all probability, for a succession of inventions, to which even the steam-engine may be but a toy. The secret of directing the balloon will yet be discovered; and England, adding to her dominion of the land and the sea, the mightier mastery of the air, will despise the barriers of mountain, desert, and ocean.

But the most important distinction between the *materiel* of British strength, and that of the old commercial republics, is in the diversity of the population. The land is not all a dock-yard, nor a manufactory, nor a barrack; nor a ploughed field; the national ship has a sail for every breeze. With a manufacturing population of three millions, we have a professional population, a naval population, and a most powerful, healthy, and superabundant agricultural population, which supplies the drain of them all. Of this last and most indispensable class, the famous commercial republics were wholly destitute, and they therefore fell; while England has been an independent and ruling kingdom since 1066, a period already longer than the duration of the Roman Empire from Cæsar, and equal to its whole duration from the consulate.

But, if the population of our settlements be taken into account, the king of England, at this hour, commands a more numerous people than that of any other sceptre on the globe, excepting the probably exaggerated, and the certainly ineffective, multitudes of China. He is monarch over one hundred millions of men! With him, the old Spanish boast is true: "On his dominions the sun never sets." But the most illustrious attribute of this unexampled empire is, that its principle is benevolence!—that knowledge goes forth with it that tyranny sinks before it—that, in its magnificent progress, it abates the calamities of nature—that it plants the desert—and that it civilizes the savage—that it strikes off the fetters of the slave—that its spirit is at once "glory to God and good-will to man."

A NEW VIEW OF THE CAUSES OF HYDROPHOBIA†.

How does it happen, that in these enlightened days, when the mists are dispelled which clouded the vision of our forefathers, and men have begun to look at, and to examine things for themselves, that there is still one subject which retains all its tremendous power over every class of society—women and children, heroes and statesmen, the most illiterate and the most learned, all are filled with terror when the name is introduced of that most terrific of diseases, Hydrophobia. Let us meet the terrific spectre, and see if a little common sense can be brought to bear upon a huge mass of folly and superstition; a few remarks will suffice, at all events, to make this universal bugbear somewhat less appalling.

It may appear not a little presumptuous, at once to declare our conviction, that the disease called hydrophobia in the dog has nothing to do with the disease of the same name in the human species; in other words, that the madness of the *biter* has no effect on the madness of the *bitten*, and that a man who has been bitten by a dog in perfect health, is just as likely to have all the symptoms of hydrophobia as if he had been bitten by a mad one. And these are the reasons.

The saliva of the rabid animal has been always supposed to possess the virulent property which occasions hydrophobia. As one proof that it has this poisonous quality, it is remarked, that a bite inflicted on the naked flesh is more often followed by disease than when any part of the clothing has intervened, *because* the saliva is then absorbed; and does not pass into the wound. The simple fact being that the bite will be less severe, because of the additional resistance of the clothing.

The effects of all poisons with which we are acquainted are certain and determinate: it never happens that a known poison can be received into the animal system with impunity; the time is also specific at which its operation begins and ends. But assuming that the saliva of the mad dog is poisonous, the real truth is, that it has no effect at all on by far the greater number of those who have been subjected to its influence; and even on those who have been supposed to have been affected by it, the time at which the symptoms appear, is altogether undetermined. We speak now of its effects on the human species; for what is called hydrophobia in them, is attended with

† From the *Westminster Review*.—No. XXVI.

many symptoms very different from those which accompany the disease of the same name in quadrupeds.

Is it to be imagined that a poison injected into a wound will retain peaceable possession there for months, and even years, and then suddenly disturb the whole system? The interval between the bite, and the supposed effects, has been sometimes so long, that, literally speaking, it may be said to be not the same individual who pays the penalty for the bite; for the animal frame has, in the course of so many years, undergone a complete change: every atom of the former self has been decomposed, and the poisonous matter supposed to have been left in the wound at the time of the bite, must also have disappeared.

It is no answer to this observation, to affirm that other diseases are given to the human subject by the introduction of virulent matter: the small-pox, for instance, by inoculation, which also remains locally dormant for some time, and then affects the whole system. The certainty of the symptoms, and the time when they will appear, in the one case, and the capricious uncertainty, as it regards the *when* and the *where*, in the other, are circumstances which show most decidedly, that the two cases are not governed by the same laws. If the saliva had the invariable effects that the virulent matter has, there would be no more mystery in the one case than in the other.

In what infection consists, and what is the first effect which constitutes the reception of disease, are curious and puzzling inquiries. Some organic change must take place at the moment disease is communicated, or what is meant by *taking infection*? The symptoms of the disorder do not appear till after a certain number of days; but the disease must be received somewhere in the system at a stated time before it shows itself.

Hydrophobia in man is of rare occurrence. During the last thirty years only six or eight cases have been known at Bartholomew's hospital; and among twenty persons, who at one time were bitten, only one had the disease; so that the exceptions from the effects of this supposed virulent poison, here seem to form the rule, whilst the observance of the usual laws of cause and effect, if the received theory of hydrophobia be a true one, are very rare; not more frequent than one in twenty!

It is said, that there are ten animals besides the human species that are susceptible of this disease. These are the dog, wolf, fox, and cat; the horse, ass, mule, cow, sheep, and pig. The first four only,

as it is pretended, have the power of communicating it.

The mysterious and capricious agency with which, among the human species, hydrophobia has hitherto appeared to select its victims, has been one fearful adjunct in the catalogue of its horrors. It has set at defiance all the laws by which we reason, either from experience or analogy. By some unknown spell it has seemed to seize upon its unhappy choice, and to have exerted its baneful influence peculiarly over the powers of his mind. But on a short examination, the solution of the enigma presented itself. As far as we know, it has never occurred to any one to suppose, that the cause of this direful malady originates in the *nature and shape of the wound*, and not from any virulent matter injected into it.

A wound made with a pointed instrument, a nail for instance, the hand or foot, has not infrequently been followed by tetanus; and the same consequences have succeeded a wound where the nerve has been injured, without being divided.

It deserves particular notice, that the only four animals that are said to have the power of communicating this malady have teeth of a similar form. They would make a deeply-punctured wound; which is precisely the kind of wound which more often than any other is the herald of tetanus.

Though the symptoms of hydrophobia have hitherto been considered somewhat to differ from tetanus, they agree in their principal characteristics; in being spasmodic, in peculiarly affecting the muscles of the throat, and, in short, in producing the same great excitement in the whole nervous system. A more attentive examination of the subject will perhaps show, that the symptoms of each disease are more exactly similar than has hitherto been imagined; and that they have been modified only by the peculiar constitution of the patient. All that is meant here to be asserted is, that there is nothing in the symptoms of the one disease which has not, in its general character, been found in the symptoms of the other. Immense quantities of opium can be borne by those labouring under either disease without the usual effects. Excision is said to be the only remedy in both diseases; and in each it is equally powerless after the nervous excitement has once commenced.

The horrible custom is said not to be yet entirely exploded of smothering the unhappy sufferer between two featherbeds, from the fear that he may communicate the disease by biting those around him. It has sometimes happened, that under the influence of extreme terror, the

poor wretch has, in his agony, begged to be prevented from injuring his attendants; but we have never known of any instance where an inclination to bite has been exhibited. Hydrophobia is no more the necessary consequence of a bite than blindness is.

One word on the hydrophobia of animals, and particularly as it appears in the dog; he is more often the subject of the disease, and his domestic habits bring him more under our observation.

There seems to be scarcely the slightest resemblance between any of the symptoms of the hydrophobia of man and those of the brute creation. The dog, under the influence of his disease, generally appears dull and out of spirits, and snaps at any person or thing near him. His aversion to fluids is by no means universal—he has very frequently been known to drink a short time before death; so that the horror of water does not form a characteristic symptom of his malady. It applies much more properly to that of the human species, where even the sight of fluids often produces violent spasms in the throat; the contraction has been so great that it has been found impossible to swallow, notwithstanding the earnest wish of the patient to do so.

That a dog should be called mad in consequence of having the symptoms referred to above, is a sad error of language, and leads to the many absurd opinions which depend upon this term; we must consider, however, that the moment such an idea enters into the head of any person (who has a *tongue* also), the alarm of a mad dog is echoed far and wide; the poor animal is haunted about till its frightened condition give it the appearance of wildness. There are few people who have not, at one time of their lives, felt the terror inspired by either seeing or hearing of such an animal in their neighbourhood.

Men may call a certain disease canine madness if they will; our position is, that this disease is not to be communicated to other animals by a bite, but by the usual manner in which other diseases, that are called infections, are communicated. It may be as infectious among other animals as the disease called the distemper among dogs is considered to be; or, possibly, it may be an epidemic; either supposition will account for the fact, that dogs in the same neighbourhood have frequently had this disease, when there has been almost, if not absolute certainty that they have not been bitten.

In conclusion, we state, that the saliva of the so-called rabid animal has no poisonous quality. The disease named

hydrophobia in man is caused by the injury of a nerve; when fatal effects occur, they are accidental circumstances attending the wound; and as they more frequently follow punctured wounds than others, the teeth of a dog are as likely to produce them as anything else, and the reason why every bite is not succeeded by the same consequences is, because no nerve is injured so as to produce the appalling nervous excitement that has received the name of hydrophobia.

SCRAPS OF ANTIQUITY.†

WHEN Ptolemy II., King of Egypt, looked forth one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious indulgences, and distracted with kingly anxieties, he observed a multitude of his plebeian subjects reclining in festal ease, on the sandy banks of the Nile, and dining with immense glee and great good appetite on such plebeian entertainment as they had provided for themselves. "Miserable me!" said the monarch, "that my fate hath not allowed me to be one of them!"

Dancing seems to have been reckoned, as well among the Hebrews as the Greeks, one of the first-rate accomplishments, and to have been associated not only with their poetry, but with their religious worship. Almost all the earliest Greek poets, as Theopis, Cratinus, and others, not only excelled in dancing, but taught it to freemen, or gentlemen, for money. We do not read, however, that Homer was a dancer, or kept a dancing-school. Sophocles was one of the best dancers of his generation; he had a very handsome person, which he was fain to exhibit in the dance's grace-displaying movements. After the celebrated battle of Salamis, in the glory of which he and Æchylus alike as warriors partook, he exhibited himself as a lyrist and dancer, nearly in the same manner as David did before the ark: he footed it along, dancing and singing to his lyre, being anointed also with oil, and naked to the waist; though others say he wore his robe. When his play of Nansicaa was acted, he not only danced, but played at the ball. With the Hebrews, dancing must assuredly have been associated with notions of dignity, otherwise it would not have been used in their most solemn wor-

† From the Edinburgh Literary Journal—No. CVI.

ship. And yet the taunting rebuke given to David by his wife, presupposes, in her estimation, something of levity combined with that exercise. With the Romans, after their connexion with Greece, dancing was also deemed a high accomplishment. In the age of Cicero, the first men of Rome made a boast of their skill in dancing; as Claudius, who had triumphed; Cælius, the enemy of Cicero; and Lic. Crassus, son of the celebrated Parthian Crassus.

Anacharsis, though a Scythian, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is the one—"The vine bears three grapes: the first is that of pleasure: the second is that of drunkenness; the third is that of sorrow." A Greek poet, I forget his name, gave the first bowl, or crater, to the Graces, Hours, and Bacchus; the second to Venus, and again to Bacchus; the third to Mischief and Ate.

When Mark Antony was fast fleeing from his conqueror, after the battle of Mutina, one of his acquaintances gave as a reply to some person that inquired of him what his master was about—"He is doing what dogs do in Egypt when pursued by the crocodile—drinking and running!"

How different are the times and modes of study practised by literary men in all nations and ages! Demosthenes studied always during the night, utterly secluded, and quaffing at cold water; Demades, his rival in the forum, hardly studied at all, but dissipated away his time amid wine and licentiousness. Æschylus was said to be always drunk when he wrote, whence Sophocles remarked to him with some of the bitterness of jealousy, that "if he wrote well, he did so perchance and unwittingly." If it be true that Æschylus wrote always in a state of inebriation, it may perhaps account for his harsh, concerted, yet furious, forceful, and sublime style of poetry. I should infer, from Homer's simple style, that he was a drinker of cold water. Not only Æschylus, but Alcæus and Aristophanes, composed their poetry in a state of excitation from liquor; yet Anacreon, bacchanalian as he was, wrote, it is said, always sober—he only feigned inebriety. Among modern writers, I have only heard of Tasso and Schiller who composed in a state of semi-inebriation: Schiller used to study till long after midnight, with deep potations of Rhenish: Tasso was wont to say that Malmsey was that alone which enabled him to compose good verses.

The Greeks seldom drank wine undiluted with water. Hesiod recommends three cups of water to one of wine; they sometimes drank four to one; the Greek proverb prescribes five of water to two of wine, or three of water to one of wine. The proportion of five to two seems generally to have been preserved by those who wished to drink cheerfully, and converse for a long time without inebriation. Anacreon, whom we may conceive the pattern of all jolly winebibbers, used two of water to one of wine. It was considered a Thracian or Scythian custom to drink pure wine. The Romans drank more undiluted wine than the Greeks; yet we hear Ovid himself saying, that he could never drink wine in an unmixed state; it was too strong for him.

Magnificent and large as are our modern steam-vessels, they are inferior, if we may judge from description, both in size and splendour, to the vessels constructed by the kings of Egypt and Syracuse, on a scale of grandeur corresponding to the immense preparations of their sculpture and architecture. Ptolomæus Philopater, King of Egypt, built a vessel four hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-six feet broad, seventy-two feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, but eighty to the top of the poop. She had four helms of sixty feet; her largest oars were fifty-six feet long, with leaden handles, so as to work more easily by the rowers; she had two prows, two sterns, seven rostra, or beaks, successively rising, and swelling out one over the other. The topmost one most prominent and stately; on the poop and prow she had figures of animals, not less than eighteen feet high; all the interior of the vessel was beautified with a delicate sort of painting, of a waxen colour. She had four thousand rowers: four hundred cabin-boys, or servants; marines to do duty on the decks, two thousand eight hundred and twenty; with an immense store of arms and provisions. The same prince built another ship, called the Thalamègus, or Bedchamber-ship, which was only used as a pleasure yacht, for sailing up and down the Nile. She was not so long or large as the preceding, but more splendid in the chambers and their furnishings.—Hiero, King of Syracuse, built an enormous vessel, which he intended for a corn-trader; her length is not given. She was built at Syracuse, by a Corinthian ship-builder, and was launched by an apparatus devised by Archimedes. All her bolts and nails were of brass; she had twenty rows of oars; her apartments were all paved with neat square variegated tiles, on which there was painted all the story of

Homer's Iliad. She had a gymnasium, with shady walks, on her upper decks; garden-plots, stocked with various plants, and nourished with limpid water that flowed circulating round them in a canal of lead. She had, here and there on deck, arbours mantled with ivy and vine-branches, which flourished in full greenness; being supplied with the principle of growth from the leaden canal. She had one chamber particularly splendid, whose pavement was of agates and other precious stones, and whose pannels, doors, and roofs, were of ivory, and wood of the thya-tree. She had a scholasterium, or library, with five couches, its roof arched into a pulvis, or vault, with the stars embossed; she had a bath, with its accompaniments all most magnificent; she had on each side of her deck ten stalls for horses, with fodder and furnishings for the grooms and riders; a fishpond of lead, full of fish, whose waters could be let out or admitted at pleasure: she had two towers on the poop, two on the prow, and four in the middle, full of armed men, that managed the machines, invented by Archimedes, for throwing stones of three hundred pound weight, and arrows eighteen feet long, to the distance of a furlong. She had three masts, and two antennæ, or yards, that swung with hooks and masses of lead attached. She had, round the whole circuit of her deck, a rampart of iron crows, which took hold of ships, and dragged them nearer, for the purpose of destroying them. The tunnels or bows on her masts were of brass, with men in each. She had twelve anchors, and three masts. It was with difficulty they could find a tree large and strong enough for her highest mast. Great Britain—an ominous circumstance for the superiority of British oak!—had the glory of bestowing upon her a sufficient tree for that purpose; it was discovered amid the recesses of Albion's forests by a swine-herd! What is remarkable in the construction of this gigantic vessel is, that her sentina, or sink, though large and deep, was emptied by *one man*, by means of a pump invented by Archimedes. Hiero, on finding that the Syracusan was too unwieldy to be admitted with safety into the harbours of Sicily, made a present of her to Ptolemy, who changed her name to the Alexandrian.

THE MODERN TANTALUS; OR, THE DEMON OF DRURY-LANE.†

"There are more things in Drury Lane, Sir Walter, than are dreamt of in your Demonology."

COURTEOUS READER—Has it ever been your fate to visit what is called the privilege-office of Drury-Lane theatre? We do not ask if you are a renter, or a translator of two-act atrocities; but have you ever, by any chance, found yourself in the box-lobby of that temple of Melpomene, music, and melo-drama, without having performed the customary ceremony of depositing seven shillings at the doors? If such has been your lot, you must inevitably have encountered a quiet, broad, short, shrewd-looking elderly gentlemen; who, sitting in a nook that fits him like a great-coat, with his hat drawn a little over his eyes, to shade them from the glare of the lamp beside him, has received your credentials, or presented a book for your lawful signature. You may possibly have observed the calm, scrutinising air with which he has surveyed your free-admission ticket, or the inquisitive glance which he has directed to the flourish that accompanies your autograph. If you are an author, you must have seen him put a mark of honour opposite your name, to distinguish you from the rest of his visitors. (Our friend has a taste for literature, and he thus evinces it most delicately in conferring distinctions upon its professors). But you are little aware, probably, that there is a circumstance connected with the history of that individual, which is entitled to a place in a more imperishable register than the short memories of the few to whom the fact may be familiar.

We had paid him several visits before we discovered that he had any thing that particularly distinguished him from the rest of his fraternity—or it might with justice have been said, of his countrymen—nay, of mankind. But at last, when he became sufficiently acquainted with our visage to recognize it at a glance, the fixed, placid, sculptured sort of smile which invariably tempers the business-like serenity of his features, began to relax into something cordial and communicative. It was then that his astonishing faculty, or inspiration, or whatever philosophy may decide upon calling it, was developed. He communicated circumstances that must have happened precisely in the same moment at different places—and all within a few minutes after they occurred.

Here was the source of our wonder. His rumours were all just born, fresh from the nursery of time—tender, delicate revelations, almost too vapoury, too ethereal to handle. You had his intelligence with the gloss upon it; although much of it must have travelled some distance. He seemed like the centre, not of gravity, but of society; and the news naturally fell towards him from all points. There he sat in his snug small box, like an encyclopædia with a hat on—or rather it was as though a newspaper had been compressed into a nutshell. His ears could never have been the medium through which those multifarious reports had reached him—there was not time for them to travel in the ordinary way. Besides, how could he have emissaries in every part of the metropolis to bring him the news every five minutes? It was impossible. Even if notes had been taken in some sublimated system of shorthand, they would have been of no use unless they had been conveyed by a telegraph. There must have been some piece of machinery at work that Watt never dreamt of; steam is certainly at the bottom of it. At first we conjectured, he had gained his information from accidental quarters. But when evening, after evening, he described the minutest matters—when he repeated the grand joke, the lion of the new farce, at one house, and hummed part of a chorus in the new opera at another, when he told us what airs Miss Paton had introduced—how Fanny Kemble had shrieked, and how Fanny Kelly had started; when he described Mr. Matthews and Madame Malabran at the same moment; when he mentioned what pieces had been substituted, what actors had flourished their sticks in the box-lobbies, and who had been suddenly and seriously indisposed;—we confess that we did stare at him for a minute or two with unfeigned astonishment and admiration. But afterwards, when we came to muse upon the matter, and reflected that the events of his narrative had happened in various places, and all within a very moderate number of minutes; and then, when we considered how unlikely it was that he should have quitted the box in which he sat, and that the tidings could not have travelled to him by chance—our surprise became more profound; it deepened into a sensation of awe. How was it possible that he should see and hear what was beyond human sight and hearing? What sympathy could there be between the privilege-office at Drury Lane, and a pironette just perpetrated at the Opera? What on earth had all London to do with that lobby? We could think

of but ONE way in which the intelligence could have been obtained. We admit that it was superstitious; but we really felt there was a fearful agency at work—that the mysterious individual before us was a dabbler in some dreadful art.

As we were really anxious to unravel the mystery, we visited him again and again. It was precisely the same—every theatrical incident of the evening was promulgated. He repeated to us an apology—as we found by the papers next morning—verbatim, and within five minutes after it was delivered. We tried him on past personages and events, and mentioned Mrs. Siddons. “A wonder of a woman, Sir!—Ah! you recollect only her late achievements—now, I never saw any but her first. Her brother John too—grand even in his decline, majestic in ruins. It was just the dawn of his great day when I last saw him. And as for his brother Charles—an accomplished actor, Sir—I haven’t seen his brother Charles since he came of age.” Here we could not forbear looking on unbelief; it was difficult to understand how anybody could exist almost within the walls of a theatre, and not have seen Charles Kemble act after his arrival at years of discretion (honestly and earnestly do we hope that he has not survived them!). But our enigmatical acquaintance proceeded. “And then there’s Kean, Sir; he possesses great energy still—yes, it is the true light, although it may not burn so brilliantly as it did once.” I inquired if he had seen all that actor’s early performances. “No,” he observed, very calmly, and with the air of a man who is perfectly innocent of a jest; “no, I never saw Kean act in my life!” Let the reader imagine a reply to this declaration. “You don’t say so!” died on our tongue; not a single “indeed!” escaped from our lips. This was no case for starts and exclamations; our emotions were too deep for interjections. It was not until he had reiterated the assertion, in very positive terms, that we felt quite convinced he was in earnest. We then summoned up all the emphasis in our power. “Is it possible that you have attended this theatre every night for so many years, and have you really never seen Kean?” “Never in my life,” replied our eccentric friend; “in fact, I HAVE NOT SEEN A PLAY OR A FARCE FOR THESE FORTY YEARS.

If a physician had told us that he had not prescribed for himself for the period mentioned, if an author had protested that he had not read one word of his own works for half a century; if a champagne-manufacturer had taken upon himself to say that he had never tasted his own liquid

in his life;—in any such cases we should not have felt a moment's surprise. We should have perceived immediately that they had a motive for their self-denial. But here there was none. The circumstance we have recorded is probably without parallel. To have been for years steeped to the very lips, another Tantalus, in the delights of Drury Lane, without tasting a single drop! To have had the fruit bobbed to his lips for forty years! To have grown old in the service of the stage, and yet never to have advanced further than the threshold of the theatre! To have had the door of it perpetually shut in his face! To have been the nightly medium of administering gratuitous pleasures to others, and never to have had his own name placed on the free-list! To have stood so long within sight of the promised land, without the possibility of reaching it! To have seen myriads of happy, white-gloved people pass into the theatre, dreaming of nothing but delight—yet, to have been left behind, shut up in that Pandora's box of his, and to feel that there was no hope at the bottom of it! Is there not something touching—something that amounts to a kind of ludicrous melancholy in all this? There are nights when the free list is suspended—our friend's office on these occasions is a sinecure. Surely then he might have been passed in—at a private door. Was it liberal, was it even common humanity, thus to close the gates against him?—to keep him waiting for forty years; until either the stream, or his inclination to cross it, had passed by! If he had only gone in at half-price, it would, as Yorick observes, have been something.

Again, on benefit-nights. Was there no one to present him with a single ticket—even for the gallery. Is all fellow-feeling and gratitude utterly driven from Drury Lane. Are the "charitable and humane" nowhere to be discovered among the professors of the dramatic art? There is Mr. Kean, who is so renowned for liberality, and who has taken benefits, though not lately—we are astonished at him. Even Munden might, in such a case as this, have ventured upon an act of munificence that would have cost him nothing. Suppose he had sold him a pit-ticket, as they are offered to us at the doors of some of the theatres, for "1s. 6d." Really, this could not have hurt him. There are one or two of the actresses, also, who would have looked still more pleasant and graceful in our eyes, could we have learned that they had evinced any gentleness of heart and kindness of sympathy touching this matter.

But surely—the notion just breaks upon us—surely he must have had benefits of his own! Of a verity he has had such within our recollection. "Mr. M.'s night" has more than once struck upon our optics in scarlet characters, dazzling and decoying us. What! invite his friends to a feast whereof he declines to partake himself? Provide all the delicacies of the season (the phrase applies to the theatre as well as to the table) and taste not of a dish! "Hast thou given all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?"

As we listened to him afterwards, we thought there was a pathos mingled with his pleasantry, a magnanimity in his air, that we had never observed before. With the strong light of the lamp reflected upon him, he looked like the man in the moon. We had once likened him, in the sportiveness of fancy, to a sort of human "toad-in-a-hole;" but he now seemed to us, as he sat there in his lonely and desolate nook, greater than Diogenes in his tub.

I too busied with these emotions and reflections to enter the theatre, we returned home. There, however, mulling upon mysteries of all kinds, our feelings gradually rolled back into their former channel. The confession of that night tended to confirm our past suspicions. We remembered his extraordinary communications; his narrative of events witnessed at the same instant at several places; his rumours, whispers, hints, and innuendos, concerning facts, a knowledge whereof could only have been obtained by a power of ubiquity, that must have been purchased at a price which the Archbishop of Canterbury could never have repaid. The fact, the dreadful fact, seems almost established. The strangely-gifted, mysterious, and miserable subject of this history, our civil but ill-fated acquaintance of the privilege-office, has been for more than half the term of his natural existence on terms of intimacy with

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We begin to suspect that there may really be wickedness and peril in these profane stage-plays; and that he with whom we have innocently gossiped, may be an agent set there on purpose to register our names upon the free-list, to seduce us into the theatre, and to ruin us gratuitously!!

THE UNEARTHLY ONE.

There is a soft, retiring light
In her blue eye;
Like some sweet star that glances far
Through the still sky.
Then springs into the liquid air
Of heaven, as if its home were there.

There is a hue upon her cheek,
That comes and goes;
One moment 'tis the blushing streak
That dyes the rose—
A spirit breathes upon her brow,
And she is calm and pale—as now.

And music, softly, sweetly wild,
Is in her tone—
The distant voice of some sweet child
Singing alone,
As resting from its joyous play
By a bright streamlet far away.

I gaze upon her—not in love,
For love is vain!
The spirit to its home above
Returns again;
And hers has only wandered here
To dwell awhile—and disappear!

I gaze upon her—not in grief,
But half in gladness;
And feel it is a kind relief
To my life's sadness,
To whisper as she passes, thus—
"Sweet Spirit, thou art not of us!"
Monthly Magazine.

SPEAKERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.†

I HAVE a strong personal affection for the chamber of the House of Commons, which I never could acquire for that in which their lordships hold their meetings: it is so warm and cosy; and there is so much chaste simplicity in its furniture and appearance, such a total absence of theatrical display in the mode of transacting business, and such a dignified freedom from assumption and pomposity in the deportment of its members. Although the Commons did not hold their meetings in the present chamber till the time of Edward VI. (it did not exist as a separate branch of the legislature till the reign of Edward III.), it may not be unworthy of notice, that this chamber, in which sit (at least are supposed to sit), the representatives of the people, was built by an usurping King—Stephen, as a chapel which he dedicated to his namesake, the first Christian martyr to—without profanity be it said—the liberty of speech:

† Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.—No. CXX. This article is dated November 2d.

hence the well known designation of St. Stephen's Chapel.

LORD ALTHORPE.—The extraordinary influence, strictly personal influence, which this nobleman exercises in the House of Commons, has always appeared to me a moral phenomenon, which the opponents of reform might triumphantly appeal to as a proof that the present system of representation, with all its defects, "works well." Here is a man, whose "externalities" are the reverse of imposing, of by no means overwhelming fortune, inferior as a speaker even to Mr. Goulbourn, not only in the choice and arrangement, but in the very enunciation (he speaks as if his throat were lined with flannel) of his words; who, by the force of good sense, good-nature, and good manners alone, without the shadow of effort, without even appearing to seek it, rivets the attention of the house to his homeliest remark, and commands the votes of nearly two hundred of its most independent and enlightened members! This fact, I cannot help repeating, appears to me worth a thousand of the sophistries which are usually vented against reform; or rather, perhaps, they strikingly illustrate the progress which the influence of public opinion has been making of late years, in showing that common sense and integrity of purpose are sure to ultimately prevail where the most commanding eloquence and extensive information, without the moral uprightness, would most inevitably have failed.

The MARQUIS OF BLANFORD—the Lord Winchelsea of the House of Commons. Like the noble hero of Pennenden Heath, Lord Blanford possesses a fine, manly, obstinate, Lord George Gordon bearing; and like the same doughty champion of the Protestant cause, has turned reformer because he thinks, forsooth, that if every man in England had had a vote at the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, the "book of numbers" would have told against that measure of long delayed justice.

MR. LONG WELLESLEY has the Wellesley voice and features, and his delivery partakes of the vehemence remarkable in the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis Wellesley, when eager to express an opinion. It struck me, too, that the family likeness extends to the arrogance, and self-conceit of manner, occasionally indulged in by both these noble individuals.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE is a most amusing and laughter-creating speaker, and by no means an ineffective one. No matter what may be the subject or the occasion, the gallant admiral must, to use his own

words, "give the long-winded speakers a bit of his yarn;" and, be it a joke, of abuse, or eulogy, out it comes, red hot, just as it suggests itself at the moment of speaking; regardless whether it be ill-timed or apposite, whether it hits or misses, or offends or pleases: but always wrapped up in a jovial, frank, sailor-like good humour, which converts into pleasantry, what from another would be, at least, impertinent. As a consequence of this free expression of his opinions and fancies, Sir Joseph is ever amusing and often very pointed; as every man must be who pursues the same course. His satisfaction at Mr. L. Wellesley's *practical* knowledge of finance, and that one so experienced in the expenditure of money, was likely to soon enlighten the house on the subject of retrenchment, excited only laughter, though it bordered on personal sarcasm.

MR. HUME.—If ever there was a man whose external appearance squared in the minutest particular with my preconceived notion of his features and person, it was Mr. Hume. I had figured to myself a robust iron-figure, capable of any fatigue, with broad massive Scotch features, in whose expression one might discern a not unusual mixture of Poor "Richard" scrutiny and the most indomitable perseverance; and I found my conception realized in Mr. Hume. If Lord Althorpe is individually the most influential member of the House of Commons, Mr. Hume is certainly the most useful. It is little to say that he is a moral study, whose illustration derives no aid from what we know of other men; for Mr. Hume is not only without a parallel in (at least) modern parliamentary history, but should seem to be made up of other men's contraries. The majority of mankind love ease, and seek as many short cuts to any end they may have in view as are compatible with its attainment. To Mr. Hume, on the contrary, labour would seem desirable for its own sake alone, and, as in the chase, the game to be run down is of no value, save as it gives a motive and employment for labour. Again, to most people success is the stimulus to farther exertion, as the want of it generally tends to languor and indifference. Not so with the member for Middlesex: an object loses its charm, in his eyes, so soon as it comes within his grasp; and his energies become more and more braced as failure and disappointment follow their exercise. The consequence of this extraordinary perseverance has been much more influential upon the public mind than is at all apparent to a superficial observer. Not all his sagacity and love of arrangement, nor all his practice, have made Mr.

Hume even a fair debater (as to oratory, he not only not aims at it, but openly despises it as an art of putting a good face on a bad matter); and yet in a Committee of Supply he speaks more to the purpose than any member in the House; and the minister who would boldly palm an additional item on Sir H. Parnell, or Sir J. Graham, or Mr. Maberly, or any other financier now in parliament, shrinks from the slate and pencil scrutiny of Mr. Hume. But it is not in this way only that Mr. Hume has effected a most beneficial change in the expenditure of the public money. He is now I believe about fourteen years a member of the House of Commons; and from the day he entered it to the present, not less than fifteen out of the twenty-four hours have been devoted by him to public business. Before his time, attention to details was considered as beneath the dignity of the representatives of the people; once or twice in the session, to be sure, Mr. Tierney used to exercise his talents, and his wit, and his marvellous acuteness, at the expense of the minister for the time being; but there the matter ended—as Dr. Johnson says, "nothing came of it." A very different course was pursued by the then member for Aberdeen. Instead of dealing in massy generalities, or laying down abstract principles of finance, he attacked each item of each estimate one by one, and by the simple aid of the simple rules of Cocker's Arithmetic, showed that five and four were not eight or ten, but nine; and that if we could buy for elevenpence farthing what we were paying one shilling for, we should have an additional three farthings in the shilling to employ either in the payment of our debts, or in other ways advantageous to individual and public interest. For a time a deaf ear was turned to what was termed the interminable borings of the honourable member for Aberdeen; but he, nothing daunted, reiterated his statements the more; and the result is a crop of fellow-labourers in the vineyard of retrenchment, of whom Sir H. Parnell and Sir J. Graham are the best informed; as the further fruits evidently will be a remodelling of the entire system of our national expenditure.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is the most satisfactory business speaker in the House, as well as the best Home-Secretary the country has had for a long series of years. His merits, indeed, on this score I take it to be so unquestionable that even the perverse obstinacy of party affects not wholly to deny them. The truth is, that had it been the Honourable Baronet's good fortune to continue in a secondary station, and not been forced, by circumstances,

into a leadership, his influence would now be first-rate on both sides of the House, and he would be universally looked up to as, take him all in all, the best made-up and most satisfactory seven-day-in-the-week debater in parliament. As it is, every man must admit that he approaches the character of a first-rate statesman, if not of an orator—in a word, as one eminently *capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. It is not just now my cue to touch upon his official conduct, nor upon the calumnies with which he has been assailed for the most unquestionable proof he has given, or perhaps could give, of more than ordinary breadth and height of mind, his zealous advocacy of the Catholic relief bill. The distinguishing characteristics of Sir Robert Peel's speeches in their perspicuity, their conciliativeness (if there be such a word), and their freedom from all common-place, flimsy, rhetorical decoration. Hence their general satisfactoriness; and hence their success in insinuating themselves through the understanding to those feelings which usually determine the will of the auditor. No matter with what party violence he may be assailed, the Right Honourable Secretary never for a moment forgets the conduct and unruffled demeanour of a high-motived and independent gentleman; and never loses that sobriety and self-possession which enable him to adapt his matter to the temper of his opponents, and persuade their good-nature into calmness, if not convince them of the erroneousness of their assertions or arguments. It has been usual to consider the defects of Sir R. Peel's style of debating as consequent upon an impotent ambition to excel as an oratorical statesman. But there is nothing in either the choice or arrangement of his subject, still less in the structure of his sentences, to warrant such an opinion. Neither is it so much owing to the want of the variety, and invention, and rapidity, and enthusiasm of genius, as to a bad method of elocution and gesture, that our feelings are seldom roused by the right honourable baronet. Sir R. Peel's delivery is defective, simply because it is that which he (and unfortunately too many other youths) was taught at school; and which being in the teeth of nature and common sense, offend both by the constant appearance of artificialness. In the first place, boys are taught to spout what they cannot understand, and could not feel an interest in even if they did;—are taught to employ this tone for this passage, and that tone for another—without a reason why or wherefore—and this motion of the hand and arm, and that motion, and this modulation and that modulation; in a

word, to have all their attention fixed on the delivery and none on the sense, or on the propriety of those teachings—~~and~~ gesture and intonation, when effective—that is, natural—were not the unavoidable results of feeling and understanding the matter at issue, and therefore need only be left to take care of themselves.

MR. BROUGHAM.—What I have just remarked concerning the disadvantages consequent upon the appearance of attending too much to self, and the manner in elocution, may be strikingly illustrated by the opposite advantages of seeming to be wholly unconscious of both, as is seen in Mr. Brougham's matchless delivery, and indeed constitutes the great charm of his eloquence. It may startle, the blind admirers of this doubtless extraordinary man to be informed, that no man ever won such a splendid reputation with so few of the higher elements of an orator. He has neither invention nor imagination, not even rhetorical fancy, and has not said or written a single expression indicative of depth of thought or intimate acquaintance with general principles; and yet he is without a living rival as a debater, and wields the influence of great mental power beyond any—with a long interest—man in either house of parliament. Whence then this influence, this admission of extraordinary mental power? Is it in the novelty of his thoughts, or the variety and happiness of his illustrations, or the epigrammatic force of his expressions? No: there is nothing new nor profound in his matter; there is no imagery, no fanciful illustration, and he is copious and rather verbose in his language. But—and here is the grand-secret of his spell over the minds of his auditors—he invests truths and facts already known with a clearness and urbanity and vividness which rivets the attention still more than novelty, and he rouses and commands their wills to action by forcing through opposition by the mere force of his own uncontrollable ardour of disposition. While another man would be endeavouring to convince them by reasons and by elaborate inductions from admitted facts, he persuades, actually storms them into compliance by the evident clearness and force of his own convictions, the arrogant impatience of all contradiction and overbearing consciousness of his own mental superiority, and haughty scorn of his adversaries, and all this too as if he had wholly forgotten himself and every thing connected with the manner in which he was giving expression to his feelings. Mr. Brougham has evidently made oratory a study, and by force of that practical wisdom, which serve him better for every-

day purposes than if he had had the genius and foresight and untameable vigour and originality of Mr. Burke, arrived at the sound conclusion that to be a powerful debater it was not necessary that he should employ the highest faculties of the human mind, but that he should rouse to their greatest energy its every-day feelings and apprehensions; and he shaped his studies and style accordingly. Being dependant wholly on memory and experience for his materials, from want of invention and that power of the imagination by which the probable is invested with the attributes of the real, it became necessary that he should make himself acquainted extensively with that lore which lies near the surface (making variety effect more than depth possibly could) so as to be able to make his inferences appear to spring irresistibly from facts. Hence the apparent fullness of his mind even to overflowing; hence what has been absurdly called his encyclopedic knowledge; and hence the extemporaneous character of his speeches. Having naturally an acute, and perhaps a capacious mind, no man excels him in mastering clearly what he does know, or in bringing it forward with force and vividness, so that as long as he has facts or opinions, or prejudices possessing with the mass the weight of facts, to rest upon and steady himself by, to exercise his ingenuity upon by analysing and turning them over and over, and exhibiting them in every shape and feature to serve as the secretion or peg for sorting his miscellaneous reading—it is in vain for any man at present in parliament to enter the lists with him, aided as he is moreover by his inflexible confidence in his own resources, by his arrogant sarcasm, by a voice remarkable for its depth and sweetness, and by what I before mentioned as the great charm of his elocution, its *ars celare artem* naturalness. In every thing Mr. Brougham does, whether it be a speech at the bar or in Parliament, or an article in a review, this peculiar character of his mind is exhibited, that all appears to be the result of memory and self-confidence, and of a Napoleon power of concentrating his mind and knowledge at will upon a single point, rather than of the reasoning or inventive faculties; all is detail and variety of combination; but no original and comprehensive general principle is valued or even referred to. Hence the admiration of and the influence upon the many—hence his being perhaps unfairly underrated by the philosophical thinker—and hence too his practical debating preeminence, which have acquired for him a senatorial reputation, which even Edmund Burke might

envy were he not conscious that he would be a landmark in the history of the master-spirits among English statesmen, when all that have enjoyed the name since his time shall have passed to the tomb of the capulets.

THE USE OF TEARS.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
Repine not at the rising sigh—
Who, if they might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry!

How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt;
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
The hope unclou'd by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each pure emotion flow;
They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
On Admiration's fervid glow,
On Piety's scriptural flame.

'Tis only when it mourns and frais
The hard-d spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.
Lord Morpeth.

VARIETIES.

The Ashantee Yam Carnival.—The Ashantee yam custom is annual, just at the maturity of that vegetable, which is planted in December, and not eaten until the conclusion of the custom, the early part of September. The yam custom is like the Saturnalia. Neither theft, intrigue, nor assault are punishable during the continuance; but the greatest liberty prevails, and each sex abandons itself to its passions. It continues for a week, at the end of which time it is considered the height of rudeness for any black lady to taunt another by alluding to any circumstance that may be passed during this tropical carnival.—*Bordick.*

Cooking Potatoes.—"To have potatoes boiled in the greatest perfection," says Sir John Sinclair, "it would be

proper to attend to the following directions. The potatoes should be sorted, so as to have the large and small boiled separately. After being thoroughly washed by a birch-broom in a pail of water, or otherwise, they ought to be lightly peeled, and then put into a pot, with less water than is sufficient to cover them, as the potatoes themselves will produce a considerable addition of fluid before they begin to boil. Sea-water is sometimes used, but it makes them tough. A little salt, however, thrown into the water, is of great use, rendering them freer. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to pour in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it, till, by trial, the potatoes shall be found to be boiled quite to the heart; they will otherwise crack and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state, and consequently very unpalatable. This is particularly necessary if the potatoes are large. When thoroughly boiled, the water should be poured out of the pot, for they become quite insipid if they remain long in the water after being boiled; but when the water is got rid of, the pot, with the potatoes in it, should be put again upon the fire, that they may be thoroughly cleared of all moisture, and the cover should be taken off, that the steam may evaporate. If any moisture should remain, they may be put on tin plates before the fire, that they may be made thoroughly dry, and the top of the heap will thus be slightly browned, which has a pleasing appearance. Some recommend boiling them with the skins on; but the black and unwholesome liquor with which potatoes are naturally impregnated, resides much in the skin, and it is much better to get rid of that portion of it before the boiling commences. The potatoes, if they are of a good mealy quality, thus have a beautiful white colour when brought to the table. It is said, that good potatoes are less frequently to be seen at the tables of those who keep professional cooks, than in the wooden bowl of the cottager; but the fact is, that in the one case there is only one dish to attend to, whereas, in the other, there are many; and that the potatoes of the cottager are consumed hot from the fire, as soon as they are ready, whereas those prepared by the professional cook are often not tasted till they have become cold, and consequently become tough and unpleasant. It is a good plan, therefore, to have a dish or plate with boiling water put under them, when they are sent to table, to keep them hot. In regard to steaming potatoes, it is not reckoned to be whole-

some: for the injurious liquor in the potato already alluded to, cannot be so effectually extracted from it by steaming as by boiling them in water."

Lord Brougham.—Lord Brougham was born in the year 1779, and is descended from a respectable Cumberland family, who sixty or seventy years ago first settled in Westmoreland, in which is situated Brougham Hall (in the parish of Brougham), called by a celebrated tourist the Windsor of the North. His mother was the sister of Professor Robertson, the historian, and is still in the enjoyment of a green old age. He has three brothers—James, John, and William. The former resides with his mother, in the Hall: he is in Parliament. The latter is at the bar. John was many years a wine-merchant in Edinburgh, where he lately failed. The learned Lord first took his seat in the Commons for Camelford, having being returned by the Duke of Bedford; he subsequently sat for Winchester, under the Marquis of Cleveland; then for Knareborough; lastly, as we all know, for Yorkshire. A few years ago he married the widow of the late John Slade, Esq. of Hill Street (now Lady Brougham) by whom he acquired a considerable property; by this lady he has only one daughter, who is about eight years of age.

The title of Clarence given to the Royal Family by a wretched village in Greece.—A prominent object on the Grecian coast is Castel Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza, or Clarentza, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to our royal family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western Empire amongst their leading chieftains; Clarentza, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Ellis, was formed into a duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward the Third, became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our royal family. It is certainly singular that a wretched village in Greece should have bestowed its name upon a British Monarch.—*Trunt's Journey through Greece.*

CHIVALRY, KNIGHTHOOD, AND THE COURTS OF LOVE.†

CHIVALRY, viewed as a distinct order in the social state, was the offspring of ferdality. The epoch of its origin is not clearly ascertained, but it does not appear to ascend earlier than the eleventh century: knighthood, however, may be said to have existed previously as a mere ceremony, in which young men intended for the military profession received their first arm, and Tacitus mentions its existence among the ancient German nations. It was to them, as the assuming the *toga* to the young Romans, after which they were considered as effective members of the republic. The Romans themselves borrowed the custom, and solemnly invested their young patricians with the rank of knight. The young Cæsars, who were admitted to this honour, were styled "*Principes juventutis*," and Gaius Cæsar, adopted by Augustus, was the first to attain this title. Among the Longobards, the sons of their kings were not allowed to sit at their father's table unless they had received the sword from the chief of another nation. In subsequent ages we find frequent mention of the *cingulum militare*, or sword-belt, and the young men invested with it were called *milites*, by which appellation the cavalry was distinguished. But chivalry, considered as an association bestowing high rank and privilege in the state and in the militia, having its degrees of noviciate and of preferment, subject to fixed regulations, and bound by oath to certain duties, the chivalry in short of the middle ages, which affords an inexhaustible theme to romance and poetry, begins to appear in history as a dignity, and is recorded in public acts only about the end of the second or Carolingian dynasty. The chivalric institutions were by degrees carried to a singular degree of refinement and exaltation, and patronized by monarchs from a political view of binding the will and checking the power of the nobility.

"When France (the cradle and seat of chivalry)," says Ferrario, who himself quotes from the learned Saint-Palaye, "emerged out of the chaos of troubles which accompanied the extinction of the second dynasty, the royal authority made itself better respected; things assumed a new aspect, laws were enacted, and communes formed, freedoms were granted to towns, and feudal tenure became subject

to a more regular form and discipline. The great barons wishing to draw closer the bonds of ferdality, added to the ceremony of homage that of conferring arms on their young vassals, whom they took out for the first time on their expeditions. They afterwards granted a similar investiture to volunteers, who, without holding any tenure of them, offered their services through desire of glory. The honour of receiving arms in presence of a numerous and noble assembly, the distribution of dresses, pelisses, cloaks, swords, and jewels, beside gold and silver, which were lavished on those occasions, and the pride of appearing worthy of the honour of knighthood, were powerful attractions to young men, especially of narrow fortune. Many youths of gentle lineage, but orphan or destitute, were likewise brought up at the court of some great lord, or in some of the hospices which were supported for the purpose by baronial munificence, and where they received their first instructions, to enter afterwards their patron's service as varlets or pages. This was the only resource in those turbulent ages, when the power and the wealth of the crown, circumscribed within narrow bounds, could not afford nobler or more advantageous employment to those who wished to devote themselves to the service of the state. It was not then considered a degradation for a young gentleman to enter the service of a baron, it was but an exchange of personal services for past care and future patronage. The households of the great lords were composed like those of kings, having corresponding officers. The first situation given to youths just emerged from infancy was that of *varlet*, or *domicellus*, Italian *donzello*; as such, they served their masters and mistresses, carried their messages, attended them in their journeys, visits, and hunting parties, and sometimes waited on them at table. The first lessons they received (and the task of instructing them devolved chiefly on the ladies) were of piety to God and devotion to the fair. Their religion was of course encumbered with superstition, but their catechism of love was singularly refined, and in order to strengthen their principles, and to guard against the aberrations of youth, they were made to select early a lady among the most noble and virtuous at court, to whom they devoted all their sentiments and all their actions. They were at the same time exercised in gymnastic and martial games, and taught to venerate above all the august character of chivalry."

The next step in a young man's career was that of squire, which was attainable at fourteen years of age. This promotion

† Abridged from the Foreign Quarterly Review. No. XII. of Ferrario's History of Chivalry, &c. Milano.

was accompanied by a religious ceremony. The officiating clergyman took from the altar a belt and a sword, blessed them, and girded them on the candidate. This ceremony was similar to the ancient installation of knight. The squires were classed according to the offices they held; there were the *squire of the chamber*, or chamberlain; the *curving squire*, the *squire pellurer*, the *groom of the stables*, and the *squire of honour*, whose special office it was to attend the person of the knight or lady; others took care of their master's arms and armour, and went their rounds at night, and visited the ramparts of the castle. When the lord went to combat, he was attended by some of his chosen squires, who carried his arms, led his war horse, and then fell back behind their master when in actual engagement, ready to assist him if wounded, or to supply him with fresh horses and weapons. The courts of the barons afforded a good school of *courtoisie*; becoming manners, a modest yet manly bearing, and a graceful address, were qualities requisite in a squire. The society of the ladies and of their damsels was calculated to inspire him with that respectful attention to the sex which by degrees became, and long continued, a national feature of the French character.

The age in which a squire was admissible to the order of knighthood was fixed at twenty-one years, except for princes of the blood, and in cases of young men of extraordinary merit. The ceremony of admission was peculiarly solemn.

"After undergoing a severe fast, and spending whole nights in prayer in the company of a clergyman, and of his god-fathers, the candidate confessed and received the sacrament; he then took a bath, coming out of which he clothed himself in snow-white garments, symbolic of the purity required by the order he was going to enter, and thus accoutred, he repaired to the church or the hall where the ceremony was to take place, bearing a knightly sword suspended from his neck, which the clergyman took and blessed, and then returned to him. The candidate then proceeded with folded hands and knelt before the presiding knight, who, after some questions about his motives and purposes in requesting admission, administered to him the oaths, and granted his request. Some of the knights present, sometimes even ladies and damsels, handed to him in succession the spurs, the coat of mail, the hauberk, the armlet and gauntlet, and lastly he girded the sword. He then knelt again before the president, who rising from his seat gave him the *colade*, which consisted of three strokes with the flat of a sword on the shoulder or

neck of the candidate, accompanied by the words:—"In the name of God, of St. Michael and St. George, I make thee a knight; be valiant, courageous, and loyal!" Then he received his helmet, his shield, and spear, and thus the investiture ended."

The three blows were, like most other ceremonies of chivalry, symbolic, and meant as a warning to the young knight to be prepared for hardships and dangers in the fulfilment of his vocation. A double coat of mail, sword proof, a stout lance, a surcoat emblazoned with armorial devices, these were exclusively worn by knights; squires had only a slight haubert, a shield, and a sword. The cloaks of knights were scarlet lined with fur; their vizors, their spurs, and the bridles of their horses were ornamented with gold; silver was the distinction of squires. To the names of the former were prefixed the titles of *Sire*, *Messire*, *Don*, and *Dame* and *Madame* to those of their ladies, whilst the squires were styled *Monsieur* and *Demoiselleu*, and their wives *Demoiselles*. Knights alone had a right to use seals engraved with arms. In short, no man, however high might be his birth, was considered as a free agent and an effective member of the state, until he was admitted to knighthood. Other solid advantages pertained to the order. A knight, like the old Roman soldier, was free of taxes on provisions, and tolls on the road; all barriers were thrown open before him. His appearance and dress sufficiently proclaimed his rank. If he fell into the hands of the enemy, he was exempted from fetters or chains, and allowed a certain liberty within the precincts of the place of his confinement. The *aide-chevels* or chivalry tax was levied on four occasions on the vassals of a knight: 1st, on the installation of his eldest son; 2nd, on the marriage of his daughters; 3dly, on the occasion of his crossing the sea to the Holy Land; 4thly, to defray his ransom. Ransoms, which were valued generally at one year's revenue of the captive, formed an occasional item in the revenue of a knight. The custom of prisoners paying a ransom was continued as late as the sixteenth century among Christian nations, and in the East it prevails to this day. As it often happened that a knight undertook the defence of the person and property of an heiress or widow who was attacked or threatened by some violent neighbour, whilst her natural protectors were perhaps dead or far away, it also followed not infrequently that the defender married his fair *protégée*, and thus acquired wealth and power.

An essential prerogative of a knight was

that of conferring knighthood on another. When cited to appear before a court of justice, a knight was treated with peculiar regard; if he obtained a favourable sentence, he was entitled to double costs from his adversaries, and for the same reason, when condemned, he also paid a double fine. Upon the same principle, we read that at the siege of Dun-la-Roy in 1411, knights had to carry eight fascines, while squires carried only four.

As knights had been originally the heads and distributors of justice, so they retained for a long time the privilege of filling some of the higher offices in the magistracy. They sat in the council of the king, and were likewise employed in negotiations and embassies, together with an equal number of ecclesiastics. By degrees, however, and with a view to check their power, a third order was instituted for the professors of law and of letters; which innovation sorely wounded the pride of the old military knights, who, despising the lawyers and the learned, absented themselves altogether from the parliaments and courts of justice, and thus left the field of legislation and administration open to the plebeians, or *tiers état*. This was a fatal blow to the feudal power and served to accelerate its fall.

But as it happens in general that great political changes are the result of many causes, so we find that the decay of chivalry was brought about gradually and through various symptoms. The ruinous wars of the Crusades, which impoverished the nobles, the expensive pageants of the tournaments, which, though interdicted by the church, became more and more frequent, the numerous creation of knights who had not been previously trained up by a preparatory discipline, but were mere lawless adventurers, their broils among themselves, their insubordination towards the crown now become more jealous of its power, their oppression on the commons, all these tended to degrade knighthood. During the disturbed reign of Charles IV., knights took an active part in the various factions that desolated the kingdom. Charles VII., by instituting the *gendarmes*, a permanent and regularly embodied and well-disciplined militia, gave another blow to chivalry. The young nobility, attracted by novelty and by the prospect of promotion, enrolled themselves readily in the new corps. By degrees, the custom of creating knights on the field of battle fell into disuse. Francis I. was one of the last that underwent this ceremony at the battle of Marignano. Tournaments were also discontinued after that fatal one in which Henry II. received his death blow. The increasing employment

and the improved tactics of the infantry, which has always been the popular arm, diminished the importance of a cavalry of knights, who had constituted formerly the only effective force of the state. And latterly, the introduction of fire arms, which changed the whole method of warfare, put combatants on a footing of equality, and rendered armour, and spears, and shields, useless incumbrances, gave the finishing blow to the institution of chivalry, at least as a feudal order, the forms and the name still remaining as an honourable distinction bestowed by sovereigns on persons of distinguished merit or exalted rank.

The abuses and excesses by which old chivalry was disgraced in the persons of many of its adepts, have been recorded by the chronicles and historians of the middle ages. When we read of a Count of Montmorency plundering the abbey of Saint Denis, of other knighted barons turning highwaymen and stopping travellers—when we peruse the details of the horrors committed by De Montfort and his accomplices against the unfortunate Albigenes, we know not what to think of their loyalty and piety. With regard to their gallantry, we shall presently see, in speaking of the courts of love, that it was often neither purer nor more honourable.

Those, however, who associate invariably the ideas of chivalry with that of effeminate gallantry, mistake the chivalry of one epoch and country for the whole history of the order. Chivalry, like all other widely diffused institutions, was modified in its character by that of the people who adopted it; in Spain it was religious, honourable, and stern; in northern France, gallant, romantic, but turbulent; in Provence, amorous, lady-serving, and dissolute.

We have mentioned the courts of love. These singular tribunals, a branch of the institution of chivalry, originated in Provence and Languedoc. They consisted of an indefinite number of married ladies, presided by a princess, or wife of a sovereign baron. The Countess of Champagne assembled one of sixty ladies. Nostradamus mentions ten ladies as sitting in the court of Signa in Provence, twelve in that of Romanin, fourteen in Avignon. Knights also sometimes sat in them. Queen Eleanor, consort of Louis VII., and afterwards of Henry II. of England, held a Court of Love. Her daughter Mary, wife of Henry Count of Champagne, presided likewise over several Courts of Love, as well as Sybilla of Anjou, Countess of Flanders, also in the twelfth century, and Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne.

The Troubadours had invented, among

other species of compositions, one which they called *Tenson*, probably from the Latin *contentio*, which was a sort of dialogue in verse between two poets, who questioned each other on some refined points of love's casuistry; such as: "one lover is jealous and feels alarmed at a straw, another is so confident of his mistress's faith, that he does not perceive even just motives of suspicion; it is asked, which of the two feels most love? &c." The answers were equally ingenious, and the debate was often referred to the courts of love for a final decision. These decisions were registered and formed a sort of statute book of the "gay science." These *tensons* were also called *jouls d'amour*, and the decisions *Lous urets d'amours*.

But others and less hypothetical matters were also brought before the courts of love for final judgment. Lovers complaining of the infidelity of their mistresses, ladies complaining of their lovers' neglect, or wishing to have an authorization to free themselves from their chains, these appeared often in person to the courts of love with as much earnestness and gravity as an injured husband would sue before our courts for a separation or divorce. The court, it appears, summoned the accused, who submitted to its authority, although it was supported only by opinion. One knight brought a charge of venality against a lady for having accepted costly presents from him without making him any returns in kindness. Queen Eleanor's decision was that, a lady ought either not to accept presents, or make a due return for them. The influence of Provençal manners on chivalry is remarkable in as much as instead of combats and other romantic feats, disputes of jealousy and rivalry between knights were often quietly submitted to the decision of a female tribunal.

The morality, if we may use such a misnomer, of the Courts of Love, was a code of licentiousness and adultery, mixed with an affected display of refined sentimentality. It strictly corresponds with the practice of *ekisheism*, which has so long prevailed in the South of Europe, only still less veiled than in its modern times. The unblushing effrontery with which ladies expressed their sentiments on the subject is astonishing, even to us who have witnessed the familiarity of the *cavallieri arrenati* and *cortejos* of the two southern peninsulas. A few extracts from the questions brought before the Courts of Love, and of the judgments passed thereon, will bear us out fully in our expression of unqualified reprobation of the whole system.

A question was laid before the Countess

of Champagne, whether love can exist between husband and wife? The Countess, after prefacing that she and her other ladies were always ready to give advice to those who might otherwise err in the articles of love, decided that "there can be no love in the state of matrimony, because, unlike free lovers, who act from their own will and favour, married people are bound to accede to their mutual wishes, and deny one another. There can be no jealousy between them, and, according to rules, without jealousy there can be no love; ergo, &c." And this precious decision from a lady of the highest rank, herself married, is dated A. D. 1164 Kalendar. Maii.

A young lady, after being in love with a knight, has married another; is she obliged to keep away her first lover, and refuse her favour to him? The answer of Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne, is, that the marriage bond does not exclude by right the former attachment, unless the lady declare that she meant to abjure love for ever.

Again: a knight fell in love with a lady already engaged to another; she however promised him, that if she ever ceased to love his rival, she should take him into favour. After a short time the lady married her first lover. The knight now required the fulfilment of her promise; the lady refused, saying, that, although married, she still loved her husband. This was referred as a knotty point to Queen Eleanor, who replied thus: "We do not presume to contradict the sentence of the Countess of Champagne, who has solemnly pronounced that there can be no true love in wedlock. We therefore are of opinion that the lady in question should grant her love to the wooing knight."

We shall give no more of this wretched jurisprudence, observing only that it bears throughout the stamp of female mind; and we are far from saying this invidiously, for we are persuaded that such was the general corruption of the time, that had the judgments been left to men, they would have been still more gross and immoral. Besides, we are of opinion that men give the tone to the females of a country, and that where the latter are corrupt it is originally the fault of the former. Indeed we find that it was disreputable for a lady to have a great baron for her lover, as the upper classes of nobles were considered too debauched and too careless of their own and their mistresses' reputations to deserve the affections of a female. But we allude to certain provisos devised not unskillfully in favour of the sex: for instance, we find that a knight who had contrived to keep in favour with two ladies

unknown to each other, is sentenced by the Countess of Flanders to be deprived of both, and inadmissible to the love of any other woman, on account of his selfishness.

It might be urged, however, by some simple-minded persons, that all this meant platonic love, a sort of spiritual affection, for such indeed was the jargon of the Troubadours; and we have heard this alleged also in favour of the cicisbeism of the South. The answer is short: that it might be so in some instances is very possible; but then the parties were virtuous in spite of those connexions and of the danger they incurred through them. That this was far from being generally the case, however, we have abundant testimony in the records of the Troubadours themselves.

William of St. Didier a rich and valiant knight, and an accomplished Troubadour, attached himself to the Marquise Polignac, a beautiful woman, in whose praise he wrote several ballads, addressed to her under a feigned name. The marquis was a *bon-homme*, fond of music, and who often sang the ballads of St. Didier. The marchioness, to satisfy some scruples, wanted the consent of her own consort before she granted favour to St. Didier. The latter then composed a ballad, in which he introduces a husband granting to his wife a similar permission. At the same time St. Didier told his good friend the marquis, that this was a strata-gem which he employed in order to obtain the favours of a lady. Polignac laughed heartily at the scheme, learned the song by heart, repeated it to his wife, and told the latter that the lady for whom the ballad was made ought to refuse nothing to the Troubadour. The marquise followed his advice to the letter. But this is not all. In order to screen his intimacy, St. Didier affected to have another mistress; and he dissembled so well that the marquise became jealous, and determined to take revenge accordingly, after the manner then prevailing. In her intimacy with St. Didier she had employed a confidant, a handsome young man, and she now fixed her eyes on him. A pilgrimage was arranged, another convenient fashion of those times. The marquise set off, accompanied by her new lover, and followed by damsels and knights. They stopped at the castle of St. Didier, who was absent; but his servants received the lady and her suite with all due honours. A splendid banquet was spread, after which, the apartments being prepared for the night, the lady took her young favourite to St. Didier's

bed-room, where they retired together. This occurrence was reported about, and soon reached the ears of St. Didier, who, after the first moments of anger, consoled himself by choosing another mistress. As for the husband, he was either deaf as well as blind, or did not believe or did not care, as no further mention is made of him.

What can we think of the manners and the state of society in a country, when such scenes as this were rehearsed openly, in presence of knights and damsels, in the house of a nobleman, with the connivance of his servants? And this is not a solitary tale of which we might doubt the veracity; it is only one of a thousand.

There was a code of love, by which the decisions of the courts were chiefly guided. A fabulous legend was retated of its being found by a knight of King Arthur's court, suspended by a gold chain from a tree. This code contained thirty-one articles; we shall quote some in the Latin of Maistre André: "*Causa conjugii ab amore non excusatio recta—Qui non celat, amare non potest—Nemo duplici potest amore ligari—Non est sapidum quod amans ab invito sumit amante—Biennalis viduitas pro amante defuncto superstiti præscribitur amanti—Amor nihil potest amori denegare—Amans coamantis solatiis satiari non potest—Verus amans alterius nisi suæ coamantis ex affectu non cupit amplexus—Masculus non solet nisi in plena pubertate amare—Novus amor veterem compellit abire—Unam feminam nihil prohibet a duobus amari, et a duobus mulieribus unum.*" After this we suppose we need not attach much credit to the assertions of Maistre André and other Troubadours, that their love was not sensual, that "those who sought sensual gratification ought to keep away from courts of love, that honour alone was to be sought in love," and other well-sounding sentences. In all times men have endeavoured to deceive themselves as well as others on these subjects.

Discretion, however, was strongly inculcated to the favoured lover, and one of the articles of the code of love says, "*amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus.*" Violence was also reprobated. In short, things had been contrived so as to constitute an easy system of refined profligacy. And many of these Troubadours went over to Palestine, singing pious themes and erotic lays on the same harp.

PARTED TWINS.

"BROTHER! thou art come from the land of the blest.

"Thou art come from the place of thy spirit's rest!
Thou art come; thou art come, dear brother for me;
Oh give me thy wings, and I too shall be free!"

"I have Wandered, indeed, an angel-guest;
To earth—from the land of the spirit's rest;
I am come, dear brother, but not for thee;
For thine still is the chain of mortality."

"How radiant thy hair, with its golden hue!
How bright beams thine eye of Heaven's own blue!
And it looks as if never a tear-drop laid
Upon the soft tinge of its silken shade."

"Brother! I have been beyond that bright sky;
Where no tear is shed—where is heard no sigh;
Know—these belong to the mortal coil—
To earth and her children's of care and toil."

"Ah! why did thy lingering spirit not wait
At the portal of heaven—at its golden gate?
I have wept—I have sacrificed—I have waited for thee;
Then give me thy wings—let me soar, and be free!"

"I may not, I may not—for stronger the wing
On which thy freed spirit hereafter shall spring—
On the pinions of truth it shall purged soar—
The ransomed of earth—and her pilgrim no more."
The Irish

BOADEN'S LIFE OF MRS. JORDAN.

"An infinite deal of nothing" would be the most applicable quotation to Mr. Boaden's volumes;† which are a complete specimen of the art of book-making. The actual "Life of Mrs. Jordan" occupies less than a sixth of his large volumes. Five "original private correspondence" does not exceed some ten or a dozen letters; and the "numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries," which fill up the remainder, are picked out of the numerous publications of theatrical sayings and doings, with which various reminiscents have of late years inundated the public. Mr. Boaden has furnished no private anecdotes of Mrs. Jordan, no account of her off the stage; and it was from the peculiarity of her private life, that the present interest in her chiefly arises. From this "thing of shreds and patches," with a catching title, we shall proceed to extract the pith and marrow of the revelations concerning the ostensible subject of the book, contained in these letters, and what Mr. Boaden calls authentic statement.

Mrs. Jordan was born near Waterford,

† The Life of Mrs. Jordan; including Original Private Correspondence, and Numerous Anecdotes of her Contemporaries. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1830. Bull.

about the year 1762. Her mother, one of three sisters of a Welsh family, named Phillips, embraced the stage as a profession. She married a Mr. Bland; but the union, of which Dorothy, or Dora, was the issue, was dissolved by his friends, on the ground of minority. Mrs. Jordan's first stage-name was Francis. She was pretty, well-educated, and "acquired, almost domestically," a very correct diction in her native language; and the power of composing agreeably in prose or verse, with little premeditation. Her first appearance was in Dublin, as Phoebe, in "As You Like It;" Lopez, in the "Duchessa;" the Rump, in the farce so called; and Adelaide, in the "Comit of Narbonne," followed. She was then sixteen years old. Daly, the Dublin manager, took her to Cork, where she was engaged at twenty shillings a week. She took a benefit, which failed, the expenditure exceeding the receipts. The young "bucks" of Cork insisted on her having a free benefit, by which she cleared 40*l*. On her return to Dublin, her salary was raised to three guineas a week. From Dublin she went to Waterford, where a Lieutenant Doyne fell in love with and offered her his hand. Her mother thought, with Keats, that

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love forgive us—cinders, ashes, dust!

and as the young Mars had little besides his pay, the affair was broken off.

In July, 1782, she arrived at Leeds. Tate Wilkinson (manager of the York company) had, in 1756, played Othello to her mother's Desdemona, in Dublin.

"The party was fatigued with the journey, and the first glance of the manager sufficed to acquaint him with their different circumstances. The mother had an introduction, which, like that of brother soldiers, is always strong—she had served with Mr. Wilkinson in the campaigns of their youth; and it was not unlikely that the young lady inherited some theatrical talent, as the quality of the soil she sprang from. However, he asked her ironically, whether her fine was tragedy, comedy, or opera? To which, in one word, she answered, "ALL." When telling her story afterwards, she always said, at this point of it—"Sir, in my life, I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished!"

"At this time she was a girl of nineteen, and had the whole family dependent on her exertions. Wilkinson engaged her. When he besought her to favour him with the usual 'taste of her quality'—a post

sionate speech—the languor, that sat upon her frame pronounced her just then to be incapable of any assumed passion. She wished to merit an engagement by a fair trial on the boards, and the manager assented to this, the fairest of all propositions. Their considerate friend now ordered a bottle of Madeira to be brought in, and the friendly pharos soon revived the spirits of the travellers, who chatted gaily upon the subject of the Irish stage, till at length the manager espied a favourable opportunity of repeating his request for the speech, which was to decide in some degree his opinion of her value; and the interesting woman spoke for him a few lines of Calista, which they settled she was to act on the Thursday following, with Lucy, in the ‘*Virgin Unmasked*.’ The exquisite and plaintive melody of her voice, the distinctness of her articulation, the truth and nature that looked through her, affected the experienced actor deeply! his internal delight could only be balanced by his hopes; and he poured out his praise and his congratulation in no measured language. As is usual on such occasions, the modest actress replied, that if she could but please her manager, she should be satisfied; and that, should she achieve the public favour, he should ever find her grateful for the aid he had afforded to her necessity. The parties separated with mutual good wishes, and expressions of entire confidence in the result.”

She appeared at Leeds, as Calista, and (to the surprise of Wilkinson, who had seen no symptoms of comedy in her), volunteered to sing the “*Greenwood Laddie*” after the play.

“She was heard through the play with the greatest attention and sympathy, and the manager began to tremble at the absurdity, as he reasonably thought it, of Calista arising from the dead, and rushing before an audience in their tears, to sing a ballad in the pastoral style, which nobody called for or cared about. But on she jumped, with her elastic spring, and a smile that nature’s own cunning hand had moulded, in a flock and a little mob-cap, and her curls as she wore them all her life; and she sang her ballad so enchantingly as to fascinate her hearers, ears, and convince the manager that every charm had not been exhausted by past times, nor all of them numbered; for the volunteer unaccompanied ballad of Mrs. Jordan was peculiar to her, and charmed only by her voice and manner. Leeds, though a manufacturing town, and strongly addicted to the interests of trade, was, at the call of the charmer, induced to crowd her benefit.”

It was during this period that she dropped the name of Miss Francis, and assumed that of Mrs. Jordan, by which she afterwards became so celebrated as the Thalia of England. Her “*swindling laugh*,” as it has been happily called, seems to have conquered all hearts; and the charming young actress was besieged by admirers. Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Ford was the most fortunate; and for nearly ten years he was the envied possessor of this prodigal gift of nature. In 1785 Mrs. Jordan made her *début* in the metropolis.

Up to 1785, her characters were of the tragic cast. But on the 18th of October in that year, the curtain of Drury Lane drew up to the “*Country Girl*” of Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Inchbald records of her—

“That ‘she came to town with no report in her favour, to elevate her above a very moderate salary (four pounds), or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here *moderation* stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature—such excellent sense, and such innocent simplicity—that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in her praises, when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their enlogiums.”

And Mr. Boaden says—

“She retired that night from the theatre, happy to the extent of her wishes, and satisfied that she would not long be rated on the treasurer’s books at four pounds per week.”

In a short time she found out that her *forte* lay in Comedy, although she constantly performed Tragedy also. She now had a high salary. She continued to win fame and money. Many plays were written for her expressly. The “*Spoiled Child*” has been attributed to her own pen.

In 1791-2, Mr. Ford failing to accede to those legal ties which were required from him, she gave herself and all her warm affections to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence. With him she enjoyed twenty years of uninterrupted felicity; and was (save in what the law denies to our princes and subjects) a pattern of every conjugal and maternal worth.

Mr. Boaden alludes thus to Mrs. Jordan’s connection with the Duke of Clarence:—“Mrs. Jordan’s attendance at the

† Of Ford, Mr. Boaden draws a ludicrous picture. “He married a Miss Booth, with whom he got some property. Of all the men whom it has been my chance to know, I never knew a man of whom there is so little to tell as Sir Richard Ford. I asked men of his own standing at the bar, and on the bench, their recollections of Ford. They knew him as I did, personally; but he had impressed their minds as a fly would their hands—they had just shaken it, and it was gone.”

theatre was rather irregular; but a circumstance had occurred, which was now generally known, I mean the declared admiration of a Royal Duke for this delightful actress, and a wish for her society permanently, on such terms as his peculiar situation alone permitted. He invaded no man's absolute rights—he did not descend to corrupt or debase. Not considering himself *entirely* a creature of the state, he had presumed to avow an affection for a woman of the most fascinating description; and this yet unsullied honour was the pledge, that the fruits, if any, of such an union, should be considered most sacredly as *his*—that he took the duties of a father along with the natural relation. We were now in the ferment of the French revolution, and it became a crime in the eyes of no small part of the public that Mrs. Jordan had listened to a prince. In spite of his services as a naval officer, and the frank, cordial manners, which were not more the characteristics of his profession than of his own nature, the noble seaman was neither well treated by the government, nor did his popularity at all compensate a very niggardly establishment. On a sudden, writers in the daily papers became most anxiously solicitous about Mrs. Jordan's family; (as if it had not at all times been the 'precious jewel of her soul'). 'What, in the new connexion, became of Mrs. Jordan's family?' Mr. Ford was elevated by some persons into an injured and deserted man; they neither knew him nor his privy to the advances made by the noble suitor. They had never seen him at the wing of the theatre, and thrown their eyes, as he must have done, to the private boxes. Mrs. Jordan was not a woman to *hoodwink* herself in any of her actions—she knew the sanctions of law and religion as well as anybody, and their value—this implies that she did not view them with indifference. And had Mr. Ford, as she proposed to him, taken that one step further, which the Duke could not take, the treaty with the latter would have ended at the moment."

Some heavy pecuniary embarrassments in which Mrs. Jordan became involved on account of her daughter Francis (Mrs. Alsop) and Mr. Alsop led to the dissolution of the royal connexion, which took place in April, 1809. Of the real ground of separation between Mrs. Jordan and the duke, nothing has ever been publicly known, nor does Mr. Boaden afford any insight into these transactions or their unfortunate result. The Misses Ford, Dora and Lucy, married a Mr. March of the Ordnance Office, and Colonel Hawker; and soon after, the troubles of their mother reached a climax. We shall

now quote from her own letters, which as they bear no superscription, there is no discovering to whom they are addressed. The following are her own words upon the first rumour of a domestic rupture at Boshv.

"With regard to the report of any quarrel with the duke, every day of our past and present lives must give the lie to it. He is an example for half the husbands and fathers in the world—the best of masters—and the most firm and generous of friends. I will, in a day or two, avail myself of your kind offer to contradict those odious and truly wicked reports. I am so ill that I can do nothing myself—but must wait for the assistance of a good and clever friend, who is at present out of the way, and who (if truth is not quite scared out of the world) will endeavour to do away the ill impressions those reports were meant to make."

"Bath, Sunday, April 22, 1809.

"DEAR SIR.—I should be more insensible than my heart tells me I am, if I did not experience much gratification from your very kind and friendly letters: friendly they must be; for, though I am ever asking favours of you, I feel it impossible that I can ever return them. My professional success through life, has, indeed, been most extraordinary; and consequently, attended with great emolument. But from my first starting in life, at the early age of fourteen, I have always had a large family to support. My mother was a duty. But on brother and sisters I have lavished more money than can be supposed; and more, I am sorry to say, than I can well justify to those who have a stronger and prior claim on my exertions. With regard to myself (as much depends on our ideas of riches), I have certainly enough; but this is too selfish a consideration to weigh one moment against what I consider to be a duty. I am quite tired of the profession. I have lost those great excitements, vanity and emulation. The first has been amply gratified; and the last I see no occasion for; but still without these, it is a mere money-getting drudgery. The enthusiasm of the good people here is really ridiculous; but it brings "grist to the mill," and I shall, notwithstanding the great drawback of unsettled weather, clear, between this place and Bristol, from 800*l.* to 900*l.* Though I very seldom go out; when from home; I was tempted by my dear girl, to go to a fashionable library to read the papers; and, not being known, was entertained by some ladies with a most pathetic description of the parting

between me and the duke! My very dress was described, and the whole conversation accurately repeated! Unfortunately for the party, a lady came in, who immediately addressed me by name, which threw them into the most ridiculous and (I conceive) the most unpleasant embarrassment imaginable. In pity to them, I left the place immediately, and flatter myself I did not shew any disgust or ill-nature on the occasion. The last favour I asked of you was not to gratify my own vanity, but my best friends, who in spite of the world, are, I can with truth assure you, as much interested about me as they were seventeen years ago. Believe me ever, your truly obliged,

"DORA JORDAN."

"While she was acting at Cheltenham, a storm burst upon her totally unexpected, which is thus recorded by an actor, who was at the time in the theatre. She received a letter from his royal highness, desiring her to meet him at Maidenhead, where they were to bid each other farewell. Mrs. Jordan had concluded her engagement, but remained one night over to perform Nell, for the manager, Mr. Watson's benefit. It was in the afternoon of this very day she received the fatal letter. With that steady kindness that always distinguished her, she arrived at the theatre dreadfully weakened by an accession of fainting fits. She, however, struggled on with Nell, until Jobson arrived at the passage where he has to accuse the conjuror of making her laughing drunk. When the actress here attempted to laugh, the afflicted woman burst into tears. Here Jobson with great presence of mind altered the text, and exclaimed to her—"Why, Nell, the conjuror has not only made thee drunk; he has made thee crying drunk?" thus covering her personal distress, and carrying her through the scene in character. After the performance, she was put into a travelling chariot in her stage dress, to keep her appointment with the royal duke, in a state of anguish easily to be conceived. What passed at the meeting I would not wish to detail." (If he could, it would have been worth all his hook to the curious; and, if he could not, he had no business to undertake it). "After allowing her due time to recover her spirits, and endeavour to do herself justice by making her statement to the *public*—submitting herself entirely to his judgment, and finally to the generous nature of the duke himself—she thus writes upon the subject of the separation, to her confidential friend. She may now be pardoned for omitting to date the communication. But her mind is still smi-

able in its disappointments; and she turns herself unaffectedly to apologize for the rashness by which she has suffered.

LETTER I.

Bushy, Saturday.

"My dear sir,—I received yours and its enclosure safe this morning. My mind is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the shock and surprise it has lately received; for could you or the world believe that we never had, for twenty years, the semblance of a quarrel? But this is so well known in our domestic circle, that the astonishment is the greater. Money; money, my good friend, or the want of it, has, I am convinced, made him, at this moment, the most wretched of men; but having done wrong, he does not like to retract. But with all his excellent qualities, his domestic virtues, his love for his lovely children, what must he not at this moment suffer! His distresses should have been relieved before—but this is *entre nous*. All his letters are full of the most unqualified praise of my conduct; and it is the most heartfelt blessing to know that, to the best of my power, I have endeavoured to deserve it. I have received the greatest kindness and attention from the R—t, and every branch of the royal family, who, in the most unreserved terms, deplore this melancholy business. The whole correspondence is before the R—t; and I am proud to add, that my past and present conduct has secured me a friend, who declares he never will forsake me. 'My forbearance,' he says, 'is beyond what he could have imagined!' But what will not a woman do, who is firmly and sincerely attached? Had he left me to starve, I never would have uttered a word to his disadvantage; I enclose you two other letters; and in a day or two you shall see more, the next being in the hands of the R—t. And now my dear friend, do not hear the D. of C. unfairly abused; he has done wrong, and he is suffering for it; but, as far as he has left it in his own power, he is doing every thing kind and noble, even to the distressing himself. I thank you sincerely for the friendly caution at the end of your letter, though I trust there will be no occasion for it; but it was kind and friendly, and, as such, I shall ever esteem it. I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

DORA JORDAN.

"These letters are for your eye alone."

LETTER II.

Bushy, Monday.

"My dear sir,—I should be sorry the

letters I have inclosed to you were the only vouchers I could produce to the world, if necessary. But, good God! what will not the world say? I received two letters this day, telling me that I was accused of intriguing with the Duke of Cumberland! I am heart-sick, and almost worn out with this cruel business: but I am, very gratefully, yours,

DORA JORDAN."

LETTER III.

"*Bushy Thursday.*

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your kind attention to my request. We really live so much in the country, and so entirely within ourselves, that we might be dead and buried without our friends knowing even that we had been ill. I have the heartfelt happiness of informing you, that the duke is considerably better, though far from being as we could wish; however, his physicians have given his royal highness permission to go to town to-morrow. I have been confined ever since my return, owing to the fatigue and anxiety I have gone through. I fear it will be some time before I recover the very great shock I received. I fear there are to be two Drury Lanes—I believe just as likely as one. Yours ever,

DORA JORDAN"

LETTER IV.

"*Caulogan Place, Thursday.*

"My dear Sir,—I fear I must have appeared unmindful of your many kindnesses, in having been such a length of time without writing to you; but really, till very lately, my spirits have been so depressed, that I am sure you will understand my feelings when I say, it cost me more pain to write to those interested about me, than to a common acquaintance; but the constant kindness and attention I meet with from the duke, in every respect but personal interviews (and which depends as much on my feelings as his), has, in a great measure, restored me to my former health and spirits. Among many noble traits of goodness, he has lately added one more—that of exonerating me from my promise of not returning to my profession. This he has done under the idea of its benefiting my health, and adding to my pleasures and comforts; and, though it is very uncertain whether I shall ever avail myself of this kindness, yet you, if you choose, are at liberty to make it known, whether publicly or privately. Yours ever, &c. &c.

DORA JORDAN.

"P.S. I wish I could see you; but it is such a long way for you to come."

LETTER V.

"*St. James's, Tuesday, 7th Dec.*

"My dear Sir,—I lose not a moment in letting you know, that the Duke of Clarence has concluded and settled on me and his children the most liberal and generous provision; and I trust every thing will sink into oblivion. Yours ever,

DORA JORDAN."

After the battle of Talavera, wherein one of her sons had the honour to serve, she thus writes,—

"*Bushy, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1809.*

"I am very vain, but still I have judgment enough not to be fond of doing that which I do very ill. Still I feel pleasure in writing to you, who so kindly enter into all my feelings. You may easily guess what they were last Monday night, when I heard the account of the battle of Talavera. Five thousand killed!—the Duke at Brighton! I went to bed, but not to sleep.

"The Duke set out at five o'clock on the Tuesday, to be the first to relieve me from my misery. I am mentally relieved; but it has torn my nerves to pieces. I have five boys, and must look forward to a life of constant anxiety and suspense. I am at present very ill. Excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me,

"Yours ever obliged,

"DORA JORDAN."

After her separation from the Duke of Clarence, Mrs. Jordan returned to the stage for a short time. She now—how, has never been satisfactorily explained—became involved in great pecuniary difficulties. There is no doubt the direct cause was certain bills and bonds given to assist her son-in-law; but the amount was not great, (says Mr. Boaden,) when we consider her long and prosperous professional engagements; and the fortune promised to her daughters was not paid, although we must presume she had the means of paying when promised. But the mystery is not cleared up even by the "authentic statement" of these volumes—a statement vague, and unsatisfactory. Her embarrassment, however, is certain—she was obliged to quit England—resided, under another name, and in very melancholy spirit, first at Boulogne, then at Versailles, and finally at St. Cloud, where she died almost broken-hearted, on the 9th of July, 1816.

PAINTING IN ENGLAND AND ITALY.

MR. NORTHCOTE, in his "Life of Titian," has a very striking chapter on the encouragement of Art in England, as compared with Italy. He is of opinion that the difference between the works of English and Italian artists, lies altogether in the different degrees of encouragement which each class respectively receives. He thinks, that from the success with which the British have already cultivated every department of genius which was open to them, they would have most certainly triumphed over all the nations of the earth in painting, "had the requisite demand been made to call their efforts into action." He proceeds to argue that it was interest alone that caused the rise of the arts in Italy, and he characteristically observes, that "could the fine arts in England be brought to aid the power of the government as much as the rotten boroughs, we should soon see them patronised to such a degree as would quickly cause them to mount to the highest heaven of invention." We quote Mr. Northcote's remarks on this interesting topic, and also his observations of the benefits which accrued to the arts, from the Roman Catholic religion.

"It was the interest of the Romish Church to impress its subjects by every means in its power with an awful conception of the mysteries of their religion, which it claimed the sole privilege of inculcating. And the chapel of the pope, in which is displayed the representation of the Last Judgment, with colossal figures of prophets and sybils, by the hand of Michael Angelo, strikes the mind (as was foreseen) with profound reverence. All governments, from their nature, act the same, and our own is not exempt from this rule. As we see, that in place of the Last Judgment, our artists have to represent something relative to the battle of Waterloo, &c., and instead of saints and holy apostles, which fill Catholic cathedrals, ours are supplied with sculptured heroes of our army and navy, and in such prodigious abundance, that at first sight, the church in which they are clustered together, has the appearance of a sculptor's work-shop. But paintings, unluckily, are not considered as of any use to the purposes of government in this country, and therefore that department of art is neglected, and left to shift for itself. For, as to the patronage of private individuals, it cannot be expected that even the seven Cartoons of Raphael, or twenty more if added to them, could vie in interest with the portrait of

the husband, the portrait of the wife, the child, the horse, the house, the garden, or the dog of the employer; and of course for these luxuries the demand is perpetual and unlimited, and thousands of artists, of all degrees of ability, find by it a decent maintenance.

"On the politic revival of the arts in Italy, although at first appearing in weak and imperfect efforts, yet the pleasure excited by the novelty alone assisted their progress. The phenomenon struck the astonished world with wonder, veneration, and delight: it seemed to produce a new era in the creation; and thus admiring and adoring crowds called forth a degree of emulation in the artists equal to its cause; and what might not be expected from such motives? The patronage soon became immense: every church was void of those ornaments, and every altar was to be supplied; and genius thus became animated by the united force of ambition, enthusiasm, and interest; and artists, unawed by critics, brought all their energies to a focus, producing works which seemed to be beyond the powers of man. But the fascinating qualities which novelty possesses are soon set aside by time. The churches at length were filled; and works of art, from their frequency, ceasing to be matter of wonder, they therefore operated with less effect, and were less the object of attention: for mankind will not be surprised more than once with similar results. However, it is to be remarked, that the high credit which so much excellence had acquired, still assisted by the powerful prejudices of religion, kept the arts alive some time after most of the public places had been occupied, and votaries of superstition still required works of art to furnish oratories and private apartments with the representations of grand and awful events, such as they had been accustomed to contemplate, and such as are best suited for the pencil of great masters. But this state of the arts also had its period. The vulgar became familiarized to it, and assumed the importance of the critic and the judge, exacting fresh miracles to draw their notice and respect. But what power was ever able to satisfy the unlimited demands of ignorance? which, like a forward child, rejects the toy it possesses and cries for something new, though not of half the value. Thus the ill-fated arts, being deprived of their proper and wonted nourishment, naturally sunk by a slow and gentle decay till they seemed again to expire. As we may perceive, that in their present state, even in Italy itself, in the very bosom of that church which caused their re-animation, and gave them a so-

cond existence, scarcely a semblance in point of excellence can be found, nor in the degenerate offspring can we trace a distant likeness to the parent. Fallen from the dignity of being the teachers and directors, they are become the instruments of pleasure only or the ministers of vice. If such is their degraded state even in Italy, what can be expected from modern efforts in other countries, where works are executed under a patronage (if such it can be called) at once both scanty and precarious? Perhaps some private individual, influenced by the whim of the moment, or else some tasteless dealer, whose sole view is gain, gives a casual commission for a work, but effects from such causes can manifest only the stunted growth of avarice or folly—*Nothing can come of nothing.*

"We hold the opinion that the Roman Catholic religion is big with evil: yet, on examination, we cannot deny that it has some peculiar advantages. If, for instance, we look into the records of history and science, to whom shall we trace the foundation of those numerous seminaries for the promotion of learning, or those splendid buildings, which have employed industry, and called forth taste in their erection, whether colleges, universities, public libraries, schools, churches, or palaces? Are not our thoughts drawn immediately to a Wolsey, the Medicis, Bembo, Farnese, Este, Barberini, Montalto, Ximenes, Rovera, Richelieu, or Mazarin, with many others, who having had less power, are of less note? Yet all seemed to concur in one aim, which was that of adopting all men of talents and virtue as their family and kindred; and by providing asylums for those who should arise in after-time, to perpetuate their names to posterity as universal benefactors and everlasting patrons of every species of ability which can dignify mankind. Having themselves been bred in the school of science, they distinguished and valued it in others; and by means of their well-bestowed patronage, have given to the world many individuals eminent either for learning, science, or virtue, that without their fostering care would have been lost to society.

"Again, it may be observed, that when the prime minister of a country has been a Catholic prelate, it has been productive of several advantages: particularly, from his not having the same number of family connections, so nearly allied to him by blood or marriage, as to produce in him a desire to aggrandize them even more than himself. Therefore, that portion of natural affection which in others is warped or partially confined, as in fathers of families

to their children, is in him diffused to the more general benefit of mankind at large, as he directs the influence of all his power, and bestows all his superfluous wealth towards the encouragement of learning, the sciences, and the arts, which, at the same time that they contribute abundantly to his own glory, most materially assist the welfare of the community.

"The good effects of such praiseworthy examples extend their favourable influence oftentimes where we might least expect it. We have an instance in the Venetian territory, when under its former government. That country, though more absorbed in trade than any other, was yet not so lost to all refinement but that it could follow a laudable example. Hence we find the public halls of each fraternity richly adorned with appropriate paintings, executed by such of their countrymen as had gained the highest eminence in their profession, thus bestowing and receiving honour at the same time; and further, we often find annexed to those buildings a magnificent library, to which the most indigent student has free access.

"As a contrast to the above, we have only to turn to those states where the power and wealth of a kingdom are thrown into the hands of a few grasping individuals, whose sole object is the advancement of their families, who must be accommodated with titles of honour, and who, of course, to support their rank, must be endowed with large pensions, and become a burden on the public. Swarms of such adventurers roll in affluence, whose scanty portion of intellect would hardly fit them for the lowest employments of life. Hence no lofty examples of munificence are held out to excite emulation. The desire of fame by high achievements is never once thought of: nor the appropriating a small part of their abundance to the service of Apollo or the Muses, which they more readily devote to Bacchus. For need it be remarked, that it is the government in all states that forms the character and habits of the people, as parents mould those of their children?"

DISTINCTION BETWEEN INANIMATE AND LIVING BEINGS.†

THE points in which inanimate and living beings differ from each other are as important as they are numerous. Unorganized matter is inert, insensible, and un-

† From the Monthly Review, No. LXIV.

changing. It is true that mountains alter both in height and form during the lapse of ages; that plains become marshes, and valleys plains, in the course of time; that all nature, in fact, is incessantly assuming new phases, and yielding to established laws. But, amid all these alterations, the original matters, qualities, and structure, remain unaffected. The granite rock, the aluminous soil, the leaden mine, and the charcoal bed, never lose their distinguishing properties, or modify their proportions, or alter their arrangements. Time may gradually corrode them, or decay may ultimately consume them, but so long as they exist, their original conformation, parts, and properties exist also. Not so, however, in organized and living matter. It is neither inert, insensible, nor unchanging. Motion is the very essence of its being; and, from the moment of its creation until death, every part and particle is sustaining alteration. The flesh which clothes the arm of the infant does not cover that of the adult; even the bones themselves, which seem to have been made for immortality, undergo a gradual renovation, and the particles, of which they were composed this year, will be, next year, displaced by a different set. These, therefore, are great and marked distinctions between unorganized and living bodies. In addition to these, however, there are many others, and among them not the least remarkable is the following. The materials of all those changes which occur in the structure of a living body, are conveyed from the centre towards the circumference. Thus, if a piece of cuticle be removed from the fingers, the particles which replace this denuded skin do not come "*ab extra*," but are sent to it from within; if a bone be broken, the organ which repairs it is the central organ or heart; and it matters not in what extremity or at what distance the texture requiring repair or alteration lies: the matter by which this reparation is to be made, is derived from the central organ. But though the supply is derived from the centre, it is deposited according to a law of the animal economy, by which its different parts grow from circumference to centre, or eccentrically. The muscles which clothe the sides of the human fœtus are formed before those which lie along the median line; the bones of the head are last completed in the centre: and it is well known that the "open of the head," in the newly born child, is nothing but a deficiency of that ossific process, which leaves to the last hour a portion of the median line unclosed. In this way has it been supposed that many monsters are formed, and the supposition is highly probable.

The "hare lip" is evidently that part of the median line left ununited, which belongs to the mouth; the "cleft palate" is obviously an effect of the same accident; the mysterious "*hermaphrodite*" is the creature of a similar *lusus nature*, and the origin of the double spine can be traced to the same derangement.

The formation and growth of inanimate matter are very differently effected. A crystal, which is at first small, increases by the addition of new particles to its outer surface, and these particles are derived from the medium in which the crystal is placed. There is no internal machinery to accomplish any external alteration. All the central parts are firmly fixed when once deposited, and any change in size or figure which can occur, must take place on the external surface only. This law of *concentric* growth is consequently the very reverse of that *eccentric* principle, by which the nutrition of living beings is accomplished, and these two fundamental laws, so essentially different, are found to operate universally within their respective kingdoms throughout the universe.

GROSS ANNUAL INCOME OF ENGLAND.

DR. HAMILTON, in a work recently published, entitled "The Progress of Society," estimates the whole amount of the annual income of the country at two hundred and seventy millions, which sum, he says, comprehends the value of every article produced, or in any way obtained, within the year, for the maintenance and accommodation of mankind, and also the annual value of things not produced within the year, but which remain useful for a length of time, as houses and the like. It does not however include the services of professional men, and of those who contribute to amusement. The author proceeds to show how this income is expended. We cannot quote all the details; but some of the items are striking:—

"As the labouring part of the community seldom accumulate much wealth, their annual earnings are nearly equal to their annual outgoings. This we have stated at 9*l.* a year each. If a family consist of five persons, a man, his wife, two children who can do some labour, and a young child, their aggregate expense amounts to 43*l.* If the man gain 1*s.* 6*d.* a day, for three hundred working days, his wages amount to 22*l.* 10*s.* in the year, and if the

wife and two children gain as much among them, the requisite sum is made up. They can procure food, clothing, lodging, furniture, and other articles, to the extent which that sum will purchase. This may be an average case. If the man possess a small capital, or if he can practise some art that is paid above the common rate, he may live so much better, or save something. If he have a large family of young children, he will be liable to have little or nothing, and his fare will naturally be worse.

"To persons in these circumstances food is the principal article of expense. According to Sir Frederick Eden, it amounts to three-fourths of the whole. The income of a labourer is burthened with a part of the taxes which supply the national revenue. He pays little in direct taxation, but he pays indirectly, in the price of beer, leather, candles, soap, tobacco, and other articles. If these commodities were not taxed, he would be better fed, clothed, and lodged, for the same nominal expenditure. Among families in better circumstances, the proportion required for food is smaller. In those of middle rank it may be about one half; and in those of higher rank much less. Such families require the personal service of one or more of the inferior classes. Those in affluent circumstances generally employ a large number of menial attendants. When we estimate the average expense of each person in Britain at 18*l*., we include the food, dress, houses, furniture, establishment, travelling and miscellaneous expenses of the rich, but not the wages and maintenance of their domestics. These form a part of what the average of 18*l*. is composed of, and would be twice reckoned if each domestic were charged separately as an individual, and at the same time collectively as a part of the establishment to which he belonged. The annual income of two hundred and seventy millions comprehends the produce of the land which is appropriated to the use of man, or of horses kept for pleasure, or which supplies materials for manufacture, but not that part of the produce required for seed, or for maintaining horses or other cattle employed in agriculture, which is immediately reabsorbed. It includes also the produce of our mines, woods, and fisheries, and all that is added to the value of the raw materials by our various trades and manufactures; also the profits of our foreign commerce, and whatever is drawn by persons residing in Britain from their properties in our colonies.

"A large share of this mass of wealth is intercepted by public burdens of various kinds. The taxes paid to government,

and constituting the revenue of Britain, amounted, on an average of three years preceding the 5th of January, 1823, nearly to fifty-five millions, including the expense of collection, but deducting what was repaid in drawbacks and bounties. During the late war it sometimes amounted to upwards of seventy millions.

"Of this revenue about twenty-eight millions and a half are paid to the public creditors in dividends and annuities, and about one million and a half for interest on Exchequer bills. About five millions are applied for the reduction of the national debt; and the remainder, amounting to twenty millions, is expended on the army and navy, and the payment of public functionaries of every rank, from the sovereign to the meanest clerk.

"The other public burdens are tithes, poor-rates, and county and other local assessments.

"The tithes, exclusive of those belonging to lay proprietors, which should be accounted a species of land-rent, may amount to about four millions.

"The poor-rates, when highest, exceeded seven millions and a half. They are now (1823) under seven millions.

"The county and other local assessments, as far as can be ascertained, may amount to one million and a half."

PRESENCE OF MIND OF GENERAL MINA.†

THE patriot, Mina, after the defeat of the Spanish constitutionalists by the royalists under Valdes, remained alone with his aide-camp Meca, a priest and an old servant. He wandered about the mountains in the most destitute and wretched condition, expecting every hour to fall into the hands of the enemy. He knew the importance that attached to his capture—his situation was deplorable, but his mind remained unbroken by misfortune—the fatal moment at length arrived. His aide-camp perceived a strong detachment of royalists advancing in their direction—they had been seen—to avoid a meeting was totally impracticable. Mina perceived the horror of his situation, from which he felt sensible nothing could extricate him. He finally resolved to exert every effort, however desperate and wild, rather than submit tamely to his melancholy fate. Collecting all his energies and summoning to his assistance his extraordinary presence

† From the Monthly Magazine.—No. 22.

of mind, he turned to his companions, who had lost every hope, and in a calm tone of voice said—

“ Gentleman, be composed—remain here and let me advance.”

Saying this he resolutely went to meet the approaching party. In a short time he was close to the royalists, when in a steady tone and collected manner he cried out—

“ To what division does this detachment belong?”

The captain stared in astonishment, at a question so arrogantly and confidently put. He did not recognise Mina, and he remained for a few seconds in suspense; he was as it were taken by surprise, and knew not what to make of the man who addressed him in so commanding a tone. Mina, observing the confusion into which he had thrown the royalist chief, lost no time in improving his first advantage; feigning to fall into a rage, he exclaimed in a more haughty and impatient manner—

“ Sir, I ask again to whom does this troop belong?”

The question was accompanied with an oath—the captain’s confusion increased, his surprise was converted into a kind of dread, and fancying that he was addressed by some superior chief of the royalist army, he submissively answered—

“ This detachment belongs to the division of Juanito.”

“ Well then,” returned Mina, forthwith, “ what brings you hither? hasten to join your division.”

The officer stared and demurred to obey this order.

Mina cast a glance of indignation, and in a fierce voice exclaimed—

“ Damnation, Sir! what do you mean by not obeying immediately? Go, Sir, or depend upon it I shall report your conduct!”

The royalist officer made no further shew of opposition, but in a deferential manner, bowed to Mina, and followed the command so sharply given: in a few minutes the deluded party were out of sight and Mina joined his companions. The success of this extraordinary ruse, gave the four unfortunate wanderers courage to support the new trials and hardships which they were aware they would have to encounter before they could gain the French line. Though they had escaped one imminent danger, a thousand equally appalling obstructed their path—they were not deceived in their melancholy surmises—the royalists, who by this time had received correct information relating to Mina’s fugitive course and destitute condition, were exerting all their endeavours to discover his lurking place. The constitu-

tional general and his attendants, knowing that those places were filled with their pursuers, had taken refuge in an obscure cavern, situated in a retired and dismal ravine. There they remained in concealment until an opportunity should offer for their escape. Meantime the royalists were very actively engaged in scouring the forest and every spot around, but to no purpose. Their ingenuity was next put to the utmost stretch, in order to devise means for arriving at the attainment of their object. They caused some shepherds to ramble about, sounding their horns, that Mina, deceived by the welcome note, might be tempted to quit his concealment in order to request succour. This stratagem was very adroitly put in practice, but without success; Mina, like an old fox, would not quit his hole; the failure, however, only served to stimulate the contrivers of this plan to form another more pregnant with danger, for the fugitives. Blood-hounds were then procured and let loose, that they might scent the intended victims out; this expedient was sagacious, and it was nearly proving fatal to Mina. The hounds went on in their pursuit with fearful precision; and the unfortunate men were on the point of being discovered, when two stags suddenly started from their repose, crossing the direction of the hounds. This singular incident saved the lives of Mina and his companions; the dogs, naturally enough, followed in the track of the stags, and this new scheme of the royalists completely failed. Had this extraordinary circumstance happened when the life of a royalist general was concerned, the monks and friars would, no doubt, have cried out—“ A miracle! a miracle!” The two stags would have been converted into angels; expressly sent from heaven, in that moment of peril. In the present case, however, the said stags must be content to bear a very different character, and if the circumstances of Mina’s escape should be narrated by his enemies, we shall not be surprised to see the poor stags transformed into a couple of devils.

When General Mina felt assured that the coast was clear, he ventured to quit his retreat, and endeavoured to effect his escape by the most solitary places. After a fatiguing and anxious march, he succeeded in reaching a hamlet; his sudden appearance produced a strong emotion in the inmates of one of the wretched houses, and he endeavoured to tranquillize their fears.

A FEW WORDS ON CHINA.

To praise the Emperor's Ministers a crime.—"If any officer belonging to any of the departments of the Chinese government, or any private individual, should address the emperor in praise of the virtues, abilities, or successful administration, of any of his majesty's confidential ministers of state—the offending party shall suffer death, by being beheaded, after remaining in prison the usual time. His wives and children shall become slaves, and his property shall be confiscated."—*The Penal Code of China, by Sir Robert Staunton, 62.*

The Government Post.—From the above work we learn that the rate of travelling with the government despatches is not much less than one hundred miles per day.

China Ink-makers.—Ink-making is considered a very respectable employment in China; it is even ranked among the liberal arts, on account of its utility to the sciences. In a city famous for the finest ink the ink-makers have several small apartments illuminated night and day.

Lawyers in China.—No attorneys are authorised by law in China; those self constituted are thus defined and described by a Chinese classic writer:—"Villainous and perverse vagabonds, who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent and crafty schemes, excite discord; or by disorderly and illegal proceedings, intimidate and impose upon people!"

Napoleon worshipped by the Chinese.—An English missionary in Java states, that in the village of Bintenzorg, in the vicinity of Batavia, where there is a colony of two thousand Chinese, he found in one of their houses an European picture of Bonaparte, in a gilt frame, to which the people offer incense, and pay their morning and evening vows.

Their dwellings.—In all China the houses are built upon the ground; i. e. without any cellar under them. The apartments are paved with flat, square bricks—a thing very agreeable in warm weather, but very little suitable to the severe season of the year. To defend them from the piercing cold which they experience in the northern parts of the empire, the Chinese have devised subterraneous furnaces in every direction, under the bricks of the floors, and under a kind of platforms on which the Chinese sleep. They even pass through the walls, which divide the different rooms, so that the heat diffused by the tubes produces in the apartments the temperature desired. The fire is kept up night and day in the outer

stove or furnace, without the slightest danger to the buildings, because a coat of bricks closely confines that destructive element, and opposes its disastrous effects. —*Account of the Embassy to China in 1794: and 5.*

Their Nankeen.—The stuff called nankeen is made of a brown kind of cotton, which it seems can only be grown, in the province of Kiang-nan. The colour of nankeen is natural, and not subject to fade. The white nankeen is of the same quality, and is made of white cotton as good as the brown, and which also grows in Kiang-nan.

Rice.—The quantity of rice annually imported into Peking is truly astonishing. Van Brau was assured that the emperor kept for that purpose nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine vessels, each capable of carrying one hundred thousand weight of rice. By these means, more than seven hundred and fifty millions of pounds (French) of that grain were annually brought to Peking. The bones of animals are burnt, and used as manure for the rice fields, which renders them very fertile.

Statistics of the Empire.—There are one hundred and eighty-five capitals, and the taxes and duties amount annually to about thirteen and a half millions; one million nine hundred and twelve thousand tons of corn and rice are also deducted for the subsistence of the troops. The civil service costs only one and a half million, and the military upwards of eight millions sterling. Eight millions are allowed for the keeping in repair of the Yellow River, and two millions for the gardens of Xuen-Ming. The revenue of the state, in money and produce, is estimated at thirty millions. According to the last census, China contains two hundred and fifty millions. The army forms an enormous mass of one million two hundred and sixty-three thousand men.

The Great Wall.—This wall, which has been now in existence upwards of sixteen centuries, is thus described by Timkowaki: "It is properly composed of two thin walls, the top of which is crenated; the interval is filled up with earth and gravel. The foundations consist of large unhewn stones; the rest of the wall is of bricks; its height is twenty-six feet, and its breadth at the tops fourteen. Towers, in which there are many cast iron cannon, are placed at about one hundred paces from each other; the great tower is decayed from age; the gate is much damaged, as well as the adjacent wall. No care is now taken to keep it in repair."

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES
OF CROMWELL†

The following anecdotes concerning Oliver Cromwell, I learned in conversation, many years ago, from Mr. James Anderson, who was long the manager of Stockwell Street Sugar-house in Glasgow, who was a man of veracity, and who died about thirty years ago, at a very advanced age. He said he had them from Mr. Daniel, senior, a merchant in the High Street of Glasgow, who died in the beginning of this century; and that his friend Daniel's account was confirmed to him by many concurring testimonies. A short time before the battle of Dunbar, at Cromwell was reviewing the ground, accompanied by a few cavalry, a soldier of the Scottish army, prompted by his own zeal, concealed himself behind a wall which enclosed a field, and fired his musket at Cromwell. The ball did not take effect, but went near him. The cavalry seemed to be alarmed; but Cromwell, who was going at a round trot, never altered his pace nor tightened his rein; and only, looking over his shoulder to the place from whence the shot came, called out—“You lubberly rascal, were one of my men to miss such a mark, he should certainly be tied up to the halibuts!” When Cromwell entered Glasgow, said Daniel, at the head of his victorious army, I was standing in the street called Bell's Wynd, at the end of it which joins the High Street, with a good many young lads and a shoemaker, who was well known to us all by his drollery and by the name of London Willie. As we were silently admiring the order of the troops, Cromwell happened to cast his eye upon us, and cried out—“Hah, Willie! come hither, Willie!” If we were surprised at this, we were more surprised to see Willie retire into Bell's Wynd, and one of Cromwell's attendants go after him, who brought him to the general, at whose stirrup he not only walked, but went in with him to his lodging for some minutes. My companions and I waited till Willie came out, anxious to know why one of his station was taken notice of by the famous Cromwell. Willie soon satisfied our curiosity, by informing us, that his father had been a footman to James VI., and accompanied him to London at the union of the crowns: that he himself was bred a shoemaker, and wrought in a lane through which Cromwell often passed to school, as he supposed: that Cromwell used to stop at the

workshop to get his ball and playthings mended, and to be amused with his jokes and Scotch pronunciation: that they had not met from that time till now: that he had retired into Bell's Wynd, lest it should be remembered that his father belonged to the royal family: that he had no reason, however, to be afraid—for the general had only put him in mind of his boyish tricks, had spoken to him in the kindest manner, and had given him some money to drink his health, which he was going to do with all expedition. Next Sunday, said Daniel, Cromwell went to the inner church in Glasgow, St. Mungo's, and placed himself with his attendants in the king's seat, which was always unoccupied, except by strangers. The minister of the church was Mr. Durham, the author of some religious books, which are still very popular. He was a great Presbyterian, and as great an enemy to Cromwell; because he thought, and early said, that Cromwell and his friends would be forced, by the convulsion of parties, to erect an absolute government, the very evil they meant to remedy. The text was taken from Jeremiah; and the commentary upon it, by allusions, was an invective against Cromwell and his friends, under scriptural language and history. During this satire they saw a young man, one of Cromwell's attendants, step to the back of his chair, and, with an angry face, whisper something to him, which, after some words, was answered by a frown; and the young man retired behind the chair, seemingly much disconcerted. The cause of this was unknown to the congregation. It was supposed to be owing to some intelligence of importance which had been just then received; but it was afterwards known, and generally known, that the following words had passed between them:—“Shall I shoot the fellow?”—“What fellow?”—“The parson.”—“What parson?”—“That parson.”—“Begone, sir: he is one fool, and you are another!” Daniel added, that Cromwell sent for Mr. Durham on the very next morning, and asked him, why he was such an enemy to him and his friends—declared that they were not enemies to Mr. Durham—drank his health in a glass of wine, and afterwards, it was said, prayed with him for the guidance of the Lord in all their doings. When Charles I. was in Scotland in 1633, a subscription was set on foot for building a new hall and library to the University of Glasgow; and the king's name appears at the head of the subscribers, for 200l. sterling. The king, however, was not able, I suppose, to pay that sum; and he contracted some debts at Perth, which are unpaid at this moment. When Crom-

† From Pinkerton's Literary Correspondence—1830.

well arrived at the fulness of his power, he sent 200*l.* to the university, and there is below the king's subscription, "*Societ Dominus Protector.*" One of the magistrates of Perth, hearing of this, thought it entitled him to ask payment of the sum which the king had borrowed when in that town. But Cromwell did not listen to his petition; and, when it was urged again and again, said with vehemence, "Have done, sir, I am not the heir of Charles Stuart." To which the other replied with equal warmth, "I wot well, then, you are his intromitter—shall I say a vicious intromitter?" In the law of Scotland, *intromitter* signifies one who takes upon himself to manage the estate of a deceased person, and who, by that act, renders himself liable for all his debts; and *vicious* is, when it is done without any right, and therefore is a vice or iniquity. Cromwell, though absolute, did not even chide him for this freedom, but declared, that he would never pay that money; "because," said he, "I will do things for a learned society, which I will not do for other societies, and I would have you know this!"

VARIETIES.

Ranunculus.—The following plan of raising seedlings of the beautiful flower, the *ranunculus*, is from a correspondent in London's "Gardeners' Magazine." He says, "I have sowed at all seasons, from the 1st of August to the 1st of March; I prefer the middle or latter end of October, and the beginning of January, to other times." I sow in boxes, eighteen inches by eleven inches, and four inches in depth; I fill them full of loamy earth, press the surface level, then I sow the seeds about an eighth of an inch apart, cover them as thin as possible, and water with a fine rose; I next place the boxes under glass without heat; the plants usually make their appearance in about a month; I give air day and night, except in severe frost; then I cover up with straw mats; with such protection the young plants will endure the severest seasons; mine were not injured by the severity of last winter. I cleaned the surfaces of the boxes from green moss in February, and top dressed them. I put the boxes in open ground up to the edge the second week in May, and water daily until the grass begins to wither. I then suffer the boxes to become quite dry, and in the middle of July I take them up and preserve the roots

in bags until February, when I plant them as I do my general stock. In the following June they flower in great perfection. I am confident if florists would adopt this method, that more than half the old flowers under name would soon be thrown into mixtures."

Garrick.—Garrick was in the habit of riding on horseback from his villa at Hampton, to attend the rehearsals at the Richmond Theatre. On one of these occasions, in the summer of the year 1776, he came over for the purpose of superintending a rehearsal of "*Romeo and Juliet.*" I was present. The part of *Romeo* was to be sustained by a young man of the name of Catherley, who was a sort of protégé of Garrick, and even by some said to be an illegitimate son of his—not, however, that the assertion, as far as I could learn, had any foundation in truth. Garrick's habit, when listening to the rehearsal of either a new performer or a new play, was to perambulate the front of the stage close to the orchestra, stopping short and striking with his stick when he had any particular remark to make. The performance on this occasion did not appear to be very satisfactory to the great little man, for he was evidently fidgetty, and several times checked a rising inclination to interfere. At length he lost all patience. Catherley was on the ground making his "last dying speech," which he was allowed to deliver without interruption, until, with the lungs of a Stentor, he roared out, "My powers are blasted."—"Not they, by G—d, sir," said Garrick, stopping, leaning both hands upon his stick, and fixing his eagle eye upon poor Catherley; "you're as well as ever you were in your life;—when a man's powers are blasted, can he bawl loud enough to be heard half a mile off."—*Octogenarian Reminiscences.*

Chinese Justice.—In order to celebrate weddings in China, they used to fix a day on which all the young men and girls, who wished to marry, repaired to a place destined for that purpose. The young men gave a statement of their wealth; after which they were divided into three classes—the rich, the middling, and the poor. The girls also were divided into three classes—the fine, the tolerable, and the ugly ones. Then the fine girls were given to the rich young men, who paid for them; the tolerable ones to the second class of young men, who did not pay; and the ugly ones to the poor, who had with them the money paid by the rich.—*Atlas.*

Titian.—In Titian alone (be it said without disparagement to other painters), are collected together almost all the excel-

facilities of the art, which are found dispersed in so many others. As to invention and design, very few have ever exceeded him. In colouring, none ever was his equal. To Titian alone must be given the palm of perfect colouring. It may be said of Titian that he almost equalled nature herself; his figures seem to breathe, move, and live. — *Northcote's Life of Titian.*

Anecdote of Smithson.—Smithson, whose favourite pursuit was chemistry, happened once to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek; he endeavoured to catch it on a crystal. One half of the drop escaped; he, however, perceived the other, submitted it to re-agents, and detected what was then called *microcosmic*—salt with muriate of soda, and three or four more saline substances, held in solution.

New Fire Escape.—Darby's fire and burglary alarm, for which a patent has been taken out, has the appearance of a wardrobe; wires connected with it are attached to the various doors and windows, and, in the event of thieves breaking in, or fire taking place, a bell alarms the inmates of the house, and, at the same instant, it lights a candle, and presents a tablet showing the name of the apartment where either of those disagreeable agents are carrying on their work of destruction! *Literary Gazette.*

Singular Custom.—Whenever the Üamie or chief of the Leagna, one of the seventeen Tartarian nations, has a son born to him, the infant is carried round from village to village, and alternately suckled by every woman who has a child at her breast, till the time arrives at which he is weaned. The custom establishes a kind of brotherhood between the prince and his subjects, and very much endears them to each other.

Great Age of the Italian Painters.—It is somewhat curious, and we are surprised that it has not been before remarked, that nearly all the Italian painters lived to an advanced age. Spenello was nearly one hundred; Carlo Cignani, ninety-one; Michael Angelo, ninety; Leonardo da Vinci, seventy-five; Calabresi, eighty-six; Claude Lorraine, eighty-two; Carlo Maratta, eighty-eight; Tentoretti, eighty-two; Sebastian Ricci, seventy-eight; Francesco Albano, eighty-eight; Guido, sixty-eight; Guercino, seventy-six; John Baptist Crespi, seventy-six; Giuseppe Crespi, eighty-two; Carlo Dolce, seventy; Andrew Sacchi, seventy-four; Zuccharelli, eighty-six; Vernet, seventy-seven; Schidon, seventy-six; Titian, ninety-six. The list might be considerably extended. — *Athenæum.*

Walking through Fire.—We do not remember to have met before any description of the ceremony of walking through fire, which Colouel Welsh witnessed at Bangalore, and which will be novel to most of our readers. The colonel says: "I was invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Captain Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because on our arrival it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing-places in the centre of each of the smallest faces. This fire was actually so intense that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and heard much more, of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly Feast, and I understood the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity, Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock, before they venture in the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go back and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. I have now stated the fact from ocular demonstration; it remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared, for every Christian will at once attribute this apparent miracle to the true cause, and give them due credit for every subtle trick. I never could get any native to explain this; and I suspect that the Mussulmans, who can have no interest in keeping up the deception, are quite as ignorant of the means used as we are." — *Welsh's Military Reminiscences.*

Musulipatam.—Such is the burning locale of Masulipatam, that the soldiers say, there is only a sheet of brown paper between it and Pandemonium. The land-wind, of a particular season, coming over a parched plain, resembles air in passing through a furnace. Even the birds frequently fall down dead while winging their way through this eastern shocco. The thermometer is sometimes 130. Strange to say, Masulipatam, though disagreeable, is not considered unhealthy. — *Monthly Review.*

"A MAN ABOUT TOWN."†

"Hit him—pitch it into him! Go it, boys—beat him, big one! Lick him, little one! Hurra!—Slash, smash—fib away—right and left!—Hollo!—Clear the way there!—Ring! ring!"

These, and many similar exclamations, may serve to bring before the reader one of those ordinary scenes in London—a street row; arising, too, out of circumstances of equally frequent recurrence. A gentleman, prowling about Piccadilly, towards nightfall in the month of November, in quest of adventures of a certain description, had been offering some impertinence to a female of respectable appearance, whom he had been following for some minutes. He was in the act of putting his arm round her waist, or taking some similar liberty, when he was suddenly seized by the collar from behind, and jerked off the pavement so violently, that he fell nearly at full length in the gutter. This feat was performed by the woman's husband, who had that moment rejoined her, having left her only a very short time before, to leave a message at one of the coach-offices, while she walked on, being in haste. No man of ordinary spirit could endure such rough handling tamely. The instant, therefore, that the prostrate man had recovered his footing, he sprang towards his assailant, and struck him furiously over the face with his umbrella. The man hurriedly exclaimed, "Wait a moment, sir"—and pushed his wife into the shop adjoining, telling her to stay till he returned. A small crowd stood around. "Now, by —, sir, we shall see which is the better man!" said he, again making his appearance, and putting himself into a boxing attitude. There was much disparity between the destined combatants, in point both of skill and size. The man last named was short in stature, but of a square iron-build; and it needed only a glance at his posture to see he was a scientific, perhaps a thoroughbred, bruiser. His antagonist, on the contrary, was a tall, handsome, well-proportioned, gentlemanly man, apparently not more than twenty-eight, or thirty years old. Giving his umbrella into the hands of a bystander, and hurriedly drawing off his gloves, he addressed himself to the encounter with an unguarded impetuosity, which left him wholly at the mercy of his cool and practiced opponent.

The latter seemed evidently inclined to

play a while with his man, and contented himself with stopping several very heavy dealt blows, with so much quickness and precision, that every one saw "the big one *had caught a Tartar*" in the man he had provoked. Watching his opportunity, like a tiger, crouching noiselessly in preparation for the fatal spring, the short man delivered such a slaughtering left-handed hit full in the face of his tall adversary, accompanied by a tremendous "doubling-up" body-blow, as in an instant brought him senseless to the ground. He, who now lay stunned and blood-smeared on the pavement, surrounded by a rabble jeering the fallen "swell," and exulting at seeing the punishment he had received for his impertinence, which the conqueror pitifully told them, as he stood over his prostrate foe, was the Honourable St. John Henry Effingstone, presumptive heir to a marquessate; and the victor, who walked coolly away as if nothing had happened, was Tom ———, the prize-fighter.

Such was the occasion of my first introduction to Mr. Effingstone; for I was driving by at the time this occurrence took place; and my coachman, seeing the crowd, slackened the pace of his horses, and I desired him to stop. Hearing some voices cry, "Take him to a doctor," I let myself out, announced my profession, and, seeing a man of very gentlemanly and superior appearance, covered with blood, and propped against the knee of one of the people round, I had him brought into my carriage, saying I would drive him to his residence close by, which his cards showed me was in ——— Street. Though much disfigured, and in great pain, he had not received any injury likely to be attended with danger. He soon recovered; but an infinitely greater annoyance remained after all the other symptoms had disappeared—his left eye was sent into deep mourning, which threatened to last for some weeks; and could any thing be more vexatious to a gay man about town? for such was Mr. Effingstone—but no ordinary one. He did not belong to that crowded class of essenced fops, of silly cockcombs, hung in gold chains, and bespangled with a profusion of rings, brooches, pins, and quizzing-glasses, who are to be seen in fine weather glistening about town, like fire-flies in India. He was no walking advertisement of the superior articles of his tailor, mercer, and jeweller. No—Mr. Effingstone was really a *man about town*, and yet no puppy. He was worse—an abandoned profligate, a systematic debauchee, an irreclaimable reprobate. He stood pre-eminent amidst the throng of men of fashion, a glaring

† Abridged from the Diary of a Physician, in Blackwood's Magazine.—No. CLXXIV.

form of guilt, such as Milton represents Satan—

"In shape and gesture proudly eminent,"

among his gloomy battalions of fallen spirits. He had nothing in common with the set of men I have been alluding to, but that he chose to drink deeper from the same foul and maddening cup of dissipation. Their minor fooleries and "naughtinesses," as he termed them, he despised. As for actual knowledge, his powers of acquisition seemed unbounded. Whatever he read, he made his own, good or bad, he never forgot it. He was equally intimate with ancient and modern scholarship. His knowledge of the varieties and distinctions between the ancient sects of philosophers was more minutely accurate, and more successfully brought to bear upon the modern, than I am aware of having ever known in another. Few, very few, that ever I have been acquainted with, could make a more imposing and effective display of the "dazzling fence of logic." Fallacies, though never so subtle, so exquisitely *crassemblant* to the truth, and calculated to evade the very ghost of Aristotle himself, melted away instantaneously before the first glance of his eye. His powers were acknowledged and feared by all who knew him—as many a discomfited sciolist now living can bear testimony. His acuteness of perception was not less remarkable. He anticipated all you meant to convey, before you had uttered more than a word or two. His wit was radiant, and, fed by a fancy both lively and powerful, it flashed and sparkled on all sides like lightning. He had a strong bent towards satire and sarcasm, and that of the bitterest and fiercest kind. Yet, Mr. Effingstone, though such as I have described him, never *seemed* to be doing any thing; no one ever *saw* him reading or writing, and yet he came into the world *au fait* at almost every thing! All this was attributable to his pride, or, I should say more correctly, his vanity. "*Results*, not processes, are for the public eye," he was fond of saying. And this highly-gifted individual, as to intellect, it was, who chose to track the waters of dissipation, to career among their sunk rocks, shoals, and quicksands, even till he sunk and perished in them! By some strange omission in his moral conformation, his soul seemed utterly destitute of any sympathies for virtue; with a fixed inclination towards vice, in its most revolting form, and most frantic excesses. Conceive, such a man as I have truly, but, perhaps, imperfectly, described Mr. Effingstone—in the possession of 3000*l.* a-year—perfectly his own master—with a fine person and

most fascinating manners—capable of acquiring with ease every fashionable accomplishment—the idol, the dictator of all he met—and with a dazzling circle of friends and relatives:—conceive for a moment such a man as this, *let loose upon the town*! Will it occasion wonder if the reader is told how, a two or three years absorbing, reckless devotion—he was incapable of any thing but in *extremes*—to the gaming-table, the turf, the cockpit, the ring, the theatres, and daily and nightly attendance on those haunts of detestable debauchery, which I cannot fowl my pen with naming, had conducted, in the first instance, to shed a haze of indistinctness over the multifarious acquisitions of his earlier and better days,—that his soul's sun shone in dim discoloured rays through the fogs—the vault-vapours of profligacy—that prolonged desuetude was gradually, though unheededly, benumbing and palsyng his intellectual faculties?—that a constant "feeding on garbage" had vitiated and depraved his whole system, both physical and mental?—and that, to conclude, there was a lamentable, an almost incredible, contrast between the glorious being, Mr. Effingstone, at twenty-one, and that poor faded creature—that prematurely superannuated debauchee, Mr. Effingstone, at twenty-seven? I have thus attempted to give some faint idea of the intellectual character of one of the most extraordinary young men that have ever flashed, meteor-like, across the sphere of my own observation. Not that in the ensuing pages, it will be in my power to exhibit him such as he has been described, doing and uttering things worthy of his great powers. Alas, alas! he was "*fallen, fallen, fallen*" from that altitude long before it became my province to know him professionally. His decline and fall are alone what remain for me to describe.

The reader is acquainted with the circumstances attending my first professional acquaintance with Mr. Effingstone. Those of the second are in perfect keeping. He had been prosecuting an enterprise of *seduction*, the interest of which was, in his eyes, enhanced a thousandfold, on discovering that the object of his illicit attentions was—married. She was, I understood, a very handsome, fashionable woman; and she fell—for Mr. Effingstone was irresistible! He was attending one of their assignations one night, which she was unexpectedly unable to keep; and he waited so long at the place of meeting, but slightly clad, in the cold and inclement weather, that when he returned home at an early hour in the morning, intensely chagrined, he felt inclined to be very ill.

He could not rise to breakfast. He grew rapidly worse; and when I was summoned to his bedside, he exhibited all the symptoms of a very severe inflammation of the lungs. One or two concomitants, such as will succeed in stinging your *men about town* into something like reflection, brief and futile though it be, contributed to accelerate the inroads of his dangerous disorder. We were compelled to adopt such powerful antiphlogistic treatment as reduced him to within an inch of his life. Previous to, and in the course of, this illness, he exhibited one or two characteristic traits.

"Doctor—is delirium usually an attendant on this disorder?" he inquired one morning. I told him it was—very frequently.

"Ah! then I'd better bite out my tongue; for, d—n it! my life won't bear ripping up! I shall say what will horrify you all! Delirium blackens a poor fellow sadly among his friends, doesn't it? Babbling devil—what can silence it? D—n, if you should hear me beginning to *let out*, suffocate me, doctor.

"Any chance of my giving the GREAT cut this time, doctor, eh?" he inquired the same evening, with great apparent nonchalance. Seeing my puzzled air—for I did not exactly comprehend the low expression, "great cut"—he asked quickly, "Doctor, shall I die, d'ye think?" I told him I certainly apprehended great danger, for his symptoms began to look very serious. "Then the ship must be cleared for action. What is the best way of ensuring recovery, provided it is to be?" I told him that, among other things, he must be kept very quiet—must not have his mind excited by visitors.

"Nurse, please ring the bell for George," said he, "suddenly interrupting me. The man in a few moments answered the summons. "George, d'ye value your neck, eh?" The man bowed. "Then, harkee, see you don't let in a living soul to see me, except the medical people. Friends, relatives, mother, brothers, sisters, d—n, sirrah! shut them all out—And, harkee, duns especially. If ——— should come, and get inside the door, kick him out again; and if ——— comes, and ———, and ———, tell them, that if they don't mind what they are about, d—n them! I'll die, if it's only to cheat them." The man bowed and retired. "And—and—doctor, what else?"

"If you should appear approaching your end, Mr. Effingstone, you would allow us, perhaps, to call in a clergyman to assist you in your devo——"

"What—eh—a parson? Oh, ——— it! no, no—out of the question—*non ad rem*, I

assure you," he replied hastily. "D'ye think I can't roll down to hell fast enough, without having my wheels oiled by their hypocritical humbug? Don't name it again, doctor, on any account, I beg." He grew rapidly worse, but ultimately recovered. His progress towards convalescence was by very slow steps; for the energies of both mind and body had been dreadfully shaken. His illness, however, had worked little or no alteration in his moral sentiments—or, if any thing, for the worse.

"It won't do at all, will it, doctor?" said Mr. Effingstone, when I was visiting him, one morning, at the house of a titled relation in — Square, whither he had been removed to prepare for a jaunt to the continent. "What do you allude to, Mr. Effingstone. What won't do?" I asked, for I knew not to what he alluded, as the question was the first break of a long pause in our conversation, which had been quite of a miscellaneous character. What won't do? Why, the sort of life I have been leading about town these two or three last years," he replied. "By G—, doctor, it has nearly wound me up, has it not?"

"Indeed, Mr. Effingstone, you have been within a hair's breadth of your grave."—"Aye," he exclaimed with a sigh, rubbing his hand rapidly over his noble forehead, "'twas a complete toss up whether I should go or stay! But come, come, the good ship has weathered the storm bravely, though she has been battered a little in her timbers!" said he, striking his breast, "and she's fit for sea again already, with a little caulking, that is. Heigho! what a d—d fool illness makes a man! I've had some of the strangest, oddest twinges—such gleams and visions! What d'ye think, doctor, I've had dinging in my ears night and day, like a d—d church bell? Why, a passage from old Persius, and this is it (you know I was a dab at Latin once, doctor), *rotundo ore*,

*'Magis Pater divum! serbo pœnere tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, quam dira libido
Moverit ingenium, ferventi flucta veneno;
—Virtutem videant—intabescantque relicta!'*

True and forcible enough, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, and expressed my satisfaction at his altered sentiments. "He might rely on it," I ventured to assure him, "that the paths of virtue, of religion"—I was going too fast.

"Pho, pho, doctor! No humbug, I beg—come, come, no humbug—no nonsense of that sort! I meant nothing of the kind, I can assure you! I'm a better Bentley than you, I see! What d'ye

think is my reading of "virtutem videtur?" Why—let them get wives when they're worn out, and want nursing. However, what do you think is the upshot of the whole—the practical point—the winding up of affairs—the balancing of the books—he delighted in accumulations of this sort—the shutting up of the volume, eh? D—e! I'm going to get married—I am, by —t: I'm at dead low-water mark in money-matters—and, in short, I repeat it, I intend to marry—a gold bag! A good move, isn't it? But, to be candid, I can't take all the credit of the thing to myself, either, having been a trifle bored, bullied, *badgered* into it by the family."

Mr. Effingstone spent two or three months in the south of France; and not long after his return to England, with restored health and energies, he singled out from among the many, many women who would have exulted in being an object of the attentions of the accomplished, the celebrated, Mr. Effingstone, Lady E——, the very flower of English aristocratical beauty, daughter of a distinguished peer, and sole heiress to the immense estates of an aged baronet in — shire.

The incessing exclusive attentions exacted from her suitor by this haughty young beauty, operated for a while as a salutary check upon Mr. Effingstone's reviving propensities to dissipation. As soon, however, as he had "run down the game," as he called it, and the young lady was so far compromised in the eyes of the world, as to render retreat next to impossible, he began to slacken in his attentions; not, however, so palpably and visibly as to alarm either her ladyship or any of their mutual relations or friends. He compensated for the attentions he was obliged to pay her by day, by the most extravagant nightly excesses. The pursuits of intellect, of literature, and philosophy, were utterly and finally discarded—and for what? For wallowing swinishly in the foulest sinks of depravity, herding among the acknowledged outcasts, commingling intimately with the very scum and refuse of society, battenning on the rottenness of obscenity, and revelling amid the hellish orgies celebrated nightly in haunts of nameless infamy. Gambling, gluttony, drunkenness, harlotry, blasphemy!

[I cannot bring myself to make public the shocking details with which the five following pages of the diary are occupied. What follows must be given only in a fragmentary form.]

Mr. Effingstone, one morning, accompanied Lady E—— and her mother to one of the fashionable shops, for the pur-

pose of aiding the former in her choice of some beautiful Chinese toys, to complete the ornamental department of her boudoir. After having purchased some of the most splendid and costly articles which had been exhibited, the ladies drew on their gloves, and gave each an arm to Mr. Effingstone to lead them to the carriage. The footman was letting down the carriage steps, when a very young woman, elegantly dressed, who happened to be passing at that moment, seemingly in a state of deep dejection, suddenly started on seeing Mr. Effingstone, placed herself between them and the carriage, and lifting her clasped hands, exclaimed, in piercing accents, "Oh, Henry, Henry, Henry! how cruelly you have deserted your poor ruined girl! What have I done to deserve it? I'm broken-hearted, and can rest nowhere? I've been walking up and down M—— Street nearly three hours this morning to get a sight of you, but could not! Oh, Henry! how differently you said you would behave before you brought me up from —shire!" All this was uttered with the impassioned vehemence and rapidity of highly excited feelings, and uninterruptedly; for both Lady E—— and her mother seemed perfectly petrified, and stood pale and speechless. Mr. Effingstone, too, was for a moment thunderstruck; but an instant's reflection showed him the necessity of acting with decision one way or another. Though deadly pale, he did not disclose any other symptoms of agitation; and with an assumed air of astonishment and irrecognition, exclaimed, concernedly, "Poor creature! unfortunate thing! Some strange mistake this!"

"No, no, Mr. Effingstone," replied Lady E——'s mother with excessive agitation; "this very singular—strange affair—if it is a mistake—had better be set right on the spot. Here, young woman, can you tell me what is the name of this gentleman?" pointing to Mr. Effingstone.

"Effingstone—Effingstone, to be sure, ma'am," sobbed the girl, looking imploringly at him. The instant she had uttered his name, the two ladies, dreadfully agitated, withdrew their arms from his, and with the footman's assistance, stepped, into their carriage and drove off rapidly, leaving Mr. Effingstone bowing, kissing his hand, and assuring them that he should "soon settle this absurd affair," and be at — Street before their ladyships. They heard him not, however for the instant the carriage had set off, Lady E—— fainted.

"Young woman, you're quite mistaken in me—I never saw you before. Here is

my card—come to me at eight to-night," he added, in an under tone, so as to be heard by none but her he addressed. She took the hint, appeared pacified, and each withdrew different ways—Mr. Effingstone almost suffocated with suppressed exonerations. He flung himself into a hackney-coach, and ordered it to — Street, intending to assure Lady —, with a smile, that he had instantly put an end to the ridiculous affair." His knock, however, brought him a prompt "Not at home," though their carriage had but the instant before driven from the door. He jumped again into the coach, almost gnashing his teeth with fury, drove home, and dispatched his groom with a note, and orders to wait an answer. He soon brought it back, with the intelligence that Lord and Lady — had given their porter orders to reject all letters or messages from Mr. Effingstone. So there was an end of all hopes from that quarter. He now plunged into profligacy with a spirit of almost diabolical desperation.

He was boxing one morning with Belasco—I think it was—at the latter's rooms; and was preparing to plant a hit which the fighter had defied him to do, when he suddenly dropped his guard, turned pale, and in a moment or two, fell fainting into the arms of the astounded boxer. He had several days previously suspected himself the subject of indisposition—how could it be otherwise, keeping such hours, and living such a life as he did—but not of so serious a nature as to prevent him from going out as usual. As soon as he had recovered, and swallowed a few drops of spirits and water, he drove home, intending to have sent immediately for Mr. —, the well-known surgeon; but on arriving at his rooms, he found a travelling carriage and four waiting before the door, for the purpose of conveying him instantly to the bed-side of his dying mother, in a distant part of England, as she wished personally to communicate to him something of importance before she died. This he learnt from two of his relatives, who were up stairs giving directions to pack up his clothes, and make other preparations for his journey, so that nothing might detain him from setting off the instant he arrived at his rooms. He was startled—alarmed—confounded at all this. Good God, he thought, what was to become of him? He was unfit to undertake a journey, requiring instant medical attendance, which had already been too long deferred; for his dissipation had already made rapid inroads on his constitution. Yet what was to be done? His situation was such as could not be communicated to his brother and sister-in-law

—for he did not choose to encounter their sarcastic reproaches. He had nothing for it but to get into the carriage with them, go down to —shire, and when there devise some plausible pretext for returning instantly to town. That, however, he found impracticable. His mother would not trust him out of her sight one instant, night or day—but kept his hand close locked in hers; he was also surrounded by the congregated members of the family—and could literally scarce stir out of the house an instant. He dissembled his illness with tolerable success—till his aggravated agonies drove him almost beside himself. Without breathing a syllable to any one but his own man, whom he took with him, he suddenly left the house, and without even a change of clothes, threw himself into the first London coach—and by two o'clock the next day was at his own rooms in M— Street, in a truly deplorable condition, and attended by Sir — and myself. Nine weeks of unmitigated agony were passed by Mr. Effingstone—the virulence of his disorder for a long time setting at defiance all that medicine could do. This illness, also, broke him down sadly, and we recommended to him a sojourn in the south of France—for which he set out the instant he could undertake the journey with safety.

About seven months from the period last mentioned, I received, one Sunday evening, a note, written in hurried characters; and a hasty glance at the seal, which bore Mr. Effingstone's crest, filled me with sudden vague apprehensions that some misfortune or other had befallen him. This was the note:—

"Dear Doctor—For God's sake come and see me immediately, for I have this day arrived in London from the continent, and am suffering the tortures of the damned, both in mind and body. Come—come—in God's name, come instantly, or I shall go mad. Not a word of my return to any one till I have seen you. You will find me—in short, my man will accompany you, Yours in agony, St. J. H. Effingstone. Sunday evening, November, 18—."

His unexpected return from abroad—the obscure and distant part of the town (St. George's to the East) where he had established himself—the dreadful terms, in which his note was couched, revived, certain fearful apprehensions for him which I had begun to entertain before he quitted England. I ordered out my chariot instantly; his groom mounted the box to guide the coachman, and we drove down

supply. A sudden recollection of the contents of several of the letters he had sent me hither from the continent, at my request, served to corroborate my worst fears. I had given him over for lost—by the time my chariot drew up opposite the house where he had so strangely taken up his abode. The street and neighbourhood, though not clearly discernible through the fog of a November evening, contrasted strangely with the aristocratical regions to which my patient had been accustomed. — The row was narrow, and the houses were small, yet clean and creditable-looking. On entering No. —, the landlady, a person of quiet respectable appearance, told me that Mr. Hardy—for such, it seems, was the name he chose to go by in these parts—had just retired to rest, as he felt fatigued and poorly, and she was just going to make him some gruel. I repaired to his bedchamber immediately. It was a small comfortably furnished room; the fire was lit, and two candles were burning on the drawers. On the bed, the plain chintz curtains of which were only half drawn, lay — St. John Henry Effingstone. I must pause a moment to describe his appearance, as it struck me at first looking at him. It may be thought rather far-fetched, perhaps, but I could not help comparing him, in my own mind, to a gem set in the midst of faded tarnished embroidery: the coarse texture of the bed-furniture—the ordinary style of the room—its constrained dimensions, contrasted strikingly with the indications of elegance and fashion afforded by the scattered clothes, toilet, and travelling paraphernalia, &c.—the person and manners of its present occupant, who lay on a bed all tossed and tumbled, with only a few minutes' restlessness. A dazzling diamond ring sparkled on the little finger of his left hand, and was the only ornament he ever wore. There was something, also, in the snowiness, simplicity, and fineness of his linen, which alone might have evidenced the superior consideration of its wearer, even were that not sufficiently visible in the noble, commanding outline of the features, faded though they were, and shrieking beneath the invasions of illness and dissipation. His forehead was white and ample; his eye had lost none of its fire, though it gleamed with restless energy; in a word, there was that ease and loftiness in his bearing, that indescribable *manière d'être*, which are inseparable from high birth and breeding. So much for the appearance of things on my entrance.

"How are you, Mr. Effingstone—how are you, my dear sir?" said I, sitting down by the bedside.

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"Doctor—the pains of hell have got hold upon me. I am undone," he replied gloomily, in a broken voice, and extended to me a hand cold as marble.

"Is it as you suspected in your last letter to me from Rouen, Mr. Effingstone?" I inquired, after a pause. He shook his head, and covered his face with both hands, but made me no answer. Thinking he was in tears, I said, in a soothing tone, "(Come, come, my dear sir, don't be carried away; don't!"

"Fugh! do you take me for a pining child, or a woman, doctor? Don't suspect me again of such contemptible pusillanimity, low as I am fallen," he replied, with startling sternness, removing his hands from his face.

"I hope, after all, that matters are not so desperate as your fears would persuade you," said I, feeling his pulse.

"Doctor, don't delude me; all is over, I know it is. A horrible death is before me; but I shall meet it like a man. I have made my bed, and must lie upon it."

"Come, come, Mr. Effingstone, don't be so gloomy, so hopeless; the exhausted powers of nature may yet be revived," said I, after having asked him many questions.

"Doctor ———, I'll soon end that strain of yours. 'Tis silly—pardon me—but it is. Reach me one of those candles, please." I did so. "Now, I'll show you how to translate a passage of Persius.

*Tentemus fances:—lenero lalet ulcus in ore
Patre, quod haud deccat piebeis raderobeta.*

"Eh, you recollect it? Well, look!—What say you to this; isn't it frightful?" he asked bitterly, raising the candle, that I might look into his mouth. It was, alas! as he said! In fact, his whole constitution had been long tainted, and exhibited symptoms of soon breaking up altogether! I feared, from the period of my attendance on him during the illness which drove him last to the continent, that it was beyond human power to dislodge the harpy that had fixed its cruel fangs deeply, inextricably in his vitals. Could it be wondered at, even by himself? Neglect, in the first instance, added to a persecuting course of profligacy, had doomed him long, long before, to premature and horrible decay! And though it can scarcely be credited, it is nevertheless the fact; even on the continent, in the character of a shattered invalid, the infatuated man resumed those dissolute courses which, in England, had already hurried him almost to death's door!

"My good God, Mr. Effingstone!"

inquired, almost paralyzed with amazement, at hearing him describe recent scenes in which he had mingled, which would have made even satyrasknik ashamed into the woods of old, "how *could* you have been so insane, so stark staring mad?"

"By instinct, doctor, by instinct! The nature of the beast!" he replied, through his closed teeth, and with an unconscious clenching of his hands. Many inquiries into his past and present symptoms forewarned me that his case would probably be marked by more appalling features than any that had ever come under my care; and that there was not a ray of hope that he would survive the long, lingering, and maddening agonies, which were "measured out to him from the poisoned chalice" which he had "commended to his own lips." At the time I am speaking of, I mean when I paid him the visit above described, his situation was not far from that of Job, described in chap. xx. v, 7, 8.

He shed no tears, and repeatedly strove, but in vain, to repress sighs with which his breast heaved, nearly to bursting, while I pointed out—in obedience to his determination to know the worst—some portions of the dreary prospect before him.

"Horrible! hideous!" he exclaimed, in a low broken tone, his flesh creeping from head to foot. "How shall I endure it!—Oh, Epictetus, how?" He relapsed into silence, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and his hands joined over his breast, and pointing upwards, in a posture which I considered supplicatory. I rejoiced to see it, and ventured to say, after much hesitation, that I was delighted to see him at last looking to the right quarter for support and consolation.

"Bah!" he exclaimed impetuously, removing his hands, and eyeing me with sternness, almost approaching fury, "why will you persist in pestering your patients with twaddle of that sort?—*candem semper canens cantilenam, ad nauseam usque*"—as though you carried a psalter in your pocket? When I want to listen to any thing of that kind, why, I'll pay a parson! Haven't I tide enough of horror to bear up against already, without your bringing a sea of superstition upon me? No more of it—no more—'tis foul. I look for support to the energies of my own mind—the tried disciplined energies of my own mind, doctor—a mind that never knew what fear was—that no disastrous combinations of misfortune could ever yet shake from its fortitude! What but *this* is it that enables me to shut my ears to the whisperings of some pitying friend, who, knowing what hideous tortures await me,

has stepped out of hell to come and advise me to *suicide*—Eh?" he inquired, his eye glaring on me with a very unusual expression. "However, as religion, that is, your Christian religion, is a subject on which you and I can never agree—an old bone of contention between us—why, the less said about it the better. Its useless to irritate a man whose mind is made up. D—n it! I shall *never* be a believer—may I die first!" he concluded, with angry vehemence.

The remainder of the interview I spent in endeavouring to persuade him to relinquish his present unsuitable lodgings, and return to the sphere of his friends and relations—but in vain. He was fixedly determined to continue in that obscure hole; he said, till there was about a week or so between him and death, and then he would return, "and die in the bosom of his family, as the phrase was." Alas! however, I knew but too well, that in the event of his adhering to that resolution, he was fated to expire in the bed where he then lay; for I foresaw but too truly, that the termination of his illness would be attended with circumstances rendering removal utterly impossible. He made me pledge my word that I would not, without his express request or sanction, apprize any member of his family, or any of his friends, that he had returned to England. He begged me to prescribe him a powerful anodyne draught, for that he could get no rest at nights; that an intense racking pain was gnawing all his bones from morning to evening, and from evening to morning; and what with this and other dreadful concomitants, he was, he said, "suffering the torments of the damned, and perhaps worse." I complied with his request, and ordered him also many other medicines and applications, and promised to see him soon in the morning. I was accordingly with him about twelve the next day. He was sitting up, and in his dressing-gown, before the fire, in great pain, and suffering under the deepest dejection. He complained heavily of the intense and unrelenting agony he had endured all night long, and thought that from some cause or other, the laudanum draught I ordered had tended to make him only more acutely sensible of the pain. "It is a peculiar and horrible sensation; and I cannot give you an adequate idea of it," he said: "it is as though the marrow in my bones were transformed into something animated—into blind worms, writhing, biting, and stinging incessantly"—and he shuddered, as I did also, at the revolting comparison. He put me upon a minute exposition of the *rational* of his disorder: and if ever

I was at a loss for adequate expressions or illustrations, he supplied them with a readiness, an exquisite appositeness, which, added to his astonishing acuteness in comprehending the most strictly technical details, filled me with admiration for his great powers of mind, and poignant regret at their miserable desecration.

"Well, I don't think you can give me any efficient relief, doctor," said he, "and I am therefore bent on trying a scheme of my own."

"And what, pray, may that be?" I inquired curiously.

"I'll tell you my preparations. I've ordered—by ——!—nearly a hundred weight of the strongest tobacco that's to be bought, and thousands of pipes; and with these I intend to smoke myself into stupidity, or rather insensibility, if possible, till I can't undertake to say whether I live or not; and my good fellow, George, is to be reading me 'Don Quixote' the while." Oh, with what a sorrowful air of forced gaiety was all this uttered!

One sudden burst of bitterness I well recollect. I was saying, while putting on my gloves to go, that I hoped to see him in better spirits the next time I called.

"Better spirits? Ha! ha! How the —— can I be in better spirits—an exile from society—and absolutely rotting away here—in such a contemptible hovel as this—among a set of base-born brutal savages?—fugh! fugh! It does need something here—here," pressing his hand to his forehead, "to bear it—aye, it does!" I thought his tones were tremulous, and that for the first time I had ever known them so—and I could not help thinking the tears came into his eyes; for he started suddenly from me, and affected to be gazing at some passing objects in the street.

[Then follow the details of his disease, which are so shocking as to be unfit for any but professional eyes. They represent all the energies of his nature as shaken beyond the possibility of restoration—his constitution thoroughly polluted—wholly undetermined. That the remedies resorted to had been almost more dreadful than the disease—and yet exhibited in vain! In the next twenty pages of the Diary, the shades of horror are represented as gradually closing and darkening around this wretched victim of debauchery; and the narrative is carried forward through three months. A few extracts only, from this portion, are fitting for the reader.]

Friday, January 5.—Mr. Effingstone continues in the same deplorable state

described in my former entry. It is absolutely revolting to enter his room, the effluvia are so sickening—so overpowering. I am compelled to use a vinaigrette incessantly, as well as eau de Cologne, and other scents, in profusion. I found him engaged, as usual, deep in "Petronius Arbitr!" He describes his bodily sufferings as frightful. Indeed, Mrs. —— has often told me, that his groans both disturb and alarm the neighbours, even as far as over the way! The very watchman has several times been so much startled in passing, at hearing his groans, that he has knocked at the door to inquire about them. Neither Sir —— nor I can think of any thing that seems likely to assuage his agonies. Even laudanum has failed us altogether, though it has been given in unprecedented quantities. I think I can say with truth and sincerity, that scarce the wealth of the Indies should tempt me to undertake the management of another such case. I am losing my appetite—loathe animal food—am haunted day and night by the piteous spectacle which I have to encounter daily in Mr. Effingstone. Oh, that heaven would terminate his tortures—surely he has suffered enough. I am sure he would hail the prospect of death with ecstasy!

Friday, 26.—Surely, surely I have never seen, and seldom heard or read, of such sufferings as the wretched Effingstone's. He strives to endure them with the fortitude and patience of a martyr—or rather is struggling to exhibit a spirit of sullen, stoical submission to his fate, such as is inculcated in Arrian's "Discourses of Epictetus," which he reads almost all day. His anguish is so excruciating and uninterrupted, that I am astonished how he retains the use of his reason. All power of locomotion has disappeared long ago. The only parts of his body he can move now are his fingers, toes, and head—which latter he sometimes shakes about, in a sudden ecstasy of pain, with such frightful violence as would, one should think, almost suffice to sever it from his shoulders! The flesh of the lower extremities—the flesh——. Horrible! All sensation has ceased in them for a fortnight! He describes the agonies about his stomach and bowels to be as though wolves were ravenously gnawing and mangling all within.

Oh, my God! if "men about town," in London, or elsewhere, could but see the hideous spectacle Mr. Effingstone presents, surely it would palsy them in the pursuit of ruin, and scare them into the paths of virtue!

Tuesday, 31.—Again I have visited that scene of leathomeness and horror, Mr.

Effingstone's chamber. The sun and George told me he had been raving deliriously all night long. I found him incredibly altered in countenance, so much so, that I should hardly have recognised his features. He was mumbling, with his eyes closed, when I entered the room.

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, "it's no use keeping up this damned farce any longer, human nature won't bear it! D—n—! I'm going down to HELL! I am!" said he, almost yelling out the words. "Why," he continued, in a tone and manner as if he had lost all self-control, "what is it that has maddened me all my life, and left me sober only at this ghastly hour—too late?" In about ten minutes time, neither of us having broken the silence of the interval, he said, in a calmer tone, "Doctor, be good enough to wipe my forehead—will you?" I did so. "You know better, doctor, of course, than to attach any importance to the nonsensical rantings extorted by death-bed agonies, eh? Don't dying people, at least those who die in great pain, almost always express themselves so? How apt superstition is to rear its dismal flag over the prostrate energies of one's soul, when the body is racked by tortures like mine."

Friday, 3d.—He was in a strangely altered mood to-day; for though his condition might be aptly described by the words "dead alive" his calm demeanour, his tranquilized features, and the mild expression of his eye, assured me he believed what he said, when he told me that his disorder had "taken a turn"—that the "crisis was past;" and he should recover. Alas, was it ever known that dead mortified flesh ever resumed its life and functions? To have saved himself from the spring of a hungry tiger, he could not have moved a foot or a finger, and that for the last week! Poor, poor Mr. Effingstone began to thank me for my attentions to him during his illness; said, he "owed his life to my consummate skill;" he would "trumpet my fame to the Andes, if I succeeded in bringing him through."

"It has been a very horrible affair, doctor—hasn't it?" said he.

"Very, very, Mr. Effingstone; and it is my duty to tell you, there is yet much horror before you!"

"Ah! well, well! I see you don't want me to be too sanguine—too impatient—it's kindly meant—very! Doctor, when I leave here, I leave it an altered man! Come, does not that gratify you, eh?"

I could not help a sigh. He would be an altered man, and that very shortly! He mistook the feelings which prompted the sigh. "I'm bent on leading a different

life to what I have led before—I am, by —!"

"Mr. Effingstone, pardon me!"

"Ah—I understand—'twas a mere slip of the tongue—what's bred in the bone, you know."

"I was not alluding to the oath, Mr. Effingstone; but—but it is my duty to warn you."

"Ah—that I'm not going the right way to work—eh? Oh, doctor, look at that blessed light of the sun! Oh, draw aside the window-curtain, let me feel it on me! What an image of the beneficence of the Deity! A smile flung from his face over the universe!" I drew aside the curtain. It was a cold clear frosty day, and the sun shone into the room with cheerful lustre. Oh, how awfully distinct were the ravages which his wasted features had sustained! His soul seemed to expand beneath the genial influence of the sun-beams; and he again expressed his confident expectations of recovery.

"Mr. Effingstone, do not permit inebriating false hopes! (Once for all," said I, with all the deliberate solemnity I could throw into my manner, "I assure you, in the presence of God, that, unless a miracle takes place, it is utterly impossible for you to recover, or even to last a week longer!") I thought it had killed him. His features whitened visibly as I concluded—his eye seemed to sink, and the eyelids fell. His lips presently moved, but uttered no sound. I thought he had received his death-stroke, and was immeasurably shocked at its having been from my hands, even though in the strict performance of my duty. Half an hour's time, however, saw him restored to nearly the same state in which he had been previously. I begged him to allow me to send a clergyman to him, as the best means of soothing and quieting his mind; but he shook his head despondingly. I pressed my point, and he said deliberately, "No." He muttered some such words, as, "The Deity has determined on my destruction, and is permitting him devils to mock me with hopes of this sort—Let me go, then, to my own place!" In this awful state of mind I was compelled to leave him. I sent a clergyman to him, but he refused to see him, saying, that if he presumed to force himself into the room, he would spit in his face, though he could not rise to kick him out! The temper of his mind had changed into something perfectly diabolical, since my interview with him.

Saturday, 4th.—Really my own health is suffering—my spirits are sinking through daily horrors I have to encounter at Effingstone's apartment. This morning, I sat

by his bedside full half an hour, listening to him uttering nothing but groans that shook my very soul within me. He did not know me when I spoke to him, and took no notice of me whatever. At length his groans were mingled with such expressions as these, indicating that his distorted fancy had wandered to former scenes.

"Oh!—oh!—Pitch it into him, Bob! Ten to two on Cribb!—Horrible!—These dice are loaded, Wilmington, by—I know they are!—Seven's the main!—Ha!—done, by—; . . . Hector, yes!—[he was alluding to a favourite race-horse]—won't 'tate a pound of his price!—Your Grace shall have him for six hundred—Fore-legs, only look at them!—There, there, go it! away! away! neck and neck—In, in, hy— . . . Hannah! what the—'s become of her—drawned? No, no, no—What a fiend incarnate that Bet—is! . . . Oh! horror, horror, horror! Rottenness! Oh, that some one would knock me on the head, and end me!"

Such was the substance of what he uttered—it was in vain that I tried to arrest the torrent of vile recollections.

"Doctor, doctor, I shall die of fright!" he exclaimed an hour afterwards—"What d'ye think happened to me last night? I was lying here, with the fire burnt very low, and the candles out. George was asleep, poor fellow, and the woman gone out to get an hour's rest also. I was looking about, and suddenly saw the dim outline of a table, set, as it were, in the middle of the room. There were four chairs, faintly visible, and three ghostly figures came through that door and sat in them, one by one, leaving one vacant. They began a sort of horrid whispering, more like gasping—they were DEVILS, and talked about—my damnation! The fourth chair was for me, they said, and all three turned and looked me in the face. Oh! hideous—shapeless—damned!" He uttered a shuddering groan. . . .

[Here follows an account of his interview with two brothers—the only members of the family—whom he had at last permitted to be informed of his frightful condition—who would come and see him]. . . . He did little else than rave and howl, in a blasphemous manner, all the while they were present. He seemed hardly to be aware of their being his brothers, and to forget the place where he was. He cursed me—then Sir—, his man George, and charged us with compassing his death, concealing his case from his family, and execrated us for not allowing him to be removed to the west end of the town. In vain we assured him that his removal

was utterly impossible—the time was past; I had offered it once. He gnashed his teeth, and spit at us all! "What! die—die—Die in this damned hole!—I won't die here—I will go to—Street. Take me off!—Devils, then, do you come and carry me there!—Come—out, out upon you! You have killed me, all of you!—You're twisting me!—You've put a hill of iron on me—I'm dead!—all my body is dead—[. . .]—George, you wretch! why are you laddling fire upon me?—Where do you get it?—Out—out—out!—I'm flooded with fire!—Scorched!—Scorched! . . . Now—now for a dance of devils—Ha—I see! I see!—There's—and—and—and—among them!—What! all three of you dead—and damned before me?—W—! Where is your d-d loaded, dice?—Filled with fire, eh?— . . .—So, you were the three devils I saw sitting at the table, eh?—Well, I shall be last—but, d-e, I'll be the chief of you!—I'll be king in hell!" He began to shake his head violently from side to side, his eyes glaring like coals of fire, and his teeth gnashing. I never could have imagined any thing half so frightful. What with the highly excited state of my feelings, and the horrible scents of death which were diffused about the room, and to which not the strongest salts of ammonia, used incessantly, could render me insensible, I was obliged to leave abruptly. I knew the last act of the black tragedy was closing that night! I left word with the nurse, that so soon as Mr. Effingstowe should be released from his misery, she should get into a hackney-coach, and come to my house. I was in bed when a violent ringing of the bell startled me. It was the nurse come to tell me all was over. I dressed directly and went to her. I asked her when Mr. Hardy expired. "Exactly as the clock struck three," she replied. "George, and I, and Mr.—, the apothecary, whom we had sent for out of the next street, were sitting and standing round the bed. Mr. Hardy lay tossing his head about for nearly an hour, saying all manner of horrible things. A few minutes before three he gave a loud howl, and shouted, 'Here, you wretches—why do you put the candles out—here—here—I'm dying!'

"God's peace be with you, sir!—The Lord have mercy on you!—we groaned, like people distracted.

"Ha—ha—ha!—D—n—you!—D—n you all!—Dying?—D—n me! I won't die!—I won't die!—No—no!—D—n me—I won't—won't—won't—' and made a noise as if he was choked. We looked—yes, he was gone!"—He was interred in an obscure dissenting burying-ground in

the immediate neighbourhood, under the name of Hardy, for his family refused to recognize him.

So lived and died a "man about town"—and so, alas, will yet live and die many another MAN ABOUT TOWN!

A RECIPE FOR GETTING FAT.

"THERE'S nothing here on earth deserves
Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do as well without it;
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found,
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

"One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run—
And when he'll leave us altogether:
Now matters it a pebble stone,
Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of Heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

"Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed, and laughed at for his labours:
Fame is his star! and fame is sweet;
And praise is pleasanter than honey—
I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

"My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti, when he met her;
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer, too—and sighed,
And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

"For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings;
But sound most beautiful—on paper!
'Thought' is the sage's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
Please God! I'll keep on 'never minding.'
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

"Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers
Is half a pain, and half a pleasure:
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel a-thirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatever they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!"

Souvenir.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF HINDOO IDOLATRY.†

THERE is in this metropolis a mansion of very considerable size and splendour, to which, about twice in the twelve months (oftener, however, for other purposes), a large concourse of persons repair, their object being the very legitimate one of receiving the monies which become due to them at these auspicious periods of the year. The funds from which these payments are made, are constituted in rather a singular way. They are composed, to a great extent, of small contributions, levied on every man, lady, and child, of these realms, who cannot breakfast without tea, or take their soup without pepper. But there is another branch of the revenue which goes to complete this annual fund—the profits which are derived from entertainments prepared on a grand scale in the East Indies, for imposing on the superstition of the Hindoos. We are then distinctly alluding to the East India Company, and the revenue which it draws, in the shape of a tax on the native pilgrims in India, who resort, at stated periods, to the several temples of their worship in that country. By far the most explicit, ample, and (as it would appear from numerous eye-witnesses) authentic account of the Hindoo worship, as it is practised in the Indian dominions of his Britannic Majesty, is that to be found in the work of the Abbé Dubois. This ecclesiastic is now living; and his manuscript was thought worthy of being purchased for 800*l.* by the East India Company, on the recommendation of some of the first oriental scholars of our day. The Company, whose munificence, in matters of science, outstrips the generosity of any other body in the universe, granted to the abbé the privilege of printing his work in Paris, a few years ago. It would be impossible for us to give a consecutive passage descriptive of the Hindoo worship, from this work, without grossly violating decency. We shall therefore select our extracts from British authors chiefly; and those shall be such men as can well afford to incur the responsibility of diffusing this sort

† From the Monthly Review.—No. LXIV., of—Speech of John Poynder, Esq., at a General Court of Proprietors of the East India Company, on September, 22, 1830, containing Evidence in Proof of the direct Encouragement afforded by the Company to the licentious and sanguinary system of Idolatry, and demonstrating the net amount of Pecuniary Profits derived by the Company from the Tax imposed on the Worshipers at the different Temples, London, 1830. Hatchard.

of knowledge amongst their own countrymen.

Mr. Ward, author of the "History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos," says—

"In the year 1806, I was present at the worship of the Goddess Doorga, as performed at Calcutta. Four sets of singers were present; who entertained their guests with filthy songs, and danced in indecent attitudes before the goddess. The whole scene produced on my mind sensations of the greatest horror. The dress of the singers—their indecent gestures—the abominable nature of their songs—the horrid din of their miserable drums—the lateness of the hour—the darkness of the place—with the reflection, that I was standing in an idol temple, and that this immense multitude of rational and immortal creatures, capable of superior joys, were, in the very act of worship, perpetrating a crime of high treason against the God of Heaven, while they themselves believed they were performing an act of merit—excited ideas and feelings in my mind, which time can never obliterate.

"I would have given, in this place, a specimen of the songs sung before the image; but found them so full of obscenity, that I could not copy a single line. All those actions, which a sense of decency keeps out of the most indecent English songs, are here detailed, sung, and laughed at, without the least sense of shame. A poor ballad singer in England would be sent to the House of Correction, and flogged, for performing the meritorious actions of these wretched idolaters."

Again—

"As soon as the well-known sound of the drum is heard calling the people to the midnight orgies, the dance and the song, whole multitudes assemble, and almost tread one upon another; and their joy keeps pace with the number of loose women present; and the gross obscenity of the songs. Gopala, a Pundit employed in the Serampore printing-office, and a very respectable man among the Hindoos, avowed to a friend of mine, that the only attractions on these occasions were the women of ill-fame, and the filthy songs and dances;—that their songs were so abominable, that a man of character, even amongst them, was ashamed of being present; that if ever he (Gopala) remained, he concealed himself in a corner of the temple. He added, that a song was scarcely tolerated which did not contain the most marked allusion to unchastity, while those which were so abominable, that no person could repeat them out of the temple, received the loudest plau-

dit. All this is done in the very face of the idol; nor does the thought, "Thou God seest me!" ever produce the slightest pause in these midnight revels. In open day, and in the most public streets of a large town, I have seen men entirely naked, dancing, with unblushing effrontery, before the idol, as it was carried in triumphant procession, encouraged by the smiles and eager gaze of the Brahmins. Yet sights even worse than those, and such as can never be described by the pen of a Christian writer, are exhibited, on the rivers, and in the public roads, to thousands of spectators at the Doorga Festival, the most popular and most crowded of all the Hindoo Festivals in Bengal; and which closes with libations to the gods, so powerful as to produce general intoxication. I have more than once been filled with alarm, as this idolatrous procession has passed my house, lest my children should go to the windows and see the gross obscenity of the dancers. What must be the state of a country, when its religious institutions and public shows, at which the whole population is present, thus sanctify vice, and carry the multitude into the very gulph of depravity and ruin!"

The account of the female dancers attached to the temples, we are obliged to take from the Abbé Dubois, as no other author has described their real character with more confidence. We are anxious that this class of the "ministers" of the Hindoo worship should be completely understood, for reasons which will be apparent before the close of this article. The abbé says,

"To every temple are attached female dancers, called the attendants of the Deity, but really prostitutes; who are regularly retained, to grant their favours to any who may choose to pay for them; although, it appears, they were originally confined to the service of the Brahmins. These profligate women are, however, peculiarly consecrated to the worship of the Indian gods; and every temple of any consideration has a band of eight, twelve, or upwards. Their official duties consist in dancing and singing twice every day, in the interior of the temples, and in all the public ceremonies besides. Their attitudes and gestures are lascivious, and opposed to decency; while their songs consist of obscene poetry, descriptive of the amours of their gods. They assist at marriages and other domestic ceremonies, in displaying their talent; and employ all the time which remain at their disposal in intrigues of infamy; nor is it unusual to see the residence of their gods become the theatre of their licentiousness. They are

trained from infancy to this disgraceful trade. Some of them belong to respectable families; and there are commonly found, among them, pregnant women, who, in order to obtain a safe deliverance, make a vow, with the concurrence of their husbands, to devote the child, if a female, to the service of the idol. They are far from considering this impious vow as repugnant to the laws of female delicacy, or the obligation of maternal affection; and it is certain, that no unfavorable opinion attaches to the parents whose daughter embraces this course of life. These priestesses of the temples receive a regular stipend for their official duties; but its amount is moderate; and they supply the deficiency by the sale of their persons; for the aid of which commerce, they are perhaps better acquainted than in any other country with all the arts and resources of attraction, in the employment of perfumes, of elegant and costly decorations, the use of odoriferous flowers, and abundant jewelry, with every other incentive to voluptuousness.

"At Mangour, in the Mysore, a place in the southern vicinity of Seringapatam, is a temple dedicated to Tipamma, a female deity; who has an annual festival of great celebrity, when the goddess is borne in procession, on a superb palanquin, through the streets, with a male deity before her."

The remainder of this passage we prefer giving, after the good example of Mr. Poynder, enveloped in the veil of the author's language:

"Ces deux figures, représentées entièrement nues, sont posées dans l'attitude la plus contraire à la pudeur, et à l'aide d'un mécanisme, un mouvement infâme leur est imprimé, tant que dure la marche du cortège. Ce tableau hideux, bien digne de la multitude abrupte qui le contemple, excite des transports d'hilarité qui se manifeste par des acclamations, et des éclats de rire."

"I have never," exclaims the Abbé, "beheld an Indian procession, without its presenting me with an image of hell."

This testimony will be sufficient to describe, for general purposes, the character of the worship which generally prevails in Hindostan. It remains for us to supply an account of the temples in India, and the rites which are habitually practised in them; from which, revenue is directly levied in the name, and for the benefit, of the East India Company. The edifice more particularly dedicated to Juggernaut, claims an infamous precedence before all the other structures of the same class. This temple is situated in that part of the province of Orissa called Cuttack;

and the district first became subject to British rule during the administration of the Marquis Wellesley. The account which is given by Dr. Buchanan of the ceremonies of Juggernaut, so far back as 1806, requires no commentary.

"Juggernaut, 14 June, 1806.

"I have seen Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death. The idol has been justly considered as the Moloch of the present age; for the sacrifices offered to him, by self-devotement, are not less criminal, perhaps no less numerous, than those of the Moloch of Canaan. As other temples are usually adorned with figures, emblematical of their religion; so Juggernaut has representations, numerous and varied, of that vice which constitutes the essence of his worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand-plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims; and another place, near the town, called, by the English, the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are cast, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

"Juggernaut, 18 June, 1806.

"I have witnessed a scene which I shall never forget. The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels, which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children, pulled by each cable: infants are made to exert their strength in this office, for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne: there were about one hundred and twenty persons in the car altogether. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black with a distended mouth of a bloody colour: his arms are of gold; and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. Five elephants preceded, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to them. When the worship of the god began, a high priest mounted the car, and pronounced obscene stanzas in the ears of the people. A boy was then brought forth, to attempt something yet more lascivious; who exhibited such gestures that the god was pleased; and the multitude, emitting a sensual yell of

delight, urged the car along. After a few minutes, it stopped again. An aged minister of the idol then stood up, and, with indecent action, completed this disgusting exhibition. I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol; he laid himself down in the road, before the tower as it was moving along, on his face, with his arms stretched forwards: the multitude passed around him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people threw money on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view for some time; and then carried to the Golgotha, where I have just seen him.

"These sacrifices are not confined to Juggernaut. At Ishera, eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of Governor Hastings, is a temple of the same idol.

"Juggernaut's Temple, near Ishera on the Ganges, Rutt Jattrra, May, 1807.

"The tower here is drawn along, like that at Juggernaut, by cables. The number of worshippers at this festival is computed to be about one hundred thousand. The tower is covered with indecent emblems, which were freshly painted for the occasion, and were the objects of sensual gaze by both sexes. One of the victims of this year was a well made young man, of healthy appearance, and comely aspect. He had a garland of flowers round his neck, and his hair was dishevelled. He danced for a while before the idol, singing in an enthusiastic strain; and then, rushing suddenly on the wheels, he shed his blood under the tower of obscenity. Many of the pilgrims come from remote regions, with their wives and children, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year; they are sometimes upwards of two months on their journey. Many of the pilgrims die by the way, and their bodies generally remain unburied; so that the road to Juggernaut may be known, for the last fifty miles, by the human bones which are strewn in the way."

These descriptions are comparatively ancient; but in 1822 we have the following account from Colonel Phipps, of the 13th Bengal Native Infantry:

"The walls of the temple, which are not visible beyond the enclosure, are

covered with statues of stone, in attitudes so grossly indecent, that it seems surprising how any superstition could debase its votaries to such a degree as to make them introduce into their most sacred places such filthy and obscene figures. The idol Juggernaut, which is so celebrated that pilgrims resort to worship it from the remotest parts of India, is probably the coarsest image in the country. The figure does not extend below the loins; and has no hands; but two stumps in lieu of arms, on which the priests occasionally fasten hands of gold. A Christian is almost led to think that it was an attempt to see how low idolatry could debase the human mind.

"A very large establishment of priests, and others, is attached to the temple. One of the principals stated the number to consist of three thousand families, including four hundred families of cooks to prepare holy food. The provisions furnished daily for the idol, and his attendants, consist of two hundred and twenty pounds of rice, ninety-seven pounds of kullie (a pulse), twenty-four pounds of moong (a small grain), one hundred and eighty-eight pounds of clarified buffalo's butter, eighty pounds of molasses, thirty-two pounds of vegetables, ten pounds of sour milk, two pounds and a half of spices, two pounds of sandal-wood, some camphor, twenty pounds of salt, four rupees' worth of fire-wood; and twenty-two pounds of lamp-oil for lights at night. This holy food is presented to the idol three times a day; the gates are shut, and none but a few personal servants are allowed to be present. This meal lasts about an hour, during which period the dancing girls attached to the temple dance in the room with many pillars. On the ringing of a bell, the doors are thrown open, and the food is removed.

"There are, in all, twelve festivals celebrated at Juggernaut, during the year; but by far the most important season is the Rutt Jattrra, when the idol is placed in a car, and visits the place where he was originally formed.

"The pilgrims who attend the festival of Chundann Jattrra, and wish to remain for the Rutt Jattrra, are termed Lall Jattras, and pay ten rupees to government; three rupees to the priest who brought them, if they come from the northward, and six if they come from the southward; and three rupees for the priest; this regulation occasions the receipts to be usually greater at this festival than at any other. Forty-three days after its commencement, the Chund Jattrra is celebrated: the idol is brought outside the tower, and placed on an elevated platform within the boundary

wall, but visible from the outside, and is bathed. A great many pilgrims attend this ceremony; and those who wish to remain a fortnight, and see the Rott Jatra, are termed *Neem Lalks*. If they come from the northward, they are obliged to pay government five rupees; if from the southward, three rupees; and one rupee eight annas to the *Punda* who brought them. Two rupees six annas is the tax for five days.

"The loss of life occasioned by this deplorable superstition probably exceeds that of any other. The aged, the weak, the sick, are persuaded to attempt this pilgrimage, as a remedy for all evils. The number of women and children, also, is very great. The pilgrims leave their families, and all their occupations, to travel an immense distance, with the delusive hope of obtaining an eternal bliss. Their means of subsistence on the road are scanty; and their light clothing, and little bodily strength, are ill calculated to encounter the inclemency of the weather. When they reach the district of *Cuttack*, they cease to experience that hospitality shown elsewhere to pilgrims; it is a burden which the inhabitants could not sustain; and they prefer availing themselves of the increased demand for provisions, to augment the price. This difficulty is more severely felt as they approach the temple; till they find scarcely enough left to pay the tax to the government, and to satisfy the rapacious *Brahmins*.

"When it was decided that a tax should be levied from the pilgrims, every precaution was taken to make it yield as much as possible. Alterations were made in the regulations, from time to time. One of the principal was the mode of rewarding the *Purharies* and *Pundas*; who have a great number of subordinate agents, who travel about in search of pilgrims, and bring them in companies to *Juggernaut*.

"The government, at first, authorized these people to collect, at the barriers, a fee from the pilgrims, for their own benefit; but afterwards, it was resolved, that the British collector should levy, besides the tax for the state, an additional one; the amount of which he subsequently paid over to the *Purharies* and *Pundas*, in such proportions as they were entitled to, from the number of pilgrims which each had succeeded in enticing to undertake the pilgrimage.

"Under the present arrangement, the English government collects a fund for the special purpose of securing to the attendants of the temple so high a premium, as to stimulate their cupidity to send agents all over India to delude the ignorant and superstitious *Hindoos* to under-

take a pilgrimage which is attended with greater loss of life than any other superstition in India, and which annually involves in ruin a great many families. This is more extraordinary, as the president of the Board of Control, in his correspondence with the Court of Directors, argues that the tax cannot be considered as introducing or tolerating the practice of idolatry. The truth is, that the priests of the temple would not take much pains to collect pilgrims, if they were not secure of a large pecuniary benefit; and the *Hindoos* would not undertake long and dangerous journeys, attended with great personal inconvenience, unless their enthusiasm was strongly excited by the priests.

"At present the temple has all the outward appearance of being under the immediate control and superintendence of British authorities. The regular troops guard the barriers; and are placed on duty at the very gates of the temple. The endowed lands for its support are in the immediate possession of government. The expenses of the temple are fixed by the same authority. The cars of the idols are decorated with English woollens from the Company's stores; and, at their expense, a tax is regularly levied from the pilgrims; and an additional one, of one-fifth of the other, is raised for rewarding the *Purharies* and *Pundas*. In the year 1822, these people were understood to have received from the British collector, forty thousand rupees. One of the principal natives, in order to show the good policy of securing so large a sum for the *Brahmins*, related, that a *Purharree*, named *Juddo Tewatree*, had, in the year 1821, detached one hundred agents, to entice pilgrims; and had, the ensuing year, received the premium for four thousand persons: he was at that time busily employed in instructing one hundred additional agents in all the mysteries of this trade, with the intention of sending them into the upper provinces of Bengal. The attendants of the idol are fond of boasting of the efficient support which they receive from rulers whose own religion teaches them to abhor idolatry. They say that under the *Mahratta* government, when a *Hindoo* determined to undertake a pilgrimage to *Juggernaut*, his family commended him to the protection of God, with little expectation of ever seeing him again; but that now, under the British government, every encouragement is held out, and every exertion made, to revive the popularity and sanctity of the place."

Thus far as respects *Juggernaut*. There are many other temples in India from which the East India Company receives

tribute, of which the principal are Gya, Allahabad, and Tripetty. The total amount received from all these sources is unknown; but that supplied from the temples already enumerated, amounts to a prodigious sum. Mr. Poynder estimates it as follows:—

Clear profit for the seventeen years ending in 1829, inclusively, for Juggernaut	99,205 15 0
Clear profit for the sixteen years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Gya	455,980 15 0
Clear profit for the sixteen years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Allahabad	159,429 7 6
Clear profit for the seventeen years ending in 1829 inclusively, for Tripetty	205,599 12 8

Total tribute received from idolatrous worshippers for seventeen years . . . 920,215 15 9

This tribute, as the reader may have been informed in the course of reading the above extracts, is paid by the pilgrims who crowd at certain periods of the year from all parts of India to attend the Hindoo festivals. The amount here specified is only a small portion of the actual sums levied on the wretched votaries of superstition, the difference between these gross sums and net produce, being expended by the company in contriving facilities and in getting up allurements of all sorts to entice the gross savages of Hindostan to frequent the temples, and therefore to become liable to the tax. The Company, therefore, take the greatest pains to make and repair the roads and ways which lead to these seats of obscenity and abomination. They employ whippers in, who scour the country, and use every sort of influence on the half animated natives, to make a journey to the nearest or the most popular temple. That no disappointment should ensue, but that each pilgrim, on his return home after his visit to one of those, should have something to communicate to his kindred worthy of being treasured up in the family traditions, and calculated to promote future pilgrimages, the Company provides that the idol and his satellites shall be duly provided with an ample and picturesque costume. The table of the idol is furnished forth by the Company. The dress, or wearing apparel of the idol, is expressly provided by the Company, and is composed of the very best English broad cloth. The horses and elephants, and their carriages, are ordered and superintended by a servant of

the Company; and the wages of the servants are paid by the Company; they are regularly inserted in the bill of charges; are examined and audited by the Company's officers. Now the simple reader has to be told that the ladies, who appear in the bill under the innocent designation of "servants," are really no other than courtesans of the most degraded character, who, nevertheless, are high priestesses in the service of the Hindoo worship, and who are dressed up for the lucrative show, of which the East India Company is the sole proprietor. The processions from these temples, in which every sort of wickedness and abomination is practised, take place under the superintendence and immediate protection of the Company's officer, who, at the time of the festival, literally identifies himself with the brutalized slaves of Juggernaut, and never fails to lend his strength to push forward the disgusting idol at its onset, and to cheer it in its progress.

The reader is not to allow himself to imagine that the East India Company, of whose operations he has been all this time reading, is the Company of a hundred years ago. No, it is the Company composed of his own cotemporaries; they are men to be met with in the open day in the streets of this civilized metropolis; and they form no small portion of the civil, aye, and the religious community too, of this country, which sharen in and acknowledge the blessings of a free government and a divine faith. To attempt to set up any justification for the policy of the Company in their patronage of Juggernaut and his dreadful orgies; even to strive to excuse their conduct, would be only a mockery of the common understandings of mankind. We have never seen a serious apology tendered on their behalf, to mitigate the odium which their unwarrantable encouragement of brutal idolatry has so generally excited; and we confess that our imagination is unable to conjure up the shadow of a pretence which would be of the slightest avail to their defence.

It has been said, in extenuation of the East India Company, in fostering the corruptions of Juggernaut, that the Hindoo population, which this body is called on to govern, are inalienably wedded to their system of worship; and that the conqueror is bound by reason and good faith to respect that worship, and if he disturb it, he not only violates his pledges, but he weakens, or, perhaps, destroys, the tenure of his sway. We concur, to the fullest extent, in this doctrine. But the East India Company go farther. They not

only forbear from disturbing, but they positively interfere to facilitate and to encourage the practices of the Hindoo religion. We have seen of what character those practices are. No one can pretend to think of them except as crimes against the moral nature of man; as delinquencies which human beings could never dream of perpetrating in the name of religion, if their common instincts had not been completely extinguished. If the Company had been mere passive spectators of the enormities thus habitually committed in this territory, we certainly should not approve of their neutrality, we should say that they were indispensably bound to take such overt measures for the suppression, or at least the restriction, of so foul a system, as would not endanger the object itself which these measures had in view. But unfortunately the case is not so favourable to them. They are, to all intents and purposes, the fast friends of Hindooism; it is the church which they liberally support, and which they avowedly maintain.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF BYRON.

THE following interesting extracts, relative to the last illness and death of Lord Byron, are taken from Mr. Millingen's new work on Greece, &c. Mr. Millingen was professionally attendant on Lord Byron, and therefore must be heard with attention:—

"The cup of health had dropped from his lips, and constant anxiety and suffering operated powerfully on his mind, already a prey to melancholy apprehensions, and disappointment, increased by disgust. Continually haunted by a dread of epilepsy or palsy—complaints most humiliating to human pride—he fell into the lowest state of hypochondriasis, and vented his sorrows in language which, though sometimes sublime, was at others as peevish and capricious, as that of an unruly and quarrelsome child. When he returned to himself, however, he would request us 'not to take the indisposed and sickly fit for the sound man.'

"Riding was the only occupation that procured him any relief; and even this was but momentary."

Mr. Finlay and Mr. Millingen called on Lord Byron in the evening:—

"We found him lying on a sofa, complaining of a slight fever, and of pains in

the articulation. He was at first more gay than usual; but, on a sudden, he became pensive, and after remaining some few minutes in silence, he said that during the whole day he had reflected a great deal on a prediction, which had been made to him, when a boy, by a famed fortune-teller in Scotland. His mother, who firmly believed in necromancy and astrology, had sent for this person, and desired him to inform her what would be the future destiny of her son. Having examined attentively the palm of his hand, the man looked at him for a while steadfastly, and then with a solemn voice exclaimed, 'Beware of your thirty-seventh year, my young lord, beware.'

"To say the truth," observed his lordship, "I find it equally difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto live a freethinker. You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days; but no consideration can now induce me to undertake any thing either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes, and, God knows, I have had my share, have happened to me on one of those days. You will ridicule, also, a belief in incorporeal beings. Without instancing to you the men of profound genius who have acknowledged their existence, I could give you the details of my friend Shelley's conversations with his familiar. Did he not apprise me, that he had been informed by that familiar, that he would end his life by drowning; and did I not, a short time after, perform, on the sea-beach, his funeral rites?"

It was not till the 15th that Mr. Millingen was called in to attend his lordship professionally. Most of the melancholy particulars of his death are already known to the public; we shall therefore weave together such only as seem to us most interesting and novel:—

"The next morning (17th) the bleeding was repeated; for although the rheumatic symptoms had completely disappeared, the cerebral ones were hourly increasing, and this continuing all day, we opened the vein, for the third time, in the afternoon. Cold applications were from the beginning constantly kept on the head; blisters were also proposed. When on the point of applying them, Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the same purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him I would place them above the knees, on the inside of

the thighs. 'Do so,' said he, 'for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot.'

There have been strong suspicions, that, under proper treatment, his lordship's life might have been saved: it is consolatory, therefore, to hear Mr. Millingen conclude as follows:—

"The more I consider this difficult question, however, the more I feel convinced, that whatsoever method of cure had been adopted, there is every reason to believe that a fatal termination was inevitable; and here I may be permitted to observe, that it must have been the lot of every medical man to observe how frequently the fear of death produces it, and how seldom a patient, who persuades himself that he must die, is mistaken. The prediction of the Scotch fortune-teller was ever present to Lord Byron; and, like an insidious poison, destroyed that moral energy, which is so useful to keep up the patient in dangerous complaints. 'Did I not tell you,' said he repeatedly to me, 'that I should die at thirty-seven?'"

During his lordship's illness, his spirits seem to have been greatly depressed:—

"During the last days of Lord Byron's illness, he was remarkably taciturn; but his mind was occupied by anxious thoughts. He had made his will before his departure from Genoa; the only legacy which he made during his illness was to Lucca, to whom he gave the receipt by which the Mesolonghios engaged themselves to pay, on the arrival of the loan, the two thousand dollars which had been lent them by Lord Byron, to enable them to pay the arrears of the discontented Sulioti. He recommended Lucca to send this sum to his mother—a paralytic widow, who had fled from Patras to Ithaca with her daughters and son. Lord Byron, hearing of their miseries, had, on his visit to that island, taken the whole family under his protection. In respect to his servants, he informed them, that he had recommended them all to his executors.

"I was not a little surprised to hear him ask me on the 15th, whether I could not do him the favour of inquiring in the town for any very old and ugly witch? As I turned his question in derision, he repeated to me, with a serious air, 'Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.'

"Knowing the necessity of indulging a patient in his harmless caprices, I soon

procured one, who answered exactly to his description. But the following day, seeing that he did not mention the subject, I avoided recalling it to his memory. It is in the Levant an almost universal practice, as soon as a person falls ill, to have recourse, in the first instance, to one of these professed exorcisers. If their art does not succeed in restoring the patient to health, by destroying the power of fascination, then the medical man is called in. But without this previous preparation, none of his medicines are supposed to be capable of curing the complaint.

"Two thoughts constantly occupied his mind. Ada and Greece were the names he hourly repeated. The broken complaints he uttered, lamenting to die a stranger to the sole daughter of his affection, not only far from her embrace, but perhaps the object of the hatred, which he thought had been carefully instilled into her from her tenderest infancy, showed how exquisitely his parental feelings were excited by these sad considerations. The glory of dying in Greece, and for Greece, was the only theme he could fly to for relief, and which would dry up the tears he abundantly shed, when pronouncing Ada's name. In the agony of death—that dreadful hour when, leaving the confines of life, the soul is launched into eternity—his parting look, his last adieu, was to Greece and Ada. I was present when, after taking the first antispasmodic mixture, he spoke to Fletcher for the last time, recommending him to call on his sister, on Lady Byron and his daughter, and deliver to each the messages, which he had repeated to him before. His feelings, and the clouds of death, which were fast obscuring his intellect, did not allow him to continue: 'You know what you must say to Ada—I have already told it you—you know it, do you not?' On hearing Fletcher's affirmative, he replied, 'that's right!'

"On the 18th he addressed me, saying: 'Your efforts to preserve my life will be vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence I came to Greece. My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause. Well: there is my life to her. One request let me make to you. Let not my body be hacked, or be sent to England. Here let my bones moulder. Lay me in the first corner without pomp or nonsense,'"

PLAIN KNOWLEDGE.

WHY is it wasteful to wet small coal?

Because the moisture, in being evaporated, carries off with it, as latent, and therefore useless, a considerable portion of what the combustion produces. It is a very common prejudice, that the wetting of coal, by making it last longer effects a great saving; but, in truth, it restrains the combustion, and for a time makes a bad fire; it also wastes the heat.

Why does flour of sulphur thrown into a fire-place extinguish a chimney when on fire?

Because, by its combustion, it effects the decomposition of the atmospheric air, which is, consequently, annihilated.

Why is the temperature of cold springs in general pretty uniform?

Because they take their origin at some depth from the surface, and below the influence of the external atmosphere.

Why is the same spring water which appears warm in winter deemed cold in summer?

Because, though always of the same heat, it is in summer surrounded by warmer atmosphere and objects.

Why do not springs freeze, or water freeze in pipes two or three feet under ground, when it is frozen in all the smaller branches above?

Because the earth conducts heat slowly, and the severest frost penetrates but a few inches into it: while the temperature of the ground a few feet below its surface is nearly the same all the world over.

Why are white wines prepared from red grapes?

Because the must is separated from the husk of the grape before it is fermented, whence the wine has little or no colour.

Why do red grapes also produce red wines?

Because the skins are allowed to remain in the must during the fermentation, when the spirit dissolves the colouring matter of the husks, and the wine is thus coloured.

Why is the distinction in the appearance, qualities, and value of tea?

Because of the difference in the times of gathering, which takes place from one to four times in each year, according to the age of the plant: those leaves which are gathered earliest in the spring, make the strongest and most valuable tea, such as pekoe, souchong, &c.; the inferior, such as congou and bohea, are of the latest gatherings; green or hyson can be made of any of the gatherings, by a different mode of drying.

Why are we in some measure indebted

to the French for our present abundant supply of coffee?

Because all the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung from two plants taken thither by a French botanist from the botanic garden at Paris. On the voyage the supply of water became nearly exhausted: but so anxious was the Frenchman to preserve the plants, that he deprived himself of his allowance in order to water the coffee-plants. Formerly coffee could only be got at a great expense from Mocha in Arabia.

Why are eggs preserved by rubbing them with butter?

Because the butter closes the pores in the shell, by which the communication of the embryo with the external air takes place. the embryo, is not, however, thus killed. Varnish has a similar effect. Reaumur covered eggs with spirit varnish, and found them capable of producing chickens after two years, when the varnish was carefully removed.—*Knowledge for the People.*

THE PELICAN.

THE pelican, called the "large white pelican, inhabits Asia, Africa, and South America. According to Edwards, the pouch or bag under the bill of this bird, in which it stores up its provisions, is capable of admitting the heads of two men, or of holding twenty quarts of water. In the Alps of Savoy they call this bird the goetruse, because its pouch resembles the goitres or wen, to which the mountaineers are subject. In this it deposits the fish, with which, when sufficiently macerated in the pouch, it feeds its young. In the same receptacle it also brings water when building its nest in dry and desert places, for the refreshment of its offspring. To disgorge these, the bird presses the pouch against its breast, and this natural act has no doubt given rise to the vulgar error, that the pelican opens its breast to nourish its offspring with its blood. Be this as it may, this is no part of its history, and is now universally rejected as false, by the most esteemed naturalists. Far from this bird meriting to be taken as a symbol of maternal tenderness, as it frequently was amongst ignorant nations, there are few birds which show less affection for their helpless offspring. The appetite of the pelican is extremely voracious; it takes up in a single excursion as many fish as would feast half a dozen men. It swallows easily a fish of seven or eight pounds; and we are told that it also eats

rats and other small animals. Pison says, that he saw a kitten swallowed alive by a pelican; which was so familiar, that it walked into the market, when the fishermen hastened to tie its bag, lest it should slyly percolate some of their fish. It eats with the side of its mouth, and when a person throws it a morsel it snaps at it. The bag of the pelican is used as a tobacco pouch. It is asserted, that when these are prepared, they are more beautiful and softer than lambs skins. Some sailors make caps of them: the Siamese form musical strings of the substance; and the fishermen of the Nile use the sac attached to the jaw as a scoop for lading their boats, or for holding water, as it neither rots with moisture nor can be penetrated by it.

THE PARTED SPIRIT.

MYSTERIOUS in its birth
And viewless as the blast;
Where hath the Spirit fled from earth,
For ever past!

I ask the grave below—
It keeps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show—
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the Spirit's distant land
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers,
To wanderers o'er the wave,
But bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud Science scales the skies—
From star to star doth roam;
But searcheth not the shore where lies
The Spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of Heaven;
But where all knowledge is denied,
To hope is given!

The Amulet.

ECCENTRICITIES OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

PERHAPS there never was a more singular character than Edward Wortley Montague, the only son of the celebrated Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley Montague. He was born at Warncliffe lodge, near Sheffield, about 1714. From his youth he displayed that eccentricity which formed so prominent and remarkable a feature in his character. From Westminster school

where he was placed for his education, he ran away three times. He first, it is said, changed his clothes with a chimney-sweeper, whose occupation he followed for some time. He next associated himself with a fisherman, and cried flounders through the streets. His third frolic was that of sailing as a cabin boy in a vessel bound to Spain; on his arrival in which country, he deserted the ship, and hired himself to a mule driver. At length he was discovered by the English consul, who sent him back to his friends. They endeavoured to reclaim him to a life snitable to his birth and expectations, and put him under the care of a private tutor. It is probable, however, his irregular disposition was little amended: since we next hear of his being sent to the West Indies, where he remained for some time. He passed through many other adventures, the dates of which are not easily assignable. In a letter to M. Lami of Florence, he says, "I have conversed with the nobles of Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have occasionally metamorphosed myself into a ploughman, and postillion. I assumed at Paris, the ridiculous character of a *petit maitre*. I was an abbe at Rome. I put on at Hamburg the Lutheran ruff, and, with a triple chin and a formal countenance, I dealt about me the 'Word of God,' so as to excite the envy of the clergy." It must have been during his acting a decent part in life, that he served in two successive parliaments as a member, and belonged to the literary circles in London. His expensive habits, however, again drove him from his native country, and he thenceforth was a wanderer in the world as long as he lived. In 1759 he appeared with some credit to himself as an author. His work was entitled, "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics." He subsequently published some letters to the Royal Society, containing observations he had made on some antiquities while at Tunis, and Cairo. These last articles point out that abode in the Oriental countries, which was the source of his most distinguished singularities.

It appears that having abjured Protestantism for the church of Rome, he deserted the latter for Mahometanism, to which he actually seems to have been a sincere convert, and together with which he imbibed a decided preference for eastern manners. Mr. Sharp the author of some letters from Italy, mentions in 1765 having seen Mr. Montague at Venice, shortly after his arrival from the East.

He then appeared with a beard reaching down to his breast, and an Armenian head-dress. His bed was the ground, his food rice, his beverage water, his luxury a pipe and coffee. In a work of Count de Lamberg, there is a more particular account of Mr. Montague's mode of living when at Venice where the author met him. "He rises before the sun, says his prayers, and performs his ablutions and lazzi according to the Mahometan ritual. An hour after he wakes his pupil, a filthy emigrant of Abyssinia, whom he brought with him from Rosetta. He instructs this dirty negro with all the care and precision of a philosopher, not only by precept, but example. He lays before him the strongest proof of the religion he teaches him, and catechises him in the Arabian language. That he may not omit any point in the most rigorous observance of the Mahometan rites, he dines at a low table, sitting cross-legged on a sofa, while his moor, on a cushion still lower, sits gaping with avidity for his master's leavings. This negro supports the white mantle which makes part of the Turkish garb of his master, who, even at no midday, is always preceded by two gondoliers with lighted torches. His ordinary place of residence is Rosetta, where he has a wife living, daughter to an innkeeper at Leghorn, and whom he has forced to embrace the Mahometan religion. During the intensest cold, he performs his religious ablutions in cold water, at the same time rubbing his body with sand from the thighs to the feet; his negro also pours fresh water on his head, and combs his beard; and he in return pours cold water on the head of the negro. To complete this religious ceremony, he resumes his pipe, turns himself towards the east, mutters some prayers, walks afterwards for an hour, and drinks his coffee." With respect to what is here stated of his wife, we must observe, that, according to another account, he married early, in a frolic, a washerwoman, with whom he never cohabited, but to whom he allowed a separate maintenance. He afterwards assumed all the Mahometan license with respect to the sex, and in the several countries of his residence had a harem of women of various nations and complexions. Another traveller, who saw Mr. Montague at Venice, was the ingenious Dr. Moore, who, in his "View of Society," describes his oriental manners in terms corresponding with the preceding quotations. Dr. Moore speaks of him as extremely acute, communicative, and entertaining; and blending in his discourse and manners the vivacity of a Frenchman, with the gravity of a Turk. To the last this extraordinary person dis-

played his singularity. After the death of his lawful wife, who left him no issue, aware that, in defect of male heirs, a large estate would descend to the family of Lord Bute, who had married his sister, and with whom he was upon bad terms, he commissioned a friend in England to advertise for a decent young woman, already pregnant, who would be willing to marry him. One of several applicants was chosen, and he was upon his return from Venice to form the alliance, when he was carried off by illness in 1776, aged sixty-two.

THE "FAIR PENITENT."†

THE "Fair Penitent," has been revived at Covent Garden Theatre. This tragedy is one of those lumps of old lead, which ought never to have been re-cast. Had it been produced now for the first time, it clearly would not have reached a second representation. The managers, we should think, must be aware of this, and we therefore question the justice of punishing audiences of the present day for the dullness of their predecessors. As for the *policy* of the revival, that is a question which more immediately concerns them than either us or the public, but we suspect the house returns will very shortly convince them that they were wrong on that point also. It is a tragedy certainly, because there are three deaths in it—or, at any rate, two and three quarters, for *Sciolto*‡ is not quite down when the curtain is. One of these deaths arises from a duel, another is the result of a suicide, and the third, if not an absolute murder is at least a strong case under Lord Ellenborough's act. These dismal conclusions are well enough for tragic effects, if they were accompanied by any sort of interest for the victims; but there can be but little if any interest where there is no sympathy, and sympathy with any principal character in this revolting play, we take to be out of the question. *Sciolto* is one of those tender fathers whose fondness for his child is unbounded, while she complies with every wish of his, even to the consenting to marry a man whom she detests; when, however, he discovers that, hurried away by resistless passion, she had pre-

† From the Athenæum—No. CLXIII.

‡ This name is pronounced uniformly by the actors of Covent Garden as though it were written *Scolto*, whereas we believe it ought properly to be pronounced *Sholto*, the *ci* in Italian being pronounced like the English *sh*.—Ed. P. S.

slowly surrendered herself to the object of her heart's affection, an honourable union with whom he had himself interposed to prevent; he, with a parental tenderness which cannot be too much applauded, quietly and deliberately resolves on murdering her. He is on the point of doing so, when fond recollections of having been "the very darling of his age," one "whom he has thought the day too short to gaze upon," come over him and shake him from his purpose;—a struggle takes place within him against the stern calls of what he seems to think is justice; great nature prevails; and, so far from killing his darling child, *he hands her the dagger and says he'll be obliged to her to do it herself.* Having received her positive promise that she *will*, he takes his leave coolly observing:—

"There is, *I know not what*, of sad presage.
That tells me I shall never see thee more."

Shortly after, he is brought back wounded and dying, and finding that she has kept the promise he extorted from her, he accuses her of "rashness." Altamont is a fond noodle, who meanly avails himself of an unfeeling father's control, to obtain a forced marriage with a woman who makes no secret of his being (as we have heard it well expressed) "her favourite aversion." Lothario is so heartless, so cold-blooded a villain, that we view him from first to last with unmixed disgust—the only good point introduced in the part, is that of the sword which kills him. Even Horatio, the best of the male characters, is but a poor irresolute creature, who whines over the accidental discovery of his friend's disgrace—does not tell him when he ought, and does when he ought not. The Fair Penitent herself has nothing about her to excite either respect or pity, even in her misfortunes. She has listened to the seductive addresses (if going drunk at night into a lady's bedroom can be called paying addresses) of a miserable coxcomb, far too shallow to have imposed for a moment on one with a mind so strong as she affects; and, under pretence of obedience to her father's commands, but in reality to revenge herself on Lothario for refusing to marry her, she permits herself to be united to one who, though a noodle, is at least, as far as she is concerned, an honourable noodle. Even on her wedding-day she seeks another interview with her seducer, again tries to force herself upon him, and again is spurned—she then curses him while alive, but mourns and praises him when dead, and, finally, commits suicide, not because she is really a penitent, for of this there is no evidence, but because she has not resolution to bear the reproaches incidental

to her situation: These are the sort of people about whom we are expected to care—but it may not be. Those who go to see this tragedy, and do not otherwise want pocket-handkerchiefs, need not take them to absorb their grief. The general heaviness of the language would weigh down a better constructed play; there are some few beauties in it, certainly, but they are like what we read of "angels' visits," and what we know of plums in a school-pudding—"few and far between."

BRUCE, THE TRAVELLER.†

THE REAL SOURCES OF THE NILE AND
THE VALUE OF BRUCE'S CLAIMS TO
THEIR DISCOVERY.

THERE is, perhaps, no geographical problem which has occupied the attention of so many ages, as the discovery of the sources of the Nile. If the Nile had flowed through a rich and an inhabited country, the information required would, like the water itself, have rushed rapidly from its source to its mouth; but in the great sandy desert of Nubia, the problem was absorbed, and the river, thus flowing in mysterious solitude and silence, reached Egypt—having left its history behind it. The curiosity, therefore, not only of the Egyptians, but of strangers of all countries, was constantly excited. The fruitless attempt of Cambyzes to penetrate Ethiopia, the eager inquiries which Alexander is said to have made on his first arrival at the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the expedition of Ptolemy Philadelphus, are the most ancient of those inquiries, which were occasionally the subject of discussion to the time of Bruce, and from his death up to the present day. If a river, like a canal, was as broad and valuable at one end as at the other, its source would be a point of as much importance as its mouth; but we have just received an idea of what the source of a river really is, and, in words, it may be defined to be that spot from which the most remote particle of its water proceeds. In a populous country like England, where almost every field has been the subject of a law-suit, and where every thing is surveyed with the most scrupulous accuracy, the source of the Thames has, of course, been determined, yet not

† From the Family Library.—No. XVII.—The Life of Bruce, the African Traveller. By Major Head.

one person out of a hundred thousand knows where it is; the reason being, that there is no practical use in the inquiry—all that one cares to know being how far the Thames is navigable; in short, at what point it ceases to be useful to the community. But if this be the case in a highly civilized country, how wild a business must it appear to search for the source of a river through sands and deserts, and savage, barbarous nations, merely to determine from what particular spot its most remote particle of water proceeds! In an army of soldiers, we might as well inquire which is the individual whose father or grandfather was born farthest from the capital; a question which some might call exceedingly curious, but which, we all perceive, would admit of endless, and equally useless discussion. He who embarks in an useless speculation, is subject to disappointments, which no rational being can lament; and, although we have hitherto supported Bruce both in facts and feelings, yet, in truth and justice, we have now to admit that, of the above observation, this enterprising traveller himself is a most remarkable example; for, after all his trouble and perseverance, there can be no doubt, 1st, that the fountains which Bruce discovered, are not the real source of the Nile; and, 2d, that he was not the first European who visited even them.

A glance at any common map will show, that, at about sixteen degrees, or eleven hundred miles from the Line, at the boundary of the tropical rains, the river Nile splits into two branches—the white river and the blue river. The white river continues to run very nearly north and south; the blue river, bending towards the east, comes from Ethiopia, or, as we term it, Abyssinia. Now, a question naturally arises, which of these two rivers is the principal stream? The Ethiopians have, of course, always claimed that distinction for the blue river; and Cambyzes, Alexander, Ptolemy, and almost every one down to Bruce, looked to Ethiopia for the sources of the Nile; but the vote or verdict of man cannot alter truth; and most true it is, that the white river is the main branch or artery of the Nile. Nay, much to Bruce's honour, he himself admits this; and declares, not only that the white river is by far the larger and deeper of the two, but evidently proceeds from a more remote source; since, instead of periodically rising and falling as the blue river does (which shows that it is created by the tropical rains), the waters of the white river are everlastingly flowing—which, as Bruce justly says, denotes that the river is fed by

those distant rains, which are known to be always falling in the neighbourhood of the equator. Our honest traveller adds, that, if it was not for the constant supply of the white river, the waters of the blue, or Abyssinian river (which is formed by the union of three great streams—the Mareb, the Baviha, and the Tacazze), would be absorbed in the sands of the desert of Nubia, and that the Nile would consequently never reach Egypt. The real source of the Nile, therefore, still remains unknown, or rather it hangs in the equatorial clouds, from which the rains descend.

With respect to his having been the discoverer of the source of the blue river, or Nile, Bruce's memory must again meet with the unsatisfactory fate which this sort of inquiry deserves; for it must be admitted that he was not the first European who visited it. Peter Paez, the intelligent Jesuit, certainly visited (one hundred and fifty years before Bruce) those fountains which he describes with very tolerable exactness; and although Bruce, eager and jealous, very naturally endeavours to detect small inaccuracies, yet it is perfectly evident that Paez's description is that of an eye-witness. It is true, Paez says that the fountains "are about a league, or a cannon-shot, distant from Geish," whereas, on measuring this distance, Bruce found it to be only a third of a mile; but, in a strange country and atmosphere, a guess at distance is almost always an error; and a Jesuit's calculation of the range of a cannon-shot must, in any part of the world, have been equally liable to unintentional mistake.

But though Paez saw and described the fountains of Geish before Bruce, yet it may fairly be said, that Bruce was the person who first imparted the intelligence to the European public; for Paez's description, which was written in Portuguese, was published in Latin after his death, by Athanasius Kircher, a brother Jesuit, well known for his extensive learning and voluminous writings; and, appearing in such a form, and being also smothered with a number of improbable statements, made no progress beyond the little circle or society to which it was originally addressed.

But Bruce's solid reputation can well afford, if necessary, to throw aside altogether, the bauble for which, as a young man, he so eagerly and enthusiastically contended; and the reader has only to glance his eye over the immense country which Bruce has delineated, to admit the justice of this observation.

ANECDOTES AND DEATH OF BRUCE.

Although Bruce's life at Kinnaird was apparently tranquil, his wounded feelings, respecting his travels, occasionally betrayed themselves. One day, while he was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed, that it was *impossible* that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word, but, leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beefsteak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. "You will eat that, sir, or fight me!" he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh, (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed, "Now, sir, you will never again say it is *impossible*!"

"Single-Speech Hamilton was Bruce's first cousin and intimate friend. One evening at Kinnaird, he said "Bruce, to convince the world of your power of drawing, you need only draw us, now, something in as good a style as those drawings of yours, which they say have been done for you by Balugani, your Italian artist."—"Gerard!" replied Bruce very gravely, "you made *one* fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition; but if you will stand up now here and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own."

These trifling anecdotes sufficiently show how justly sensitive Bruce was to the insult that had been offered to him. For twenty years which had elapsed since his return to Europe, he had endured treatment which it was totally out of his power to repel. It is true, he had been complimented by Dr. Blair, and a few other people, on the valuable information which he had revealed; but the public voice still accused him of falsehood, or, what is equally culpable, of wilful exaggeration, and against the gross public an individual, can do nothing. Bruce's career of happiness was at an end—he had survived his reputation, and the only remedy left him was that which a noble Roman is supposed to have prescribed for his own son. "What could he do," he was asked, "against so many?" He answered, "Die!" and this catastrophe—this "consummation devoutly to be wished," we have now the pleasure to relate.

The last act of Bruce's life was one of gentlemanlike, refined, and polite attention! A large party had dined at Kinnaird, and while they were about to depart, Bruce was gaily talking to a young lady in the drawing-room, when, suddenly observing that her aged mother was proceeding to her carriage unattended, he

hurried from the drawing-room to the great staircase. In this effort, the feet which had safely carried him through all his dangers, happened to fail him; he fell down several of the steps—broke some of his fingers—pitched on his head—and never spoke again!

For several hours every effort was made to restore him to the world; all that is usual, customary, and useless in such cases was performed.

There was the bustle, the hurry, the confusion, the grief unspeakable, the village-leech, his lancet, his phial, and his little pill; but the lamp was out—the book was closed—the lease was up—the grave was won—the daring, restless, injured spirit had burst from the covert, and was "away!"

Thus finished, in the 64th year of his age, in the healthy winter of his life, in vigour of mind and body, James Bruce of Kinnaird, a Scotchman, who was religious, loyal, honourable, brave, prudent, and enterprising. He was too proud of his ancestors, yet his posterity have reason to be proud of him. His temper was eager, hasty, and impetuous; yet he himself selected for the employment of his life enterprizes of danger, in which haste, eagerness, and impetuosity were converted into the means of serving science and his country. The eagerness with which he toiled for the approbation of the world, and the pain he suffered from its cruelty and injustice, exclude him from ranking among those great men, who, by religion, or even by philosophy, may have learned to despise both; yet it must be observed, that had he possessed this equanimity of mind, he would never have undertaken the race which he won.

Bruce belonged to that sect—that labouring class—that useful race of men, who are ever ready

"To set their life upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the die."

He was merely a traveller—a knight-errant in search of new regions of the world; yet the steady courage with which he encountered danger—his patience and fortitude in adversity—his good sense in prosperity—the tact and judgment with which he steered his lonely course through some of the most barren and barbarous countries in the world, bending even the ignorance, passions, and prejudices of the people he visited to his own advantage—the graphic truth with which he maintained his assertions against the barbarous incredulity of his age, most deservedly place him at the top of his own class, where he at least stands...second to no man. His example is well worthy the

attention and study of every individual, whose duty or inclination may lead him to attempt to penetrate the yet unknown, dangerous, and uncivilized regions of this world.

VARIETIES.

Death.—The effects of that change which we call the death of an animal body, are nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of these elements ceases to exist. We have, in fact, no conception of annihilation; and our whole experience is opposed to the belief of one atom that ever existed having ceased to exist. There is, therefore, as Dr. Brown has well remarked, in the very decay of the body, an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence. To conceive, then, that any thing mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that every thing corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption, contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry, and in direct opposition, not only to all the facts relating to mind itself, but even to the analogy which is furnished by the dissolution of the bodily frame.—*Dr. Abercrombie.*

Gallantries of Catherine of Russia.—Few women have ever rendered themselves more famous, or rather infamous, by their indiscriminate gallantries, than Catherine II. of Russia. Her infidelities with Soltikoff, Poniotowsky, and the low born Orloff, during the lifetime of her unfortunate husband (with the latter of whom she concerted the plot that ended in Paul's destruction), were so glaring, they drew upon her a large share of public odium. When arrived at the sovereign power, the office of her favourite (who was varied at the suggestions of her depraved fancy) formed a sort of eminent post, or appendage of her court. There was a peculiar etiquette, and certain distinctions and duties pertaining to this post. When her majesty chose a new favourite, she created him *aid-de-camp* general, that he might accompany her every where without offence to propriety. Thenceforward, the favourite occupied an apartment in the palace, situated beneath that of the empress, with which it communicated by a private staircase. On the first day of his

instalment he received a present of one hundred thousand rubles, and every month he found twelve thousand on his toilette. The marshal of the court, had the care of providing him a table of twenty-four covers, and of defraying all the expenses of his house. The favourite was obliged to accompany the empress everywhere; he could not stir out of the palace without asking her consent; and if he went to dine with one of his friends, the mistress of the house must take care to be absent. When a favourite had ceased to please he received his dismissal, by having orders given him to travel. From that time he was forbidden all sight of the empress, but he was sure of finding at his lodging a recompense worthy of the high mind of Catherine. The following is a statement of the sums of money, the subjoined list of her lovers received while in favour:—

	Rubles.
The five brothers of Orloff	17,000,000
Vissensky, two months in favour	300,000
Vassilichikoff, 22 months in favour	1,110,000
Prince Potemkin, a prime favourite, a fortune of	50,000,000
Zavadoffsky, eighteen months in favour	1,320,000
Zoritch, one year in favour	1,420,000
Korzakoff, sixteen months in favour	920,000
Lanskai, about four years in favour	3,260,000
Yermolauk, sixteen months in favour	550,000
Momonoff, twenty-six months in favour	980,000
Plato Zauboff, in favour at the death of the empress	2,720,000
Valerian Zauboff, his brother farther, an annual sum of two hundred and fifty thousand rubles for the expenses of the favourite, which makes, for a term of thirty-four years	8,500,000
Sum total	88,890,000

A Saxon Dinner.—The dining table was oblong, and rounded at the ends. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin; and hung low beneath the table. The company sat upon chairs with concave backs, and were arranged, much as at the present day, with the view that to each of the ladies should be assigned a neighbour of the other sex. The dishes consisted of fowls and fish, of the flesh of oxen, sheep, deer, and swine, both wild and domestic, not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine, or porpoise—a food

not at present much in repute, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. There were two *sanda*, or dishes, of *sadden sy-fian*, or soup bouilli, and one of *seathen*, or boiled goose. The bread was of the finest wheat flour, and lay in two silver baskets upon the table. Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kale wort; and the only condiments were salt and pepper. These various articles were boiled, baked, or broiled; and were handed by the attendants upon small spits to the company. Instead of forks, which were not used in England till James the First's time, when Tom Coriarte introduced them from Italy, our ancestors made use of their fingers; but, for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ewer containing water, and two flowered napkins of the finest linen. Their desert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears, and almonds.—*The Sea-Kings in England.*

Brutal Mode of Punishment.—Mr. Ellis, in his "Journal of a late Embassy to China," mentions having witnessed the infliction of a peculiar mode of punishment, by slapping the face of the culprit with a short piece of hide, half an inch thick. The hair was twisted on the hand of the executioner, until the eyes appeared to be almost starting from their sockets, and the blows were applied to the cheeks, which, in this state of distension, must necessarily create extreme pain; the crime which the criminal had committed, was robbing the baggage boats.

Chinese Epicurism.—Dogs are fatted and eaten in China as a delicious food, and are always found at the tables of the great. Horseflesh, rats, and mire, are standard articles of food, and sold publicly at the butchers; a fact which reflects credit on the taste and good sense of the Chinese, for there are not more cleanly animals than those existing. Birds' nests are another article of food; but neither mud nor sticks enter into their composition. The nests are found in the rocks along the coasts of Tonquin, &c., and are built by birds resembling the swallow. They are constructed, as is supposed, of a small species of sea-fish, cemented by a glutinous matter exuding from the bird itself; and, when fully formed, resemble the rind of a large candied citron. Bears' paws, form another favourite dish. They are rolled in pepper and nutmeg, and dried in the sun. When about to be dressed, they are soaked in rice-water to make them soft, and then boiled in the gravy of a kid, and seasoned with various spices.

Chinese Geography.—Till very lately, the Chinese, in their maps of the earth, set down the Celestial Empire in the middle

of a large square, and dotted round it the other kingdoms of the world, supposed to be seventy-two in number, assigning to the latter ridiculous or contemptuous names. One of these, for example, was Siago-gin-que, or the Kingdom of Dwarfs, whose inhabitants they imagined to be so small as to be under the necessity of tying themselves together in bunches, to prevent their being carried away by the kites.

Chinese Saints.—In a celebrated Chinese convent and temple, Van Bram saw five hundred images of saints, nearly as large as life. The Emperor Kien Long, though living, and on the throne, was already included in the number.

A CHAPTER ON SIGNS.

THE custom of hanging signs over the door, or any other part of a house, is of ancient date; for the Romans used them, as appears from Quintilian, who says,—"*Tabernæ erant circa forum, et scutum illud signi gratiâ positum*" (There were shops around the market-place, and this shield hung there as a sign.) A bush of ivy, or a bunch of grapes, was often used for the same purpose; and hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." In England, signs originated by law in the time of Charles I., but they had partially subsisted long before; for the very charter of that king, whereby the citizens were directed to "hang out signs for the better finding of their respective dwellings," is a proof that in many instances such indications were already pendant over shops in the city and elsewhere. The rage for these gaudy, and too often tawdry, works of the brush, had at length risen to such a pitch, that the streets of London and Westminster (and by the country towns) exhibited as many and various paintings as any exhibition at Somerset House. Expense was not spared on the occasion; and the *encrie de métier* among tradesmen was such, that one generally wished to outshine another. Indeed, we are told, that a young man, opening his shop for the first time, was often at a loss to find money for the signpost, upon the *beautiffulness* of which his future welfare and success considerably depended. The choice of a witty device, or splendid enluminure, was therefore of great consequence, and we shall evince, by relating a few anecdotes upon this subject, that these silent advertisers were of great import to their proprietors.

Although the following anecdote origin-

ated in a foreign country, it is not foreign to our purpose, as it has its counterpart in many places of our island.—An inn-keeper at Cassel, having considerably profited by his numerous customers under the sign of the "Gray Ass," supposing himself well established in his trade and house, began to be tired of the vulgar sign which hung over his door. The arrival of the Landgrave of Hesse furnished him with an opportunity of making, as he thought, a very advantageous change. In an evil hour, the Gray Ass was pulled down and thrown aside, and a well-painted and faithful likeness of the prince substituted for it, as a most loyal sign. A small unfrequented house in the same town immediately took up the discarded device, and speculatively hoisted "the Gray Ass." What was the consequence? Old codgers, married men with scolding wives at home, straggling young fellows, all the fraternity of free toppers, resorted to the house, filled the tap-room, crammed the parlour, assailed the bar; the Gray Ass had the run and the vogue, whilst the venerable "Prince of Hesse" swang mournfully and deserted at the other place, and enticed no visitors, foreign or domestic; for it is to be observed, that the Gray Ass had such reputation all over Germany, that every foreign nobleman or gentleman who came to Cassel was sure to order his coach or chaise to be driven to the inn of that name; and this order of course was still continued; for how was it to be known, by travellers coming from Vienna, or from Hungary, or Bohemia, that a certain inn-keeper at Cassel had altered his sign? "Honour and wealth, what are ye but a name!" To the inn, therefore, which was named the Gray Ass, they still went. What could the deserted inn-keeper do? To deface the fine portrait of his master would have been high treason, yet losing his customers was downright starving. In this cruel dilemma he dreamt of a new scheme, and had it executed: the portrait was preserved; but he wrote under it, "This is the real original Gray Ass." (!)

The same rivalry for signs existed in London, and indeed sign-painting became an important trade. Harp Alley was the common mart for them, where they could be bought from 5s. to 5l. In the year 1743, a most beautiful representation of "Good Queen Bess" hung in Ludgate Street, to the gaping admiration of the passengers; and the "Three Pigeons" in the same street is still remembered. No expense was grudged for these ornaments; and indeed there was such a profusion of gold every where, that a wag wittily remarked at the time, that sign-

painters seemed to possess the faculty of Midas, since they turned every thing they touched into gold. The "Golden Crown," the "Golden Sugar Loaf," the "Golden Leather Bottle," and even the "Golden Half-Moon," were to be gazed at every where.

The devices of or upon signs was often allusive to the trade of the house. A cook of the name of *Lobes* (the break), and another of the same profession of the name of *Bruxa*, hung their own effigies over their shops, in allusion to their calling. One of those punning signs exhibited the head of Henry VIII., a fish, and a white ball, because the name of the master below was *Henry Whiting*. The Swan, with one or two necks, was a pun brought from France, where the word *cygne*, a swan, sounds like that of *signe*, a sign. They had there a swan with a cross, which they called *La Signe de la Croix* (the Sign of the Cross). Yet, some one will ask, how are the *two necks*, bestowed on the swan, accounted for? This *Swan*, or *Sign*, of the *Cross*, had a cross twined with his neck; and, at the time of the reformation, the popish figure of the cross having been brushed away, the painter twisted another neck in its stead. The "Last," a very common sign for a public-house, and now generally understood to be an invitation to shoemakers, or a designation that shoemakers frequent it, originated from some publican writing over his door, *this is the Last*; viz. the last house in the street or town where you can get any thing to eat or drink; with an innendo, that, if you do not stop here, you run the risk of dining with Duke Humphrey. This trick was not confined to London, for in several towns of France, public-houses, or cabarets, may be seen, with a sign exhibiting the motley group of a he-goat, an owl, and a mound, or globe. To guess what it means, is not at first an easy thing; but placing the French words, *Bouc*, a he-goat; *Oue*, an horned owl; and *Monde*, a mound, one after another, it may be discovered that it signifies *Le Bout du Monde*, or "The World's End." The cunning publican insinuating, by his enigmatical device, that his house was the *last* on the road.

Many public-houses in London, and in the country, have on the door-posts or windows several squares of different colours, like a draught-board; and, if they have no other sign, this serves for one, and is called the *Chequers*. This practice originated from the Earl of Warren (whose arms were *chequre*) having the disposal of licences for houses of that description. The "Angel," meaning a messenger, suited, as a sign, the places of resort for

carriers and errand-men. We should be sorry to suppose that the "Goose and Gridiron" alluded to the saint who suffered martyrdom on that culinary utensil; yet we doubt not but that the "Flower-Pot," in Bishopsgate Street, preserves some remains of the Annunciation; the Virgin being generally painted with a vase replete with lilies and other flowers. The transient blast of superstition, under the denomination of poritanism, blew off the *Virgin* and the *Angel*, and permitted the less obnoxious nosegay to remain. On the eve of days consecrated to the Virgin Mary, anciently in this, and even now in foreign countries, her statues were adorned with garlands of flowers, and surrounded with wax tapers. A serenade, with musical instruments, used to close the religious scene at the corner of the street. The house was called either the "Annunciation" or the "Salutation." We shall mention a few more punning signs.—The "Bull and Mouth," is a corruption of "Boulogne Month." The "Bear" was a pun for "Beer," the "Brown Bear," for "Brown Stout Beer;" and, when it appeared with a bunch of grapes, it was a sure sign that, besides malt liquor, wine was sold in the house. The "Bell Savage" has been resolved into the pun of a wild man, or savage, striking on a bell. If we make it feminine, "Belle Sauvage," it means a cruel fair; and some think it was merely a contraction of *Aratella Savage*, the name of the landlady. But "Belle Sauvage" signifies also a wild woman; and, in conformity with this, is the account given in the "Spectator" (No. 28), who derives it from a most beautiful woman described in an old French romance, as being found in a wilderness in a savage state. The story and its poetical recitation are well known there, and the tune is of great sweetness and simplicity. The fact is related in this manner: Genevieve, wife to one of the ancient dukes of Brabrad, having resisted the insult of the steward, was accused by him of adultery. She was condemned to death by her husband; but found means to escape with her child, and ran to the forest des Ardenne, where she concealed herself, and brought up her little boy by the help of a hind, whom, wondrous to tell! she had so tamed, as to make her suckle the infant, whose natural food had been dried up by grief and want of suitable nourishment. Seven years after her disappearance the steward died, having first made a full confession of his guilt; and, not long after, the duke, following the hind whom he had pursued with an arrow, discovered his innocent consort, who was then covered entirely with her hair, and in

a wild state. The romance to which this gave occasion dates of the 14th century; and is, in style, similar to our *Chivy Chase*. But to come from the romance to history; it appears by some ancient records, that the erection which occupied the ground, on which the old inn stood, was called "La Belle Savoyarde," alluding perhaps to Eleanor Queen of Henry III., who was daughter of the Count of Savoy. The *Spectator* mentions another sign, "The Cat and the Fiddle," in which he finds a concert; perhaps between the strings of the instrument and the gut of the quadruped, or, more likely, between the mewings of grimalkin, and the ear-torturing scrapings of a bad fiddle. The "Three Nuns and a Hare" was a common sign in his time. The "Three Nuns" remain to this day by the Seven Dials, but "Puss" has run away. He was scandalized at the sign of a "Goat" over the door of a perfumer, and at the "French King's Head" at a sword cutler's; but he laughs heartily at a Frenchman, who, near Charing Cross, hoisted for his sign a *Punch Bowl*, and *Two Angels* squeezing a lemon into it. The "Spectator" does not give us the key of this curious device; but we may easily conceive that the *bashful* foreigner, who had seldom, if ever, drunk good punch in his own country, found it here so heavenly a liquor, that he thought angels must have had a hand in the making of it. The "Sun," the "Rising Sun" owes its blazing appearance on sign-posts to the alluding motto, which was generally, "The best drink (under the Sun). In the year 1739, there was, on the Hounslow road, a little alehouse, with this moving inscription: "Poor Jack striving to live;" and we doubt not but the unassuming motto drew customers to the taproom. The following curious inscription is (or was) at the sign of the "Snail" in the King's Road:

"The snail is slow,
And I am low!
What d'ye think?
Pley stop and drink."

This sort of dialogical invitation is to be met with often in Picardy and Normandy, in the road to Paris. To save travellers the trouble even of thinking, the publican, or cabaretier, has, in large letters, not always very correctly spelt these words: "On viens-nous?—Entrons ici—Chez Pierre Le Ron," &c.—(Where shall we go? Let's in here, &c. &c.)

The following couplet was very common under sign posts about one hundred years ago:—

"Drink here and drown all sorrow;
Pay to day, and trust to-morrow."

A caution of some import to several ambulant tipplers.

The "Pope's Head" and "Cardinal's Hat" taverns in Cornhill date a century at least before the Reformation; for Stow mentions them both as existing at the time of Henry VI. He says that "at that time the wine drawer of the 'Pope's Head Tavern (standing without door in the High-street) used to sell a pint of wine for a penny, with bread allowed free. The 'Magpye and Stump,' is a manifest invitation to good fellows to walk in, and their elbow 'leaning on the beeching table,' to chatter away as the well known bird does on the stump of a tree. The 'Dolphin' is of a very ancient date, as ancient perhaps as the year 1213, when Louis, *Dauphin* of France, was invited over to England: Louis and the Londoners were good friends to the time of his departure. Perhaps, however, this sign is connected with the proverb, 'He drinks like a fish;' and a sort of stimulating address to the customers—an invitation to come and drink as fishes do; without harm and without ceasing. The 'Mermaid' may have emerged out of the same conceit. The 'Saracen's Head' reminds us of the crusades; and the 'Blue Coat Boy' of Edward VI., and his munificent foundation. The 'Pewter Platter' 'Bunch of Grapes,' and 'Bush,' may range under the invitational signs.

It appears that, when a man married a woman who lived under a sign, he adopted and impaled the device, as we do coats of arms; hence the heterogeneous compounds which we often remark in the remains of that ancient custom, as the 'Kings and Keys,' 'Cat and Bagpipes,' 'Cow and Snuffers,' &c. &c. A very ingenious author, in an essay inserted in the 'Gentleman's and London Magazines' for the year 1738, observes, that "whoever takes notice of the signs in England, will find that they all, or nearly all, tend to exemplify national bravery; and that he who contrives the most heroic sign is sure of most custom. Some hang out the heads of great commanders, such as Mouk, Marlborough, or Ormond; others exhibit the machines and requisites of war, as ships, guns, cannons, and Castles. The very sign, is to speak more properly, for *signum*, from which we derive *sign*, means in Latin the warlike standard, the colours, of a regiment or legion, the arms of England, display the undaunted temper of the people: the lion, the unicorn, and the hart, lately added to the quarterings."

† It must, however, be recollected, that the three lions in the English arms were the ensigns of Normandy.

This leads us to speak of the badges of princes or states, which have been used as signs. Thus, the "Falcon" was the badge of Edward III.; the "White Hart," with a ducal coronet and chain, alluded to Richard II.; the "Blue Boar," to Richard III.; the "Swan," to Henry IV.; "Two Ostrich Feathers," to Henry VI.; the "Sun," to Edward IV.; the "Black Bull," to the same; the "Red Rose," was the badge of the House of Lancaster; the "White Rose," distinguished that of York; the "Greyhound," was the symbol adopted by Henry VII.; the "Royal Oak," reminds us of Charles II.; and the "White Horse," being the badge of the electorate of Hanover, is used, as well as the George, in compliment to the present reigning family.

Near Drury Lane, was a public house with the sign of the "Queen of Bohemia's Head," a sort of immortality, says Pennant, given by the heroic William Lord Craven to his admired mistress, whose battles he first fought, animated by love and duty. The same author mentions the "Falcon," near St. Bride's Church, as being the sign of Wyukyn de Worde's house, or inn; and adds, that he printed his "Fruyte of Times" at the sign of the "Sonne."

The "Dragon" has been adopted as a sign by some Welsh publican, in commemoration of his Cambrian origin, the dragon being a badge of the principality of Wales. The "Goat in Jack Boots," seems to be also of Welsh origin.

The "Dun Cow" reminds us of an old story of the famous Guy Earl of Warwick. We are told, that the first sign post which strikes the sight at landing on the quay of Dublin, is that belonging to the inn called "The Cow;" and that, by a curious *nationality*, the sign really bears a stronger likeness to a bull. Whether this mistake alludes or gave origin to the denomination of bull, generally applied to those blunders which are generated by rapidity of thought, overcoming the rapidity of utterance, we leave others to decide.

The "Three Balls," exhibited at the shops of pawnbrokers, by the vulgar humourously enough said to indicate that it is two to one the things pledged are never redeemed, were originally nothing but *pills*, as the following statement will prove. It is a well known fact in the history of Europe, that the first money-lenders were some inhabitants of Lombardy, who spread themselves all over Europe, and obtained a sort of settlement in almost every considerable city, as appears by the streets which still bear their name; viz. *Lombard-street*, in London; *Rue des Lombards* at Paris, &c. The most natural way to

indicate their dwellings was to hang over their doors, as a sign, the arms of their sovereign, the illustrious house of the *Medici*: how these very arms are nothing but balls, or pills, red and blue upon a gold ground, in allusion to the name *Medici*, which means "Physicians," from one of which profession this family had its rise. The original colour was kept up for a long time, and gave a denomination to several *Blue-bill-alleys*, where these money lenders used to hide their usurious practices: but they have since found it necessary to gild their pills, as a better decoy for their needy customers.

Another sign appertaining to a particular profession, was Absalom hanging to a tree by his hair, and king David lamenting at a distance. This was adopted by a wig-maker, who caused a label to issue from David's mouth, containing these words:

"O Absalom, my son, my son!
Hadst thou but worn a peruke, thou hadst not
been undone."

This sign was exhibited, a few years since, in Union-street; Borough, and it is not uncommon in France.

In Fleet market, on the eastern sides were small houses with a sign-post representing *two hands conjoined*, with "marriages performed within" written beneath, whilst a dirty fellow assailed the ears of the passengers, with the iterated and loud invitation of "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married;" as if the dread of any stoppage in the trade of conjugality was threatening mankind with premature extinction. The parson was seen walking before his shop, as an ambulant sign, ready (says the same author) to couple you for a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco." The statute (56 Geo. II. c. 33, anno 1752.) at length put an end to this most scandalous practice.

The "Good Woman without a head" Some persons, whose reading and experience have brought them in contact rather with bad women than good, and who perhaps have read the story of a woman who spoke very well without a tongue, (a story which is attested by Wilcox, bishop of Rochester, and was read before the Royal Society in a letter from Lisbon, dated Sep. 3, 1707; and which gave occasion to the following epigram:

"That without tongue a woman could
Chat and prattle, talk aloud;
As a fact I must receive it.—
But, that a woman with a tongue
Could hold her peace, and hold it long,
Pshaw! I can't believe it.")

Some such persons, we say, have been of opinion, that a woman never could be ab-

solutely good unless her head was entirely off; and hence have deduced the origin of the sign, which is, or was, to be seen at an oil shop in St. Giles's midway between the church and Tottenham Court Road; at another in Bishopsgate-street; and at another in London Road. But when the reader is told, that this sign has never appeared but at an oil shop, and that it is commonly believed that the first mentioned house has been in the same trade, and with the same sign; or something like it, ever since the days of Charles I.; he will perhaps agree with us, that the sign was originally, at that distant period, nothing but an Italian oil-jar, which, being very badly painted, and become much worse by decay, might have been likened by the customers to an headless old woman with her arms a-kimbo; and might really have been as much like one as what it was intended for. Then we may suppose the next occupier of the house, either deceived himself, or humouring the mistake of others, might, when he renewed his sign, really turn it into a woman without a head.

We have read of stranger metamorphoses, and of stranger errors in drawing; for one of which we shall cross the Atlantic, and go to North America. A certain great shopkeeper, or merchant, of New York, who had never learned to write; used, notwithstanding, to keep his own accounts. His practice was, to make a gross representation, in his book, of the article he had sold, with certain marks for dates and prices. Mr. Landseer, in his *Lectures on Engraving*, strongly objects to the word *copying* as applied to the reduced drawing of a large picture, or other object: he prefers the word *translating*. Our merchant, therefore, when he sold any articles, did not *copy* it into his book;—no; he *translated* it; and, as it is well known, that most things suffer by translation; so it was in this instance we are going to relate. A neighbour called in one morning to settle an account: Our merchant opens his drawing-book: "On such a day," says he, "you had a cask of vinegar;" on such a day, "a side of bacon;" on such a day "a cheese." The debtor protested he never had any cheese; but the creditor was positive, "for," says he, "here it is in my book." The debtor, after some consideration, says, "I cannot recollect having had any thing of you near that time, except, indeed, a *grindstone*." "You are right," says the merchant; "a grindstone it was; the mistake was mine; for I did not leave a hole in the middle of it, to distinguish it from a cheese."

In spite of the entertainment which these motley exhibitions afforded, they were doomed to be taken down in the

year 1762 and 1771. The danger of their falling upon the heads of the passengers, the interruption they created to the sight in the streets, and their disagreeable creaking by day and night in high winds, united for their destruction. To the no small disadvantage and regret of several artists in that line; for it was a lucrative, though inferior employment to many clever hands. Sometimes men of superior talents condescended to employ their brushes upon sign-posts, which, though in high situations, were not always in high esteem, but brought nevertheless a great profit to the performers. Mr. Wale, a royal academician, was occasionally a sign painter; the principal sign which he painted, was a whole-length portrait of Shakespeare, about five-feet high, which was displayed before the door of a public-house, the north-west corner of Little Russel-street, in Drury-lane: it was inclosed in a most sumptuous carved and gilt frame, and suspended by rich iron work: but it happened that this splendid object was not long exhibited; for the act, we are speaking of, was passed very soon after, and caused it to be removed: it was then sold for a trifle to a broker, at whose door it stood for several years, till it was totally destroyed by weather and other accidents. Van Somer was another sign painter of reputation, who put any price he liked on his works. In the beginning of George the Third's reign, among the most celebrated practitioners in this branch of the profession, was a person of the name of Lamb, who possessed a considerable degree of ability; his pencil was bold and masterly, well adapted to the subjects he treated, and the best colourist, in fact the *Titian* of his brotherhood.

It was observed at the time, that the citizens of London were very loth to part with their signs. Being obliged to remove them from the sign-posts, which obstructed the foot or horse pavement, they stuck them commonly against their houses, at the risk of darkening a window or two, where, of course, they were not renewed, the numbering of the houses making them quite unnecessary.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH the poet and miscellaneous writer was often betrayed into thoughtless and indiscreet actions. During his stay at Dublin College, having formed an acquaintance with some of the citizens, he

invited a company of both sexes to a dance, and supper at his rooms. This indiscretion unluckily reaching the ears of his tutor, a man of harsh temper and violent passions, he entered abruptly in the midst of their gaiety, which was speedily extinguished, for he not only proceeded to the highest excess of personal abuse, but concluded by inflicting upon poor Goldsmith, manual chastisement before all the company. The disgrace attending this savage treatment drove the poor student to despair, and he determined never more to see any of his friends, but to remove to some other country, where totally unknown, he might seek his fortune. He accordingly disposed of his books and clothes and left the college, but loitered about in Dublin till he had only a shilling left in his pocket, when he set out upon his travels. His intention was to go on ship board, at Cork, for some other country, he knew not whither. On this shilling he supported himself for three days and then parting by degrees with the clothes off his back, was reduced to such extremity of famine, that after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of grey-peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made. By this time he began to be sensible of his folly, and like the prodigal son, desirous of returning to his indulgent father. From his father's house he was not now so far distant but that he contrived to send to his brother, who came to him, clothed and carried him back to college, where he effected something of a reconciliation with his tutor; but as may be easily imagined, they were never afterwards on cordial terms.

Another instance of the thoughtlessness which characterized Goldsmith is recorded. After the death of his father, having saved up 30*l.* during a period in which he sustained the office of a private tutor in a neighbouring gentleman's family; but which he quitted at the end of a year, disliking the necessary confinement, he procured a good horse and left the country.

His friends after an absence of six weeks, without having heard what had become of him, concluded that he had quitted the kingdom; when he suddenly returned to his mother's house without a penny, upon a poor little horse not worth 20*s.* Being required to account for the loss of his money and linen, and the horse on which he had departed, he told them that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his horse and paid for his passage to America, to a captain of a ship. But the winds proving contrary for three weeks, he had amused himself by seeing every thing curious in,

and about that city; and on the day the wind proved fair, being engaged in an excursion into the country, his friend, the captain, had set sail without him.

He continued in Cork till he had only two guineas left, out of which he paid 40s. for his hack, and when he wished to return home, he had only the remaining change left to carry him a journey of a hundred and twenty miles. Goldsmith was a very pleasing writer both of prose and poetry. Dr. Johnson's eulogium in his epitaph may be admitted as a just summary of his literary character "*Qui nullum sine scribendi genus non tetigit; nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" Who left scarcely any kind of writing untouched, and adorned all he touched.

THE PILOT FISH.†

In the year 1802, in the Philomathic Society of Paris, Citizen Geoffroy, professor in the museum of natural history, read a notice on certain habits common to the shark and to the fish called the *pilote* or pilot-fish, which was to the following effect:—An opinion long prevailed among mariners, that the shark had subjugated to its dominion, a very small fish of the *gadus* genus; and that this latter precedes his master in their voyages, points out to him such places in the sea as abound most in fish, discovers by the track the prey of which he is the fondest, and that, in recompence for such signal services, the shark, notwithstanding his gluttonous disposition, maintains the relations of peace and amity with so useful a companion. Naturalists, however, always on their guard against the exaggerations of voyagers, who could not divine the reasons of such an association, have called the fact in question. I shall show that this has been done erroneously; the observations that I have made on this subject, are accompanied with circumstances so much in detail, as have scarcely, perhaps, occurred to any one before. On the 6th Prairial, year 6 (May 26, 1798), I was on board the frigate *Alceste*, between Cape Boza, and the Isle of Malta. The sea was calm, and the ship's company began to grow

weary of its long duration, when their attention was suddenly directed to a shark, which they saw making towards the vessel. He was preceded by his pilot, who kept about the same distance from the shark; the two pilots shaped their course towards the stern of the vessel, visited it twice, from one end to the other, and, after being satisfied there was nothing of which they could make their booty, they fell again into the track they were proceeding in before. During all their different movements, the shark never lost them out of sight, or rather followed them as exactly as if they had been drawing him in a train. No sooner was the shark espied, than one of the seamen got ready a large hook, which he baited with a piece of bacon, but the shark and his companions had proceeded to the length of twenty metres and upwards (sixty or seventy feet), before the man had adjusted all his preparations; however, at a venture, he threw his lump of bacon into the sea. The noise which the fall occasioned was heard at a considerable distance; our voyagers were, it seems, astonished at it, and suddenly stopped their course: on this the two pilots detached themselves, and repaired to the poop of the vessel in quest of information. The shark, in a thousand postures, throws himself on his back, replaces himself on his belly, dives in the sea, but always appears again on the same spot. The two pilots, having got up to the stern of the *Alceste*, came near the bacon, which they had no sooner discovered, than they returned to the shark with more celerity than they advanced. When they reached him, the shark was for proceeding on his route; but the pilots swimming, one at his right, and the other at his left, exerted all their endeavours to get before him; scarcely had they done this, when they returned together, and came a second time to the stern of the vessel; they were now followed by the shark, who thus, by the sagacity of his companions, was enabled to discover the prey designed for him. It has been said of the shark, that he has a very keen scent; I noticed, with very particular attention, what passed when he came up to the bacon. It appeared to me, that he only obtained his information at the instant, when his guides had, as it were, indicated it to him; then it was that he swam with the greatest velocity, or rather made a spring to catch at it. At first he brought off a piece, without being entangled by the harpoon; but, at the second attempt, the hook pierced into his left lip, and he was taken and hoisted on board. It was not until two hours had elapsed, during which I was employed in

† The pilot-fish is found in various parts of the world, viz. at the Antilles, in the Mediterranean, in the Southern Ocean, in the East Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope, and under the Line. It grows to a foot and a half in length, and is well tasted. Pernetti calls it one of the best and handsomest fish of the sea. As it is commonly seen in company with the shark, it is called the "pilot-fish," being supposed to point out prey to the shark.—Ed.

the anatomy of this squalous fish, that I expressed my concern at not having seen more nearly the species of fish, which became a volunteer in the service of the shark: I was told, however, that it was easy to catch it, as it was certain it had not quitted the environs of the ship; and, in a few moments after, I had the pleasure to find one handed to me, which I knew belonged to the pilot or *sunfire* tribe, as the mariners call it, and to what is called the *gasterosteus duxor* by naturalists. It would undoubtedly be curious to examine what interest could induce two animals so different in their organization, their size, and their habits, to form this kind of association. Does the pilot feed on the excrements of the shark, as Bosc imagines; and, in order to find safety and protection near so voracious a species, can it have imposed on itself the painful duty of domesticity?

MELANCHOLY HISTORY OF SARAH CURRAN.†

It is a comparatively easy task to recount the adventures of those whose celebrity renders the most trifling incident that concerns them of interest, and even importance to the world; but the mere records of the heart and its affections, refined and exquisite as they may be, can only be gratifying to the few by whom it was intimately known and appreciated; and were it not that some circumstances had given to the unfortunate subject of this sketch a degree of celebrity which she as little contemplated as desired, I should scarcely have been tempted to pay this simple, but sincere tribute to her memory.

Sarah Curran has already been the theme of story and of song; and so long as "The Broken Heart" of Washington Irving be read, and the exquisite melody of "She is far from the Land," of our national poet, Moore, shall preserve its popularity—so long must the real history of the inspirer of these pathetic records continue to interest the sympathies of the gentle and the good. When first I saw her she was in her twelfth year, and was, even at that age, remarkable for a pensive

character of countenance, which she never afterwards lost. A favourite sister (to the best of my recollection, a twin) died when she was eight years old, and was buried under a large tree on the lawn of the Priory (Mr. Curran's seat, near Dublin), directly opposite to the window of their nursery. This tree had been a chosen haunt of the affectionate pair;—under its shade they had often sat together, pulled the first primrose at its root, and watched in its leaves the earliest verdure of the spring. Many an hour, for many a year, did the afflicted survivor take her stand at the melancholy window, gazing on the well-known spot which constituted all her little world of joys and sorrows. To this circumstance she attributed the tendency to melancholy, which formed so marked a feature of her character through life. Fondly attached to both her parents, her grief may be imagined, when, at the period of her attaining her fourteenth year, Mr. Curran publicly endeavoured to obtain a divorce from his wife. As there existed no ground but his caprice of temper for this disgraceful proceeding, he, of course, failed in his attempt; and, as the public were acquainted with his early history, and the sacrifices which had attended Mrs. Curran's acceptance of his hand, his conduct attracted no small share of popular odium. Mr. Curran's origin was humble, and even his splendid talents might not have been found sufficient to have raised him to the position in society he subsequently occupied, had it not been for his marriage with a lady of family and fortune. He began his career as private tutor in the family of Doctor Creaghe, of Creaghe Castle, in the county of Cork; a gentleman of large property, as well as an enlightened and eminent physician. Miss Creaghe, a young lady of considerable taste and acquirements, proved but too sensible of the genius and talents of this accomplished inmate of her paternal dwelling, and a private marriage was the consequence. After a short time subsequent to its discovery had elapsed, Doctor Creaghe consented to forgive his daughter—received her once more beneath his roof, and allowed her fortune to be expended on Mr. Curran's studies at the Temple.

That he requited the affection of this amiable woman, by attempting to repudiate her, will surprise no one in the least acquainted with the general details of his domestic conduct. The breaking up of his establishment, the dispersion of his family, and his own loss of character, were the consequence of this unhappy step. His appeal to a court of justice was heard with impatience, and repelled with indignation.

† From the *Souvenir* for 1831. Many romantic stories are told in Ireland of the attachment which existed between Robert Emmett and Miss Curran, daughter of the celebrated advocate. We have met with none of these tales—which now may be called one of Ireland's national traditions—so circumstantial as the one above transcribed from the *Souvenir*.

In this perplexing position, my young friend shone conspicuous, and was as much distinguished among the members of her own family, as they were from the ordinary rank of society. Her engaging manners and amiable qualities attracted the attention of many, whose friendship never afterwards deserted her. Among these was the Rev. Thomas Crawford, of Lismore, one of the earliest of Mr. Curran's college friends. *To be unhappy*, was in itself a letter of introduction to which he was never inattentive. He was acquainted with every member of Mr. Curran's family; and the youth, the amiable disposition, and deep affliction with which his youngest and favourite daughter was overwhelmed by the separation of her parents, induced Mr. Crawford to offer her an asylum in his house. If any thing could have caused her to forget her father, it would have been the part this worthy man so generously acted towards her. She was to him, indeed, as a daughter; he loved her, and valued her as such. Under his protecting care she remained, until Mr. Curran recalled his banished children once more to their home, and formed a new establishment for their reception. But, alas! my poor friend's life was but an April day; or, rather, it consisted of "drops of joy, with draughts of ill between." The two or three years she spent under the paternal roof were the last she was permitted to number of enjoyment and happiness.

During the long war, in which England, often single-handed, struggled, with glory and success, for her own integrity and the liberty of Europe, her peaceful shores were repeatedly threatened with invasion by a foreign foe. The rumours of such an event, becoming very prevalent about the year 1802, reached the ears of a young enthusiast, at that time an exile from his native country, in Switzerland. In that cradle of liberty did Robert Emmett, as he said, endeavour to forget the miseries of his native country, and the dishonour with which his soul beheld her branded, and live the life of a freeman.

When Switzerland, after a vain resistance, was fettered by the shackles of Bonaparte, Ireland was immediately menaced with a Gallic descent; and Emmett, in an ill-fated hour, lauded on her shores, as he affirmed, to avert the calamity of her becoming a French province. His plans, by the little that is known of them, appear to have been perplexed and incoherent in the extreme; and had they been otherwise, the premature commencement of the insurrection would have rendered them abortive. After a slight disturbance of only a few hours' duration, on

the night of July 23, 1803, in which Lord Kilwarden and some other loyalists were unfortunately assassinated, peace and good order were again restored. A few of the ringleaders were punished; and, amongst the number, this unhappy worshipper of Utopian freedom became a sacrifice to his romantic dreams of liberty and patriotism. Previously to this eventful period of his life, Mr. Curran's eldest son, Richard, had been intimate with Robert Emmett, at Trinity College; and their youthful friendship, on his return to Ireland, was unfortunately renewed. He introduced his friend to his father and sisters; and Emmett became a constant visitor at the Priory. An attachment, as ardent as it was unfortunate, was soon formed between him and Mr. Curran's youngest daughter. In the outpouring of his soul to this object of his idolatry, the enthusiast revealed all his plans and intentions respecting the overthrow of the Irish government: happy would it have been for him, had he attended to the words of wisdom and of warning that fell from her gentle lips! but, alas! on this occasion, they were of no avail. Dazzled with the splendour thrown by Roman story over deeds admired, because successful, he persuaded himself that, as tyranny was weakness, those whom he considered the enslavers of his country could be easily subdued; and he rushed with heedless impetuosity into the struggle.

Mr. Curran's politics had formerly been what are called "liberal;" but from the time that his party had succeeded to power, he attached himself to the government, under which he enjoyed a post of honour and emolument. His surprise and indignation could hardly be wondered at, when it was announced to him that he was an object of suspicion to his former friends, and that he was supposed to be implicated in Emmett's designs. He repaired instantly to the Castle of Dublin, and insisted on remaining in custody there, until every person arrested for the plot had been examined. As his loyalty had not always been so apparent, it was a severe trial to his feelings, both as a parent and a man of honour, to be assured, beyond all doubt, that at least one of his family was implicated; that letters from his daughter had been found amongst Emmett's papers; and that an order had been issued from the lord lieutenant, to have his house and correspondence examined! As Mr. Curran was conscious of his own innocence, he only felt as a father whose eyes were thus suddenly opened to domestic injury and affliction. Without taking time to inquire into the extent of his misfortune, he pronounced sentence of banishment for ever,

from the paternal roof, on the innocent cause of his temporary vexation. Amongst Emmett's papers, were found various letters from Sarah Curran, all warning him against his fatal design, and pointing out to him its folly and impracticability. There was also one letter refusing the offer of his hand, and giving as her reason, the impossibility of leaving a father she so fondly loved. For a short time after the explosion of the plot, Emmett was concealed in a safe retreat in Dublin—his passage secured on board an American vessel—and the last time I saw my friend happy, she believed him to be "far away on the billow," beyond the power of his enemies, and destined to reach in safety the more hospitable shore of America. That very day he was arrested! I shall not attempt to describe her feelings, or receiving a letter from Emmett, informing her, that, as she had refused to accompany him, he was determined to remain in Ireland; and abide his fate. Thus, if possible, was another barb added to the arrow that smote these hapless lovers: nor could my poor friend ever forgive herself for being, as she thought, the certain, though innocent, cause of Emmett's unhappy end. Her arguments were not wholly disregarded by him, as, in one of his replies, he remarks:—"I am aware of the chasm that opens beneath my feet; but I keep my eyes fixed on the visions of glory which flit before them, and I am resolved to clear the gulf, desperate as may be the attempt."

The circumstances of Emmett's trial and condemnation are too well known to render it necessary for me to recapitulate them in this place. After the delivery of his animated and affecting defence, Lord Norbury pronounced sentence of death upon him; and the ill-fated man was executed the following day, in Thomas Street, near the spot on which he had established the revolutionary depot of arms and ammunition. Before his death (when he removed to Newgate, after his trial), he authorized a gentleman to announce to government, as his own declaration, that he was the chief mover and instigator of the insurrection; and, out of the sum of £5000, which he had received on the death of his father, had expended 1400*l.* in the preparatory outlay.

A loss of reason, of some months' continuance, spared my poor friend the misery of travelling, step by step, through the wilderness of woe which Emmett's trial and execution would have proved to her; and when she recovered her senses, her lover had for some time been numbered with the dead. As soon as her health permitted, she left the residence of her fa-

ther, whose heart remained untouched by these misfortunes and sufferings which excited the pity and sympathy of every one beside. Mr. Curran refused to see his daughter after her recovery, and she was again thrown on the world, which, with more than poetic truth, had proved a broken reed, and pierced her to the heart. But God raised up friends to this stricken deer; and, in a letter of her's, now before me, written at the time, she says—speaking of that kind and amiable family who received her when deserted by her father—"I find a pleasure in reflecting, that my father introduced me to the dear Penroses, as if it were to atone for his continued severity towards me. I received several letters from her during her residence at Woodhill, near Cork; the seat of Mr. Cowper Penrose, of whose tenderness and affection, as well as the kindness of the whole family, she makes constant mention. While under the protection of this gentleman's roof, she again became the object of an ardent and disinterested attachment. Among the many who met and admired her, was Colonel Sturgeon,† a person of peculiarly engaging manners and deportment; and who, with the "gay good-humour" of the military profession, possessed discernment and sensibility enough to appreciate and esteem merits such as her's; and, had not her heart been seared by early grief and disappointment, one who could not have failed to have experienced the most flattering reception. When he first made his proposals, Miss Curran did every thing in her power to induce him to desist from a pursuit, which, she assured him, could only terminate in disappointment. She confided to him every particular of her sad and eventful life—her love, and her devotedness to Emmett;—and the utter impossibility of her ever being able to return any other affection, however it might deserve the best efforts of her heart; while, at the same time, she was not insensible to Colonel Sturgeon's merits—well calculated, under other circumstances, to make the impression he desired.

In vain did she employ all the eloquence of grief—unfold the secret recesses of a heart, where one image reigned supreme, and plead his own cause for him, by proving how little he deserved, at least, but a divided affection.

The constancy and tenderness of her attachment to Emmett, seemed to have rendered her the more interesting to Colonel Sturgeon; and as he continued a welcome guest at Mr. Penrose's, an inti-

† Colonel Henry Sturgeon was the son of Lady Anne Wentworth, and grandson, by his maternal descent, of the celebrated Marquis of Rockingham.

macy still subsisted between them. She hoped that his passion had subsided into the more placid sentiment of friendship, when a sudden call of military duty in a distant land, proved to her how fallacious had been her hopes. The peaceful but deceitful calm of her expectations were suddenly interrupted by Colonel Sturgeon's arrival, in haste, at Woodhill, and announcement that in four days he must leave Cork for London, and thence for immediate foreign service. He again renewed his suit with all the energy of despair. He had a friend in every member of the Penrose family; all of whom were anxious that the union of two persons so calculated to make each other happy, should not be deferred. They united their entreaties to Miss Curran to give a favourable answer, and in three days she became the wife of a gallant soldier, than whom no second suitor could better deserve her hand.

After yielding thus, as it were, a surprised consent, her heart failed her; and, the morning of her wedding-day, she implored her kind friends to allow her to proceed no further. They remonstrated with her, and told her she would be trifling with the feelings of one of the most amiable of men, should she manifest such a disposition. She was married at Glanmire Church, near Woodhill, and was, in truth, a *mourning bride*. One of our female friends who accompanied her in the coach to Glanmire, told me that she knew not who shed most tears upon the road. After a years' residence in England, Colonel Sturgeon was ordered to Sicily, where my poor friend endeavoured to make him happy and herself cheerful.

A sudden descent of the French on the Sicilian shores, in the year 1808, obliged the English to leave that country in haste. After a stormy and dangerous passage of several weeks, exposed to all the inconveniences of a crowded transport, Colonel and Mrs. Sturgeon arrived at Portsmouth. A short time before they landed, Mrs. Sturgeon had given birth to a delicate and drooping boy, whose death, soon after, seems to have put a finishing stroke to her sufferings, at Hythe, in Kent.

The following letter from her brother, inclosing an unfinished one from herself, describes the termination of a life so sad, so affecting, and so eventful:—

*"British Hotel, St. James's street,
London, May 2, 1808."*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I know how heartily you will participate in the feelings with which I announce to

you the death of your poor friend, my lamented Sarah; I would willingly spare myself this distressing office, but I wish to convey to you a testimony that to the hour of her death you were the object of her affection. The inclosed unfinished letter is the last she ever wrote. In it you will find a very mitigated statement of her sufferings. I can anticipate the satisfaction you will derive from the strong sense of religious impressions which marks her letters; and I, at the same time, congratulate and thank you, for having cultivated in her the study of that consoling confidence which cheered her departing moments. The hopes held out by her physicians were, alas! more humane than well-grounded; she expired at half-past five, on the morning of the 5th instant, of a rapid decline. To describe my sorrow, would be but to write her eulogy. You know all the various qualities with which she was so eminently gifted, and the consequent pangs I must feel at so abrupt and calamitous a dispensation. I am now on my way with her afflicted widower, accompanying her remains, which she wished to lie in her native land. I enclose you a lock of her hair, it was cut off after her death. Adieu, my dear Madam.

"I remain your obliged friend and humble servant,
RICHARD CURRAN.

"To Mrs. Henry W——."

(Unfinished letter, inclosed in the foregoing.)

"Hythe, April 17.

"MY DEAR M——

"I suppose you do not know of my arrival from Sicily, or I should have heard from you. I must be very brief in my detail of the events which have proved so fatal to me, and which followed our departure from that country. A most dreadful and perilous passage, occasioning me many frights, I was, on our entrance into the Channel, prematurely delivered of a boy, without any assistance, save that one of the soldier's wives, the only woman on board, except myself. The storm being so high that no boat could stand out at sea, I was in imminent danger till twelve next day, when, at the risk of his life, a physician came on board from one of the other ships, and relieved me. The storm continued, and I got a brain fever, which, however, passed off. To be short, on landing at Portsmouth, the precious creature for whom I had suffered so much, God took to himself. The inexpressible anguish I felt at this event, preying on me, has occasioned the decay of my health. For the last month, the contest between life and death has seemed doubtful,—but this day having called in a very clever

man here; he seems not to think me in danger. My disorder is a total derangement of the nervous system, and its most dreadful effects I find in the attack on my mind and spirits. I suffer misery you cannot conceive—I am often seized with icy perspirations, trembling, and that indescribable horror, which you must know, if you have ever had a fever. Write instantly to me: Alas! I want every thing to soothe my mind. Oh, my friend, would to heaven you were with me!—nothing so much as the presence of a dear female friend would tend to my recovery. But in England; you know how I am situated; not one I know intimately. To make up for this, my beloved husband is every thing to me,—his conduct throughout all my troubles surpasses all praise. Write to me, dear M—; and tell me how to bear all these things. I have, truly speaking, cast all my care on the Lord,—but oh! how our weak natures fail every day, every hour, I may say. On board the ship, when all seemed adverse to hope, it is strange how an overstrained trust in certain words of our Saviour; gave me such perfect faith in his help, that although my baby was visibly pining away, I never doubted his life for a moment. 'He who gathers the lambs in his arms,' I thought would look down on mine, if I had faith in him. This has often troubled me since."

The last request Mrs. S. made to her father was, that she might be buried under the favourite tree at the Priory. She was spared the cruelty of a refusal; as after her death Mr. C. said "*he would not hurt his lawn turned into a church-yard*; and she was buried at the little village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, where her father was born: Colonel Sturgeon did not long survive her: he was killed in Portugal during the Peninsular War; by a random shot fired from a vineyard; at a party of strugglers following our troops; who were often thus rewarded by the poor deluded natives, on account of their supposed heresy!

In person, Mrs. S. was about the ordinary size,—her hair and eyes black. Her complexion was fairer than is usual with black hair, and was a little freckled. Her eyes were large, soft, and brilliant; and capable of the greatest variety of expression. Her aspect in general, indicated reflection and pensive abstraction from the scene around her. Her wit was keen and playful; but chastised; although no one had a quicker perception of humour or ridicule. Her musical talents were of the first order: she sang with exquisite taste; I think I never heard so harmonious a voice.

THE CARELESS WORD.

A WORD is ringing through my brain;
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour fall:
It was, when first the sound I heard,
A lightly utter'd, careless word.

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now;
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently play'd
Reproachfully, and gave the wound
Eternal power through life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard
So deeply fixed as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tope,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
Lo! freshly, as when first 'twas heard,
Returns that lightly utter'd word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold;
And from my feverish couch I start,
To press a shadow to my heart—
Amid its beating echoes, clear
That little word I seem to hear;
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep!—'twas but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they were
The brightest things life's spring could share.
Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly utter'd, careless word.

It was the first, the only one
Of those which lips for ever gone
Breath'd in their love—which had for nide
Rebuke of harshness at my glee:
And if those lips were here to say,
"Beloved, let it pass away,"
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word!

Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart;
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for one a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they hear,
Dwell weeping on a careless word."

Mrs. Norton.

INGENUITY OF GROTIUS'S WIFE.

THE illustrations Grotius, whose name is well known to every scholar, was blest with a wife; remarkable for the greatness of her mind, and the strong affection she bore to her husband. When he was suffering confinement at a fortress in Hol-

land, on account of a publication which offended the popular prejudices of the age, she entreated to be his fellow-prisoner, and lightened by the comfort of her presence the horrors of his prison gloom. She nobly refused to accept of the sum allowed by the states for his maintenance, declaring that she was able to support him out of her own fortune.

This illustrious woman was continually meditating the deliverance of her captive husband. She at length effected it in the following manner. Grotius had been permitted to borrow books of his friends, which when perused, were sent back in a chest to Gorcum along with his foul linen. His guards were at first rigorous in searching the chest; but having repeatedly found nothing suspicious, they began to relax their vigilance. On this negligence his wife founded a project of getting him conveyed away concealed in a chest. She persuaded him to agree to the attempt; and caused him to make trial how he could bear the posture and confinement, after holes were bored in the chest for the admission of air. She had mentioned to the commandant's wife, whose husband was absent, that it was her intention to send away a large load of books, in order to prevent her husband from injuring himself by study. At the time appointed, Grotius entered the chest, and was with difficulty carried down a ladder by two soldiers. One of them surprised at its weight, said in a kind of jest then proverbial, "There must be an Armenian in it." She answered coolly, that there were indeed Armenian books. The soldier however, thought proper to inform the commandant's wife of the circumstance; but she already prepared, would not permit it to be examined. A maid who was in the secret, accompanied, the chest in the boat to Gorcum, and there got it conveyed to the house of a friend of her master's. Grotius quitted it uninjured, dressed himself like a mason with a trowel in his hand, and proceeded through the market-place to a boat which carried him to a town in Brabant, whence he took a carriage to Antwerp. This happy escape was effected on March 22, 1621. His heroic wife in the meantime kept up a belief that he was confined to his bed by illness, till, learning his safety, she confessed the deed. She was detained in close custody by the enraged commandant, till a petition which she presented to the states-general procured her discharge.

THE REIN-DEER.†

THE locality of the rein-deer, determined as it is by the temperature of the Polar climates, presents a forcible example of the inseparable connexion of particular animals with the wants of human society. The rein-deer has been domesticated by the Laplanders from the earliest ages; and has alone rendered the dreary region in which this portion of mankind abides at all supportable. The civilization of those extreme northern regions, which is steadily advancing, entirely depends upon the rein-deer. All communication through the interior parts of Lapland is suspended in summer; and the inhabitants of Finmark travel by land only in the winter season.

The traveller from Norway or Sweden may proceed with ease and safety even beyond the polar circle, but when he enters Finmark he cannot stir without the rein-deer; and with this faithful servant the Finmark dealer may travel from his native wilds, to dispose of his produce in the markets of Tornea and Stockholm. The rein-deer alone connects two extremities of a kingdom; and, without him, the comforts and the knowledge of civilized life could never be extended over those countries, which, during a great part of the year, are cut off from all other communication with the other portions of mankind.

The inhabitants of Lapland are divided into two classes; those who live upon the shore and subsist by fishing, and those who wander through the summer and winter, with no shelter but their tents, and no provision but their rein-deer. In summer, the wandering, or mountain Laplander is compelled to undertake the most arduous journeys to the coast, for the preservation of his deer. Mr. De Broke in his "Travels in Lapland" has described these migrations:—

"Whale Island, during the summer months, is never without three or four families of mountain Laplanders (Field-finner), with their herds of rein-deer. The causes that induce, may even compel these people to undertake their long and annual migrations from the interior parts of Lapland to its coast, though they may appear singular, are sufficiently powerful. It is well known, from the account of those travellers who have visited Lapland during the summer months, that the interior parts of it, particularly its boundless forests, are so infested by various species of gnats and other insects, that no animal

† From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge

can escape their incessant persecutions. Large fires are kindled, in the smoke of which the cattle hold their heads, to escape the attack of their enemies; and even the natives themselves are compelled to smear their faces with tar, as the only certain protection against their stings. No creature, however, suffers more than the rein-deer from the larger species (*ostrus tarandi*), as it not only torments it incessantly by its sting, but even deposits its egg in the wound it makes in its hide. The poor animal is thus tormented to such a degree, that the Laplander if he were to remain in the forests during the months of June, July, and August, would run the risk of losing the greater part of his herd, either by actual sickness, or from the deer fleeing of their own accord to mountainous situations to escape the gad-fly. From these causes the Laplander is driven from the forests to the mountains that overhang the Norway and Lapland coasts, the elevated situations, of which and the cool breezes from the ocean, are unfavourable to the existence of these troublesome insects, which though found on the coast, are in far less considerable numbers there, and do not quit the valleys; so that the deer, by ascending the highlands, can avoid them."

The wild herds of rein-deer ascend the mountains in the summer to free themselves from these parasitical insects of the forests; and the tame deer often wander from their masters for the same object. These insects, particularly the *ostrus*, so terrify the herds, that the appearance of a single one will render them furious. The Laplanders say, that one of their objects in going to the coasts is, that the deer may drink the sea-water; and that he takes one draught, which destroys the larvæ of the fly, but never repeats it.

The movements of the wandering Laplander are determined by those of his deer. As camels constitute the chief possession of an Arab, so do the rein-deer comprise all the wealth of a Laplander. "The number of deer belonging to a herd is from three hundred to five hundred; with these a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption; and, during the winter season, can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With two hundred deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but one hundred, his subsistence is very precarious, and he cannot rely entirely

upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, or able to keep a separate establishment, but generally joins his small herd with that of some richer Laplander, being then considered more in the light of a menial, undertaking the laborious office of attending upon and watching the herd, bringing them home to be milked, and other similar offices, in return for the subsistence afforded him.

The Laplander's summer lasts from about June to September. The herds and their owners depart therefore from the coasts early in that month, that they may take up their winter quarters before the fall of the snows. As the winter approaches, the coat of the rein-deer begins to thicken in the most remarkable manner, and assumes that lighter colour, which is the great peculiarity of polar quadrupeds. During the summer, the animal pastures upon every green herbage, and browses upon the shrubs which he finds in his march. In the winter his sole food is the lichen, or moss, which he instinctively discovers under the snow. It is a singular, and now well-established fact, that the rein-deer will eat with avidity the lemming, or mountain rat, presenting one of the few instances of a ruminating animal being in the slightest degree carnivorous. The extraordinary instinct with which the rein-deer discovers the lichen, is well illustrated by De Brøke:—

"The flatness of the country increased as we proceeded, and at times it was even difficult to tell whether we were moving on land or water, from the uniformity of the white surface around us. In this respect our deer were far better judges than ourselves, as though there might be a depth of some feet of snow above the ice, wherever we stopped for a few minutes upon any lake, in no one instance did they attempt to commence their usual search after their food; yet, when upon land their natural quickness of smell enabled them to ascertain, with almost unerring certainty, whether there was any moss growing beneath them or not. By the fineness of this sense of the animal the Laplanders are chiefly guided in fixing their different winter-quarters; never remaining in those parts which they know with certainty produce but little moss, from the indifference of their deer, and the few attempts made by them in removing the snow."

When the winter is fairly set in, the peculiar value of the rein-deer is felt by the Laplanders. Without him, as we have already said, communication would be almost utterly suspended. Harnessed to a

sledge, the rein-deer will draw about three hundred pounds; but the Laplanders generally limit the burden to two hundred and forty pounds. The trot of the rein-deer is about ten miles an hour; and their power of endurance is such that journeys of one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours are not uncommon. There is a portrait of a rein-deer in the palace of Drottningholm (Sweden), which is represented, upon an occasion of emergency, to have drawn an officer with important dispatches the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours. This event is stated to have happened in 1699, and the tradition adds, that the deer dropped down lifeless upon his arrival. Pictet, a French astronomer, who visited the northern parts of Lapland in 1769, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, was anxious to know the speed of the rein-deer; and therefore started three rein-deer in light sledges, for a certain short distance, which he accurately measured. The following was the result:—

“The first deer performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet, eight inches, and ninety-six hundredths, in two minutes, being at the rate of nearly nineteen English miles in an hour, and thus accomplishing twenty-five feet, eight inches, and ninety-six hundredths, in every second.

“The second did the same in three minutes; and the third and last deer, in three minutes and twenty-six seconds. The ground in this race was nearly level.”

The rein-deer requires considerable training to prepare him for sledge-traveling; and he always demands an experienced driver. If the animal is not well broken-in he is unmanageable; and if the driver is inexperienced, the deer has sagacity enough to turn round and rid himself of him by the most furious assaults. Mr. De Broke several times felt the inconvenience of ill-treated deer, in his winter journey across Lapland.

“The deer we had procured were as unmanageable and unruly as deer could well be, being none of them well broken-in; and our first set off was by no means a pleasant one, as, after tumbling with the quickness of lightning down the steep bank of the river, the deer proceeded at full gallop across a very rough and broken country, with steep and slippery descents. From the rein being merely attached in the manner it is to the head of the animal, the driver has little power to stop it. It was quite impossible, from the nature of the ground, to prevent being frequently rolled over in the pulk (sledge); and,

when this was the case, the strength and freshness of the deer, and the good order of the snow, which was very hard, made them regard very little the additional weight caused by the prostrate position of the sledge; so that they continued to follow, at full speed, the rest of the deer, leaving the unfortunate wight at their heels to find his balance again as well as he could.”

And yet these instances of resistance to their drivers are only exceptions to the general character of the rein-deer. He is ordinarily so docile that he scarcely needs any direction; and so persevering, that he toils on, hour after hour, without any refreshment, except a mouthful of snow, which he hastily snatches. “We again resumed our course, the deer appearing no way fatigued, and proceeding so steadily and quietly, that the act of driving them was merely holding the rein, which became at last so tedious, that some of the party behind lashed their deer to the sledge before, the whole keeping up a long steady trot. This is the usual travelling pace of the rein-deer when performing long journeys. The speed of the party, however, is entirely dependent upon the foremost deer, those behind all following at a similar pace, as if moved by one common impulse.

The obstinacy which the rein-deer sometimes displays is the preservation of his driver. The great difficulty is to separate him from his companions, or to prevent him joining the herds which he sees upon his track. This gregarious disposition is given him for his protection against the danger of a solitary state, and the Laplander avails himself of it when he loses his road, or is separated from those with whom he travels.

De Broke says:—“In proceeding along the extensive and endless lakes of Lapland, if the number of deer be great, a close and lengthened procession is invariably formed: each deer following the foremost sledge so closely that the head of the animal is generally in contact with the shoulders of the driver before. Should the guide alter his direction, by making a bend to the right or left, the whole of the deer in the rear will continue their course, till they arrive at the spot where the turn was made. It thus frequently happens, that, when the distance between the foremost and hindmost deer is great, the guide making a bend, considerable saving might be obtained by cutting across. This, however, is scarcely possible to do; for should the deer even be pulled by main force out of its former course, it will immediately turn aside from the new direction it is

placed in, and regain the old track, in spite of all the driver can do to prevent it. It is useless to contend with the animal; and the time thus lost might leave the driver at such a distance from the rest of the party as to render it a matter of some difficulty to overtake them. This unwillingness to separate from its companions is one feature of the instinct given to this animal; and it is the very circumstance that, more than any other, ensures the safety of the traveller. Should any accident separate him from the rest of his party, the deer be fatigued, or other occurrences throw him considerably in the rear, if he trust entirely to his deer, it will enable him to overtake the rest though they should be some miles in advance, from the exquisite olfactory sense it possesses. The animal, in this case, holding its head close to the snow, keeps frequently smelling, as a dog would do to scent the footsteps of its master; and is thus enabled to follow with certainty the track the other deer is gone. Were it not for this property of the animal, travelling across Lapland would be not a little hazardous, particularly in those parts where the weather is the darkest, which is generally while crossing the mountains of Finmark. It often happens that the party is unavoidably scattered, and the sound of the bell enables them to rejoin each other. The bells, however, should the weather be very thick and stormy, can only be heard a short distance off; and it is then by the sagacity of the deer alone that the difficulty is surmounted."

The mode of hunting the wild rein-deer by the Laplanders, the Esquimaux, and the Indians of North America, have been accurately described by various travellers. We select the following account from the interesting narrative of Captain Lyon, who says:—

"The rein-deer visits the polar regions at the latter end of May or the early part of June, and remains until late in September. On his first arrival he is thin, and his flesh is tasteless, but the short summer is sufficient to fatten him to two or three inches on the haunches. When feeding on the level ground, an Esquimaux makes no attempt to approach him, but should a few rocks be near, the wary hunter feels secure of his prey. Behind one of these he cautiously creeps, and having laid himself very close, with his bow and arrow before him, imitates the bellow of the deer when calling to each other. Sometimes, for more complete deception, the hunter wears his deer-skin coat and hood so drawn over his head, as to resemble, in a great measure, the unsuspect-

ing animals he is enticing. Though the bellow proves a considerable attraction, yet, if a man has great patience, he may do without it, and may be equally certain that his prey will ultimately come to examine him; the rein-deer being an inquisitive animal, and at the same time so silly, that if he sees any suspicious object which is not actually chasing him, he will gradually, and after many caperings, and forming repeated circles, approach nearer and nearer to it. The Esquimaux rarely shoot until the creature is within twelve paces, and I have frequently been told of their being killed at a much shorter distance. It is to be observed, that the hunters never appear openly, but employ stratagem for their purpose; thus, by patience and ingenuity, rendering their rudely, formed bows, and still worse arrows, as effective as the rifles of Europeans. When two men hunt in company, they sometimes purposely show themselves to the deer, and when his attention is fully engaged, walk slowly away from him, one before the other. The deer follows, and when the hunters arrive near a stone, the foremost drops behind it and prepares his bow, while his companion continues walking steadily forward. This latter, the deer still follows unsuspectingly, and thus passes near the concealed man, who takes a deliberate aim and kills the animal. When the deer assemble in herds, there are particular passes which they invariably take, and on being taken to them are killed by arrows by the men, while the women with shouts drive them to the water. Here they swim with the ease and activity of the water-dogs, the people in kayaks chasing and easily spearing them; the carcasses float, and the hunter then presses forward and kills as many as he finds in his track. No springs or traps are used in the capture of these animals, as is practised to the southward, in consequence of the total absence of standing wood."

In a country which affords such an uncertain supply of food, and whose climate is so severe, through a great part of the year, as Lapland, the progress of civilization can never be very considerable. The people must of necessity lead a wandering life, uniting the hunting and the pastoral character; but incapable, from physical causes, of pursuing the arts of agriculture, or entering largely into the communications of commerce. But what civilization exists, or may exist among them, is wholly to be ascribed to their best possession—the rein-deer. Whether the native of the polar regions hunt the wild deer amidst the icy mountains—be hurried by his aid

across the frozen wastes—or wander with his family and his herds, till the long winter begins, almost without any gradation, to succeed the short summer—the lives of the Laplander and of the rein-deer are inseparably united.

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I REALLY take it very kind,

This visit, Mrs. Skinner!

I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—

What heads for painter's easels!

Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it perhaps the measles!)

Your charming boys I see are home

From Reverend Mr. Russel's:

'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

What! little Clara left at home!

Well now I call that shabby:

I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A shabby, dabby, babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well,

Ah! though he lives so handy,

He never now drops in to sup—

(The better for our brandy!)

Come, take a seat—I long to hear

About Matilda's marriage;

You're cour, of course, to spend the day—

(Thank Heaven, I fear the carriage!)

What! must you go? next time I hope

You'll give me longer measure;

May—I shall see you down the stairs—

(With most uncommon pleasure!)

Good bye! good bye! remember all,

Next time you'll take your dinners!

(Now, David, mind I'm not at home

In future to the Skinners!)

Hood's Comic Annual.

examine this very curious instance of a practice which distinguished the ancient inhabitants of Egypt from all the other nations of the world. The learned doctor justly repudiated the idea that the examination of such a subject should be considered of an idle or frivolous nature, for it brought us back, as it were, and made us, in some degree, acquainted with the persons and customs of one of the most extraordinary nations of antiquity; it introduced us to times, which, from their great remoteness, might almost appear fabulous; and, in many various important points, it illustrated the history of that most remarkable people. Previous to entering on the examination, Dr. Granville observed, that this appeared to be one of the most admirable specimens of the mode which the people possessed of preserving the bodies of their friends and relatives from decomposition; that it was likely to furnish an excellent illustration of their skill in anatomy and the practical branches of surgery; and to afford us a great means of coming to a correct conclusion as to the station which that race of people occupied in the scale of mankind. Alluding to the other and only perfect specimen of a mummy besides the present that had been found, and of the dissection of which he had published, some two or three years ago, a detailed account, he stated that in that instance, which was one of a female subject, the configuration of the head proved that the ancient Egyptian people did not belong to the race of Ethiopians or negroes, but that they were entitled to be placed in the highest order of the human species. He described the examination of a mummy as constituting an epitome of the annals of Egypt, in many respects analogous to those fossil remains which so admirably illustrated the history of geology. Referring to the enthusiasm with which Denon spoke of his walking through the Egyptian catacombs, those splendid mansions of the dead, Dr. Granville expressed a hope that the time would shortly arrive, when similar receptacles would be established in England for the preservation of the remains of the great and illustrious men with whom this country at all periods so much abounded. The project of a Necropolis, or city of the dead, the details of which, he remarked, were already before the public, now afforded an opportunity of introducing such an excellent practice, and he stated that a great living philosopher (Jeremy Bentham), who had done more good by his writings than any man in existence, but whose life was now verging towards a close, had intimated a desire that his remains should be preserved in that manner.

DISSECTION OF AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

There was recently exhibited at the Royal Institution, the dissection of one of the most perfect specimens that have as yet been found of the extraordinary art of embalming, which prevailed so commonly amongst the ancient Egyptians. It was sent to the Asiatic Society by Sir John Malcolm, and it being determined that a public dissection of it should take place, Dr. Granville proceeded in presence of a numerous and scientific assemblage, to

The learned doctor then proceeded with the examination. The two exterior coffins had been previously opened, in order to prevent the delay which would necessarily have been occasioned by this operation. The first, or outer coffin, was composed of sycamore wood. It was united with the greatest possible skill, and was lined internally with a coating of bitumen. On the outside it exhibited a representation probably of the individual whose remains it contained, and the style of execution by no means manifested a rude acquaintance with the pictorial art. The second coffin, which was likewise united with as much skill and elegance as might be expected from the best undertaker of the present day, presented a similar representation on its external surface, and internally exhibited a painting of the Egyptian god Apis. Coming to the third, or last case, which enveloped the mummy, the doctor remarked, that it had been erroneously supposed that this was usually composed of *papier maché*—it consisted of very different materials. It was beautifully painted, presenting an innumerable collection of hieroglyphics, and was varnished over in the most perfect manner. At the foot of the subject another representation was given of the god Apis. This third coffin consisted of several fibrous layers of cloth, glued very closely together, and covered over on the outside by a coating of chalk or lime. It fitted the figure which it enveloped so accurately, that, as Dr. Granville remarked, it must have been moulded to the body in a wet and flexible state. It presented behind an aperture, through which the body had been no doubt introduced, and which had been subsequently closed by ropes, which, being in a high state of preservation, afforded a curious instance of the manufacturing skill of the ancients so far back as three thousand years from the present time. The examination of the female mummy had dissipated many erroneous opinions on the subject, and had proved that the Egyptians were acquainted with a peculiar astringent colouring matter, containing, amongst other ingredients, tannin, for the skin in that instance had been perfectly tanned. The bandages—an innumerable number of which enveloped the body, and the application of which indicated a most extraordinary degree of surgical skill on the part of the Egyptians, for there was not a single bandage employed in the surgery of the present day which was not to be found here, and every one of them put on, too, with a precision and accuracy that would do credit to the experience of a Cooper or a Dupuytren—were then removed. In the case of the female mummy,

Dr. Granville remarked, that in consequence of the mode in which it was prepared, the flexibility of the muscles remained, the flesh was in complete preservation, and they were even enabled to detect the disease of which the subject had died, and as effectually to discover any morbid appearances that presented themselves in the internal cavities, as if the examination had taken place upon a subject a few hours after death. In that instance the preservation of the body was owing to the presence of a coating of wax. The bandages, Dr. Granville remarked, both in texture and colour, were identically similar to a cloth used in Egypt at the present day. On their being removed, it was found that the mummy was a dry one. It had been plunged into a mixture of boiling pitch and asphaltum, and consequently every portion of the flesh had been burned to the bone. The subject, it appeared, was of the male sex, and the mode in which it had been embalmed—the most frequent, because the most economical amongst the Egyptians—by destroying the flesh, prevented the examiner from corroborating, by experiment, the facts which he had ascertained in the former instance. A small piece of the flesh, however, with the cuticle entire, which had escaped from the destructive effects of the boiling mixture, was discovered, and being subjected to the process of ebullition, the examiner was enabled perfectly to demonstrate the fibrous texture of the muscles, and to prove the statement with which he commenced, that the skin had been tanned. From the shape of the head, it appeared that the subject belonged to the same race as the female mummy—namely, to the first class in the scale of man. Having removed with a saw the top of the *cranium*, or skull, the *dura mater* (the outer membrane that envelops the brain) was found in a most perfect state. It was possible even to trace the course of the blood-vessels upon it, as if the subject had only departed within the preceding forty-eight hours. The very mark of the sutures was plainly visible, and the great longitudinal sinus (the chief vein returning the blood from the upper part of the membranes of the brain) was perfectly demonstrated. On removing a portion of the *dura mater*, it was found that not a single particle of the substance of the brain remained within the *cranium*. This singular fact in the history of Egyptian mummies, Dr. Granville remarked, could not be accounted for at the present day. In the subject under examination, the brain, and the entire of that membrane the *pia mater* (by which it is closely enveloped) had been removed: how this was effected, he re-

peated, it was impossible for the ingenuity of the present age to divine. It could not have been removed by instruments alone, though in the case of the former mummy a small artificial aperture had been discovered near the *crista galli* leading through the nose; it was plain that a membrane could not be removed in that way, and if a corrosive injection had been employed, it would have destroyed all the membranes as well as the substance of the brain. Yet in this instance the *dura mater* was quite perfect, a process of it called the *tentorium cerebelli*, which separated the *cerebrum* (the upper portion of the brain) from the lower portion called *cerebellum*, was in excellent preservation, and that process called the *fulx cerebelli* could also be demonstrated. In the abdominal cavity the various organs had been destroyed, evidently by the introduction of a corrosive mixture. The diaphragm, however—the muscle which separates the cavity of the abdomen from the chest—was almost perfect. Dr. Granville removed portions of the lungs, which were reserved for future experiments. The height of the subject was ascertained to be five feet five inches and a fraction. By boiling a portion of the muscles, wax was found to exist on its surface. After some further experiments, the body was reserved for future inquiry and examination, and Dr. Granville terminated this curious and scientific demonstration amidst the applause of a very crowded meeting.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.†

THE noble project of bringing down high philosophy and holy science to the mass of the people, has been reserved for this age. It is a novel enterprise among mankind. It is an unwritten page in the history of the world. It is a project, we do not think it too much to say, which never before entered into the conceptions of men; for it is an attempt to pluck from the sun, "in the highest heaven of philosophy," the Promethean fire, to burn on the common hearth-stone in the humblest abodes of mortals.

The error of past ages has been, to accumulate power, wealth, learning, and even religious responsibilities and trusts, in a few hands. Monopolies have not been confined to property; they have extended to knowledge too. Science, as well as religion, has said to the mass of mankind, "Stand by thyself, for I am

holier than thou." The paths of the scholar have led far away from the beaten track of common life. He has conceived himself to have little to do with the world at large; he has had few sympathies with it; he has felt little interest in it. He has compared science, indeed, to the light of heaven; he has talked eloquently about its properties; but he has talked in figures; he has not actually felt that it is one of the lights which men may daily walk by. But it is the strong tendency of all liberal thought and feeling, at this day, to bring every human acquisition to a practical account; to call down knowledge, from its proud and inaccessible heights, to be the companion and cheerer of the lowliest toil and of the humblest fireside. *Diffusion* is the watchword of the age.

It is certainly an interesting question, whether this tendency of things on so large a scale, and whether the professed undertaking to further it, in the department of the sciences particularly, promises to be either successful or useful. Is not the project to diffuse a knowledge of the sciences, visionary, impracticable? Or, if it is not, if it can succeed, is there a prospect of much good to be effected by it? These are the questions before us. And there is the more occasion to discuss them, because this practical character of the age, of which we have spoken, is sometimes falsely considered in such a light as to furnish specious, but unsound objections to our views; and because there is, in many minds, a peculiar skepticism about the practicability and expediency of diffusing generally a knowledge of the sciences.

The first feeling, in many persons, to whom this sort of knowledge is proposed for their acquisition, is a vague feeling of utter incompetency to the undertaking, or of the absolute impossibility or impropriety of the thing—a feeling, as if it were proposed to them literally to scale the heights of heaven; or, at any rate, to put themselves altogether out of their place and sphere. "We cannot know anything about these matters. They are for scholars to understand. They are to be learnt in colleges. If you attempt to teach us things of this sort," say many with an incredulous air, "you must take patience with you at any rate." It takes some patience to listen to the objection, we confess. For why cannot men, and all men, know? And why should they not? The objects of this kind of study are God's works, works which were expressly designed to be studied and admired by all his rational creatures; and, as religious reasoners, so far from admitting these things to be out of the province of the mass of

† Abridged from the North American Review.—No. LXVII.

mankind, we should say, that the world is not, and never will be, *right*, till they are generally understood. But we have occasion, at present, only to urge the general propriety of these pursuits. If the object of God's works on earth had been mere temporary accommodation and comfort, less than all the infinite wisdom displayed in them would have sufficed. Plants, for instance, could have been caused to grow without their present curious structure and beautiful appearance. It is as evident that the world was made to display to its inhabitants the wisdom, as the goodness of its Creator. It is reasonable, therefore, they should study it. No inquiry could be more proper for men, and for all men.

And why, we repeat, can they not know? The objects to be examined are all around them; the subjects of study are the very elements with which they are every moment conversant; the instruments are their senses; to see, to hear, is to know. The times for study are all times that are not necessarily engrossed with other pursuits; when they take a walk, when they look around them upon the works of nature, especially when they are at leisure. Why cannot a man, who sits down before his evening fire, spend an hour in reading a few paragraphs that will teach him the curious and beautiful theory of combustion? Why cannot any man read enough upon the nature and changes of the atmosphere, the clouds, and the seasons, to be in the habit of reflecting philosophically on what is passing around him, instead of receiving, as passively, in this respect, as the post before his door, the visitation of the elements? And, as to time, "the time that makes a wise man is the time that makes a fool; and the counters, with which the untaught lose the game, are the same with which the skilful win it"—says, or should say, some proverb of the east or the west. The thing to be learned is "not in heaven, nor beyond the sea, but it is nigh us." It is said, that Linnæus, when abroad one day in the fields with his pupils, laid his hand upon the green turf, saying, "he had that under his hand, whose consideration might justly occupy all of them for a considerable portion of their lives. He verified this assertion, by showing, that within that space, there were thirty-four different species, either of grass or moss, or insects, or animalcules, or varieties of minerals."

"Yes, but all this is nothing," say our objectors. "*Science* is what we are talking about." Nay, but this is the very thing. The foundation of the sciences is observation. The business of philosophy

is not to construct theories, but to state facts; not to deal with mysteries in mysterious language, but to deal with plain matters in intelligible language. Science, instead of being a high and abstruse mystery, is a clearer up of the mysteries that lie in our daily path. We have no doubt, that the casual observations of many practical and plain men, if they had been properly and philosophically noted down in their own minds, would have laid the foundation for much useful philosophy. The judgment, for instance, which sea-faring persons form of the weather, which seems at once as sure and as mysterious as instinct, is no doubt founded on actual and careful observation. If the observer had been, in this respect, a philosopher; if he had been able fully to state the grounds of his almost unerring predictions, he might have furnished far more valuable aid to the science of meteorology, than is now given in dry tables of temperature, wind, rain and sunshine. And if the same observations were made on the land, it would not be difficult to form a Farmer's Manual, or a Traveller's Directory, which, in many cases, would be of great convenience and utility.

When science is mentioned, the minds of many persons are at once carried away from what is around them, to strange diagrams and curious and costly apparatus. These things have their place and use, it is true. Diagrams are essential in the mathematics; and apparatus is a needful auxiliary to scientific observation. But observation need not wait for them. The inquirer may begin his researches without stirring from the spot where he stands. He has only to revive the curiosity of childhood, a curiosity unhappily dulled by repeated disappointment: he has only to ask, What is this, and why is that? and he has begun the work of scientific philosophy. If he has any zeal in these inquiries, he will procure or invent some simple apparatus to aid him.

It was thus, and without these resources of modern enterprise, that our Franklin and Rittenhouse advanced through the first steps that led to their distinction as philosophers. We do not expect that many among us will rise to the same eminence; but we do say, that, with only a moderate portion of the same inquisitiveness, many may attain to a degree and kind of knowledge, that will give a new character to their minds and a new complexion to their lives, that will open treasures in nature; more truly valuable than the most fertile soil or the wealthiest mine.

Some will say, "but all this requires a great deal of thinking; and our business is to labour." But why not join them? Need

a man stop turning over the furrow of his field, because he observes the chemical properties of the soil? Must the builder pause in his work, because he proceeds upon a full understanding of the principles of mensuration and architecture? Does any artist labour less assiduously or effectually, because he understands not only the practice, but the philosophy of his art? Does the merchant lay his plans less wisely, because he brings into his contemplation a sagacious and comprehensive view of the principles of trade? The truth is, that in all these cases knowledge does not hinder, but helps a man. Precisely as the philosophical, we had almost said, the imaginative system of the double entry helps the accountant, or as the science of geometry aids the surveyor, or of navigation, the mariner. And, in a simple journey upon the land, may not the traveller, without any interruption, take a philosophical survey of the country he is passing through, notice its soil, its productions, its capabilities, its mineralogical character? Even in judging of its scenery, and no man would be thought so negligent as not to know whether he had passed through a fine or a dull tract of country; even here, there is use enough, if he understood it, for the philosophy of taste. And with a mind thus employed, he would not only not be retarded, but he would find many sources of pleasurable interest; he would be saved from some portion of the tedium of a journey; and he would not need such frequent resort to the coarser stimulants which the tavern furnishes.

"Ay," says some skeptical observer of this undertaking, "you may address whom you will; you may say and do what you can; but you will never accomplish much. It is all a Utopian scheme; one of the forms of modern extravagance; an attempt to carry people out of their condition, to make philosophers out of ploughmen, and lecturers out of labourers. Let us rear up a community of plain, industrious men, who understand their business; and let those who please, dream of a nation of dreamers like themselves."

There are some predictions which have no other chance of accomplishment; than their own credit yields. If the spirit of society falls in with language of this sort; if it is the tendency of the times to doubt or to condemn all projects for intellectual improvement; if skepticism is stronger than conviction, and ridicule is more weighty than men's interests, then we admit that this great and noble undertaking of the age may fail. But even then we shall not admit, that it is at all necessary it should fail. We maintain, that, if society would seriously and earnestly set

about the work of self-improvement, there are intellect and ability of every sort enough, and a hundred times more than enough, to accomplish all that we desire. If we could promise that every leaf of scientific knowledge should turn to a bank note, though of the humblest denomination, the work would be secure of the desired fulfilment. If men would seek knowledge, not as they seek silver, but with a hundredth part of the same zeal, we should not fear for the result. If, for opening the sources of innocent and elevated enjoyment, society would expend the tenth part of what it now pays for excess, vice, disease, ruin, and death, it would be enough."

The substance of the objections we are now considering is, that the undertaking to disseminate scientific knowledge among the mass of the people, is visionary, that it is unsuitable to the state and objects of society. But let us consider what it is in this matter that is visionary. Not the knowledge proposed to be gained; not the treasured wisdom of nature; not the pleasure of contemplating it; not the aptitude of the human mind for such an employment; not the capacity of *common* minds to receive the elementary truths of science, for they are very simple. What then is visionary in this project? That, undoubtedly, which has caused every improvement that has been projected in the world to be denominated visionary. It is the novelty of the undertaking. It is this, that marks it as chimerical. Unless, indeed, it may be said that one part of mankind were made to be ignorant and to work; and another part made to be wise and to rule them. On this summary classification and appointment, it is true, we easily comprehend what is meant by "rearing up a community of plain and industrious men, who understand their business." But, we trust, it is not visionary for men also to understand their own nature, to reverence their Creator, and to look, with earnest inquiry, into those proofs of power, wisdom, and benevolence, which he has spread before them. There cannot be a steam-boat, a power-loom, a fire-engine, the model of a carriage for a rail-way, or a newly invented machine of any valuable description, presented for inspection, but it is thought a mark of reasonable curiosity and enlightened judgment to examine and understand it. And shall we pass through this crowded world of skill, contrivance, wisdom, and beauty, and scarcely bestow upon it a casual thought?

Science, it has been often said, is man's empire over nature. It is this that makes a large part of the difference between the

barbarian, who is subject to the elements, and of the civilized man, who commands them. It is this, that in civilized countries, is, every day more and more, rendering nature subservient to man's use, for food, medicine, clothing, habitation, fuel, convenience, comfort.

These, it may be said, are the labours of the learned. But Arkwright and Fulton were not learned. Besides, why should that which, in the hands of the studious, is so powerful an instrument, be so useless in the hands of the active and labourious? We know that it is not. And it is demonstrable, as a matter of the plainest inference, that he, who works not as a senseless machine, but as an intelligent handicraftsman, who understands the powers he wields, and the elements and materials he works upon, will have a great advantage in his knowledge. The artisan, with this qualification, will be constantly improving his tools and the productions of his skill, and shortening the processes of his labour. The farm will be certain, other things being equal, to be better cultivated, and to be made more productive, by a scientific agriculturist. He will turn the stock, as well as the soil, of his farm to greater account, with the knowledge that books of science will give him. How many horses have been ruined by ignorance in the farrier of the part he operates upon. The foot of the horse is connected with the leg by muscles and ligaments, which answer the purpose of a fine elastic spring, that saves the animal from the shock, which every step would otherwise give him. This effect is aided by the expansion of the hoof, and by the descent, between the two parts of it, of a soft, muscular substance, technically called the *frog*. Now, if the shoe be placed too far back, or be formed so as to contract the foot, it will interfere with this admirable provision of nature; and lameness will ensue. In the building of houses, again, scientific principles are indispensable, and undoubtedly a thorough understanding of them would enable the carpenter to improve his plans, and to facilitate the execution of his task. But there is one evil that especially calls for a scientific remedy, and that is, the evil of "smoky houses." There are principles, if we are rightly informed, on which every chimney may be constructed, so as certainly to draw smoke; and any one may convince himself of this by the fact, that a Franklin stove is an invariable remedy for a smoking chimney. And yet, in many places, if not generally, more than half of the chimneys are so built, as to inflict this lasting evil, this century's calamity, upon a whole household. The fuel, that is ex-

pendent, either to make a stronger draught by increasing the fire, or to heat rooms with half-open doors; the colds, rheumatisms, and various diseases induced in this way; the irritation, the actual ill temper occasioned by such circumstances, constitute, all together, no small item in the troubles and afflictions of domestic life! And all this, because one class of our artisans do not understand, in this particular, the philosophy of their business!

Let us now consider the question of utility in another point of light. That, emphatically, is useful which contributes to the happiness of the mind. And if this is true, then ideas, reflections, thoughts are to be set down on the scale of utility, and are to be set highest on that scale. Though not reckoned in the ledger, though not gathered into the granary, nor deposited in the warehouse; though neither manufactured, nor bought, nor sold—yet thoughts are useful. Nothing is so much to a man as what he thinks. "As a man thinketh so is he," and, especially, so is he happy or miserable. And yet there is, with many, a kind of regular and set exclusion of the mind itself from the estimate of human welfare, and an exclusion, by the same rule, of knowledge from the objects that are worthy of a distinct, professed, and practical attention among the mass of mankind. Knowledge, indeed, is allowed to be useful, but it is useful as being auxiliary to some more valuable, some visible acquisition. Thus the knowledge of the lawyer, of the physician, of the merchant, is acknowledged to be useful; but useful, all the while, as a commodity in the market. That is the only popular view of it: And there is no doubt that the very words, *utility*, *advantage*, *good*, always, in popular use, relate to outward possessions. And, of course, with this state of mind, all efforts and combinations to obtain such possessions, all banking associations, insurance companies, fur companies, copartnerships in trade, compacts of all sorts to lay a grasp on the "main chance," are the most reasonable things in the world. Nothing is visionary here but what fails; not the South Sea Company, till the bubble bursts; not the cotton or woollen factory, till the stock falls fifty per cent. But a combination among the people to obtain knowledge, and especially scientific knowledge, a knowledge of such things as the air, and the light, and the stars, an ideal good, a bubble at the outset, a thing that cannot be put on the file of bonds and deeds, nor served up in the feast, nor made anything of in any way—why, says our wise man, the project is chimerical! And forthwith he begins to talk about Utopia,

and Oceana, and Arcadia, and sundry other things that have no real existence.

The knowledge that comes under the denomination of scientific, it is true, must, at least a portion of it, be sought for its own sake; and the defence of it is, therefore, to be put on that ground. We say, then, that the knowledge of nature, in those respects which have the least to do with men's business, is of itself a most delightful acquisition. To stand amidst the works of the wonderful Architect, as their admiring interpreter; to look around, not with the dull, unconscious gaze of mere animal sensations, but to comprehend, in their qualities and uses, the things that we behold, the air, the sunshine, the storm, the lightning; to see all things rising in their order, and moving in their harmony; to stand, as did the first man, and "call by their names" all things that "pass before us," is to take one of the noblest and happiest positions on earth; and fittest, too, for the lord of this lower creation. The bare classification of outward objects is of itself a great pleasure. It is this, in part, that accounts for the enthusiasm of the mineralogist. Mineralogy, at first view certainly, is a very dull science. And yet its votaries take journeys on foot; endure storms, cold, hunger, and weariness; traverse extensive districts; scale lofty mountains with an eagerness that seems almost like mania; and all this they do, not to put gold in their purse, but to put a few useless stones in their cabinet. Now, whatever be the cause, here is undoubtedly a great deal of pleasure. The huntsman has not a keener; no, nor the miser, nor the voluptuary. And the objects which yield this satisfaction are abundant, are common, are everywhere to be found. The stones in the street, the dull walls by the wayside, present to the eye of the mineralogist well-known and interesting forms and qualities.

But if the dullest things in nature yield this pleasure, what must its brighter, its more beautiful, its living forms? its plants of every shape and structure, and birds of every plumage, and animals that sport in all its elements and regions? Let our Wilson tell—for our country was his by adoption—who lived among the birds, made them, as it were, his companions; and understood their notes, as if they had been the voices of his children. Let the venerable Blumenbach of Germany tell, who has pursued the study of natural history till the period of eighty, with undiminished enthusiasm and delight. Or, to take singly the phenomena of vegetation—what a secret world of wonders is there in every plant? It seems unfortunate that any man should pass through one spring

season, and understand nothing of these most curious and beautiful processes, that are going on all around him. Growth, vegetable growth, which, to the ignorant, is a bare and naked fact, to the scientific eye is a history; a whole history of things, the most interesting to every intelligent mind. Survey it throughout, from its foundation silently and mysteriously wrought in the dark and senseless earth, till it rises up to the stately plant, or the towering forest tree; examine its interior structure; trace the firm and tough fibres that give it strength to resist the storms amidst which it flourishes; observe the ducts and channels carefully laid in it, to convey streams from the rich fountains of life below; mark its numerous cells, those secret laboratories of nature; and then, consider the liquid sustenance, carried to its topmost bough and its uttermost leaf, with no forcing pump to raise it, and conveying each particle to the exact place and position where it is needed, by a process of secretion that seems like mystery, and mystery it is;—survey this exquisite and wonderful workmanship, and who, we ask, would not know something of all this? Who would not give a little time to procure so great a satisfaction? Who can be content to pass through the world in ignorance of these works of his Creator?

If all that has been done, and expended, and lost, by the abuse of nature to purposes of gluttony, intemperance, luxury, vanity, and vitiating entertainment, had been devoted to the knowledge and cultivation of nature; and then, if all the boundless sum of treasure, toil, and life, that has been sacrificed in bloody and barbarous wars, had been converted to the same rational and beneficent use, it is impossible to describe or imagine the improved and happy condition in which the world would now be found. If all human power, wealth, activity, zeal, and ingenuity had been fairly brought to bear upon the world's improvement and welfare, a scene would have been presented, to which the fabled Arcadia of the poets would be as the simple field to the well cultivated garden. The earth would indeed have been as "the garden of God." Means of communication, means of comfort might have been provided; broad and beaten pathways might have been opened through mountains and forests, to convey the blessings of civilization and the greetings of affection, to the uttermost regions; fair cities and marble palaces and temples might have risen in every wilderness; rich groves and bowers of peace and contentment might have covered every plain, now barren and desolate, and oftentimes stained with blood. There need have

been no ill-constructed habitations, no damp and loathsome hovels, no scantily provided board, no gaunt and haggard visage of hunger, no "looped and windowed raggedness;" and, comparatively, there need have been no disease, nor vice, nor misery—at least, no such frightful masses of these evils—in the whole world. And yet, when we propose to turn the human mind to a consideration of the powers and uses of nature, when we propose to raise it from these dreadful and wasting delusions to knowledge, virtue, and religion, we are asked, as if the world had never proceeded upon any other rule—"What use is there in all these things?"

We say, to religion; and upon the tendency of a knowledge of nature to awaken a rational, habitual, and fervent piety, we must add a few remarks in close.

Among the qualities of the human character, it seems to us that piety has been, least of all, wisely and successfully cultivated. And we speak of the cultivation of piety now, as one of the great interests of mankind. This is not the place to enter into the reasons, why it is to be thus regarded. But that it is a spring of lofty sentiments, a direct source of happiness, a promoter of virtue in its noblest forms; that it is a needful refuge for human weakness, and an interpreter of what would otherwise be life's troubled mystery; that it is, moreover, a most reasonable homage of creatures to their Creator, we shall consider as positions undisputed.

But although it is thus the interest of every human being, piety, it seems to us, among the body of mankind, has been one of the most inoperative, inconstant, and factitious of all sentiments. Let theologians dispute as they may about human depravity, total or partial, it must be conceded by all, that the Being, whose presence is everywhere most truly with us, whose presence is constantly and most strikingly manifest in every object around us, is, least of all, present to men's thoughts. Now, one reason of the deficiency of that great sentiment, for which, as we believe, there is a natural aptitude in the human breast, is, we doubt not, the want of knowledge.

It is worthy of remark, that those philosophers, in general, who have been students of nature, have been distinguished by a pious reverence for the Author of nature. How without that "madness," which the poet charges upon the "un-devout astronomer," could they escape it? It follows, as inference from premises, as cause from effect. A man, who reads a work of genius, if he comprehends it, unavoidably admires its author. How could a similar, but loftier, sentiment fail

to arise from a study of the volume of nature!

But this volume has an advantage, in one respect, over all other volumes. It is "ever open before us, and we may read it at our leisure." Nay, we must read it, if we understand its language, almost in spite of ourselves. "Its line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world." Now of this various, unceasing, omnipresent communication, knowledge, knowledge, we repeat, is the great interpreter. It would make the world a new sphere to us, a sphere of new and nobler influences. Nothing, that we remember, ever so effectually and entirely placed us in a "new world," as the simple philosophical history of vegetation. Knowledge would write lessons of piety on every leaf. Every "turf would be a fragrant shrine." The earth, in its light, would rear ten thousand altars around us. The air we breathe would be incense. And heaven, beyond towering arch or temple's dome, would bear us to contemplations, glorious, sublime, unspeakable, of the adorable Creator.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.†

The little theatre in the Haymarket originally belonged to Foote, who played there several years under an annual license from the Lord Chamberlain, but the circumstance under which he obtained a patent may not be generally known. In the year 1767 he was on a visit at the country seat of a nobleman, where a large party was assembled. His Royal Highness Edward, Duke of York, next brother of George III., was one of the guests. One morning Foote was asked to join a hunting party, which he declined; the duke, however, insisted on his going, and mounted him on one of his own horses. Foote went accordingly, but was thrown, and broke his leg so badly, that amputation‡ became indispensable. The duke was much affected at the accident of which his thoughtlessness had been the cause. To compensate in some measure for it, he went shortly after to the king, related the circumstances, and succeeded

† From the Athenæum—No. CLXIV.

‡ This was performed by Bromfield, an eminent surgeon of that day, in whom it was said, in allusion to Foote's powers of mimicry, that he had outdone him, for he had taken off Foote's leg—and all.

in obtaining for Foote a summer patent for the Haymarket during his life, the season to commence on the 15th of May, and end on the 15th of September, about the time during which the winter theatres used then to be closed. Garrick (whose love for gain was proverbial), by degrees extended the Drury Lane performances into June, and once so far into that month, that Foote lost all patience, and, in conversation with a friend, who endeavoured to console him by saying, that Garrick had now done his worst, and could not encroach farther, he exclaimed, with an oath, "Don't tell me, sir, I know better. If he thought he could get twopence by it, that *little Dury* would play "Richard the Third" in the dog-days, before a kitchen fire."

Baddeley, the original *Canton* in the "Clandestine Marriage," which was produced in the season 1765-6, had been a cook before he went on the stage. He was introduced to the theatre by Foote, who fairly considered that he had thus been the means of placing him in the situation in life of a gentleman. It should here be observed, that it was, at that time, still common for gentlemen to wear swords even in the street. Baddeley had been engaged by Foote, but, owing to some breach of agreement on his part, Foote refused to pay him. Baddeley's attorney, in consequence, called upon Foote, and told him, that if he persisted in withholding payment, he was instructed to commence proceedings against him. Foote, after a short pause, answered, "Sir, with respect to an action, I laugh at it, being convinced that your client has no just or legal demand upon me; but you may tell Mr. Baddeley, that he is the most ungrateful fellow this day in existence."—"How so?" asked the attorney. "Because, sir," said Foote, "I was the first man who took the *spit* out of his hand, and stuck it by his side."

THE PARISH REVOLUTION AT STOKE POGIS.

[Mr. Hood, in his "Comic Annual," has an amusing paper entitled as above. It is a parody on the late French revolution, and in general on the mode of communicating news, according to the most universal and approved newspaper fashion. In its way it is perfect. One would swear one had read over and over again the abrupt and agitated details. We subjoin the most piquant portions of the article. The reader is to be apprised, that there is an insurrection at Stoke Pogis, connected with the shutting up of public-houses, and the rights of Guy Fawkes.]

Alarming News from the Country—awful Insurrection at Stoke Pogis—the Military called out—Flight of the Mayor.

We are concerned to state that accounts were received in town, at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not known, as no dispatches have been received.

Further Particulars.

Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing.

A Later Account.

We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Every body is in a bustle, and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating "God save the king" is assailed with "hang the crier!" Organized bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c,—whether for barricades or bonfires is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder hymn, "Pray remember," &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing hand-bills amongst the crowd: surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

Eleven o'clock.

The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform. A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High-street—it is said, to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd at the market-place. Some of the leading shop-keepers have had a conference with the mayor, and the people are now being informed, by a placard, of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—"The mare is obstinate—he is at the Rose and Crown—but refuses to treat."

Half-past Three.

The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse; the constables are the sufferers. The cage is elopped to faggots, we hav'n't a pound, and the stocks

are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigshy has gone again to the mayor with overtures; the people demand the release of Dobbys and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbys are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men that his worship will accede to the terms.

Four o'clock.

The mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that, after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy,—they are letting off squibs, and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored.

(Then comes "The Narrative.")

The Narrative of a High Witness who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphris.

O Mrs. Humphris! Little did I dream, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The Hole Parish is Throne into a pannikin! Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as-been sitting abscondingly at the tiptop of the Hows crying fur lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hank-siety. Some say it is like the Frensch Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them, Brown holland brum gals! Our Winder overlooks all the Hight Street, except jest ware Mister Higgins juttis out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotiam and hubbub—Their is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders.—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, whb wood sit in his shews! I hobserve Mr. Tuder's band Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Wagstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has only left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men are staving the mobbs Heds to make them supparate. They are trying to Custardize the Ring-leaders But as yet hav Captivated No-boddy, There is no end to accidence.

Three unsensible boddys are Carrion over the way on, Three Cheers, but weather Naybers or Gves, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shutters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Frowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone neevies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they slipped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with his musketry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as myself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervescence, and as Hignorant as the unboggted Babe of the state of our Husbandy! To had to our Convexity, the Butcher has not Bean. No moor as the Hacker and We shold hera Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fore Storva. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigshy as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollard! Isn't that a bad Herring! O Mrs. Humphris! It is unposible to three ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Hnzbands—nothing is herd but childerlin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hattband the Undertarker as just bean squibed and obligated for safe-ness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexible Stubbleness of the Mare, and says a littel timely Concussion wood have bean of Preventive Nervis. Haven nose! For my Part I dont believe all the Concension on Hleath wood hav prevented the Regolater bein sacrificed by a Squib and ruhbin agin the Rockit—
—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squenetch Winder Welshis tix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smock-ing in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips, witch is too often the Case with Parrish ingnity. Wile affares are in these friteful Posturs, than Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his lega from Twelve to won tired in the extrema with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his home saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments. Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard, and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shoppmn to hera wat he cau and he says their is so Manay Crackers going he dont no witch report to

Believe, but the Fishmongers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwellins adjoining. O Mrs. H, how grateful ought U and I to bee that our hone Premiss and property is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quite clear, and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry plainly only it stands! The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Too Specious Constables is persewing littl Tidmash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I tremble for the Pelisse. Pople drops in with New News every Momeptum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Criar is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five little Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yath its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying runners Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits. O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not toosing on the raging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Government in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnnon and Padingdon. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bein removed in a Minnet—and the very effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is empty. The Mare as gon off claudetiny with a pair of Hoes—is, and without his dinger. They say he complanes that his Corperation did no stik to him as it shold have dun. But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wonder he lost his Stomich. Yisterdy he was at the summit of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parish officiousness as been turned out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authorities will be Wigs. Pray let me no wat his Majesty and the Prim Minester think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most friendly and truly BRIDGER JONES.

VARIETIES.

Traditions of the Indians.—According to the unanimous belief of the Osages, a people living on the banks of one of the lower tributaries of the Missouri, they are sprung from a snail and a beaver. The

Mandans believe their ancestors once lived in a large village under ground, near a subterranean lake; that by means of a vine tree, which extended its roots to their cheerless habitation, they got a glimpse of the light; that informed by some adventurers who had visited the upper world, of the numerous buffaloes and delicious fruits, the whole nation, with one consent, began to ascend the roots of the vine; but that, when about half of them had reached the surface, a corpulent woman climbing up, broke the roots by her weight; that the earth immediately closed, and concealed for ever from those below the cheering beams of the sun. From a people who entertain such fanciful notions of their origin, no valuable information concerning their early history can be expected.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

Tradition of the Red Sea.—The superstition of the neighbourhood—a point in the Red Sea, which is remarkable for the furious gusts to which it is almost continually subject—ascibes it to a supernatural, and not to any physical cause; for this being, according to received tradition, the spot where the chosen people under Moses passed over, the ignorant imagine that, since it was also here that the host of Pharaoh were swallowed up, their restless spirits still remain at the bottom of the deep, and are continually busied in drawing mariners down to their destruction—a notion so received among all the seafaring people along that coast, that it would be quite in vain to argue against it.—*Life of Finati.*

Running Pilgrims at Mecca.—Many of the pilgrims go through the ceremony of making the entire circuit of the city upon the outside, and the order in which this is performed is as follows:—the devotee first goes without the gates, and after presenting himself there to the religious officer who presides, throws off all his clothes, and takes a sort of large wrapping garment in lieu of them to cover himself, upon which he sets off, walking at a very quick pace, or rather running, to reach the nearest of the four corners of the city, a sort of guide going with him at the same rate all the way, who prompts certain ejaculations or prayers which he ought to make at particular spots as he passes; at every angle he finds a barber, who, with wonderful quickness, wets and shaves one quarter of his head: and so on till he has reached the barber at the fourth angle, who completes the work. After which the pilgrim takes his clothes again, and has finished that act of devotion.—*Life of Finati.*

A Military Chaplain.—A military chaplain had become so shamefully drunk at the mess on the Saturday night, that three

or four of those last remaining were obliged to carry him home. On the following morning, to the astonishment of his dear companions, he took the following text: "A drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," and handled the subject with all the eloquence and pathos of a saint. During the oration, some of the young ones had the greatest difficulty to restrain their risible muscles; and, meeting the reverend gentleman after the sermon, one of them said, "My dear doctor, you have astonished the whole regiment this morning by the beautiful sermon on drunkenness,—the last subject in the world we should have supposed you would have touched upon." "My dear fellow," calmly replied the divine, "if you had such a d——d headach as I have, you would preach against it too."—*Shipp's Military Bijou*.

Combing the Hair in Company.—It was the usual practice of gentlemen, in the seventeenth century, to comb their hair or wigs whilst in company. When on visits, either of ceremony or of business, or even in the company of ladies, and at public places, this was their constant amusement, and the fashion continued until the reign of Queen Anne. Dryden alludes to it in the prologue to *Alwanzer and Almahide*, 1672:—

"But as when vizard masks appear in pit,
Straight ev'ry man who thinks himself a wit
Picks up; and managing his comb with grace,
With his white wig sets off his out-brown face."

Also, in the "parson's Wedding," by Lilligrin, 1663, act 1. Scene 3rd:—"Enter Jack Constant, Will Sad, and Sally, and a postman; they *comb their heads* and talk." And Mincing, in the "Way of the World," says, "The gentlemen stay but to *comb* madam, and will wait on you. The universality of this custom is further shown by a passage in the "Young Gallant's Academy," or "Directions how they should behave in all Places and Company, &c." by Sam Overcome.—"Let our gallant, (having paid his half-crown, and given the door-keeper his ticket) presently advance himself into the middle of the pit; where, having made his honour to the rest of the company, but especially to the vizard masks, let him pull out his combs, and manage his flaxen wig with all the grace he can."

Citerns or Lutes.—Citerns, or lutes were formerly part of the furniture of a barber's shop; and, as John Hawkins observes, in his notes on Walton's "Complete Angler," answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers. In an old book of epigrams, to each of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the subject, one of the solutions is a barber, and the cut

represents a barber's shop, in which there is one person sitting in a chair, under the barber's hands; whilst another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on a lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute, or cittern kind. This custom will explain the passage in Ben Johnson's "Silent Woman," act 3, scene 5, where Morose cries out,—"*That cursed barber! I have married his cittern that is common to all men.*" Again, in Middleton's "Mayor of Queenborough" act 3, scene 4.—"*I gave that barber a fustion suit, and twice redeemed his cittern; he may remember me.*"

RAPHAEL'S DEATH-BED.

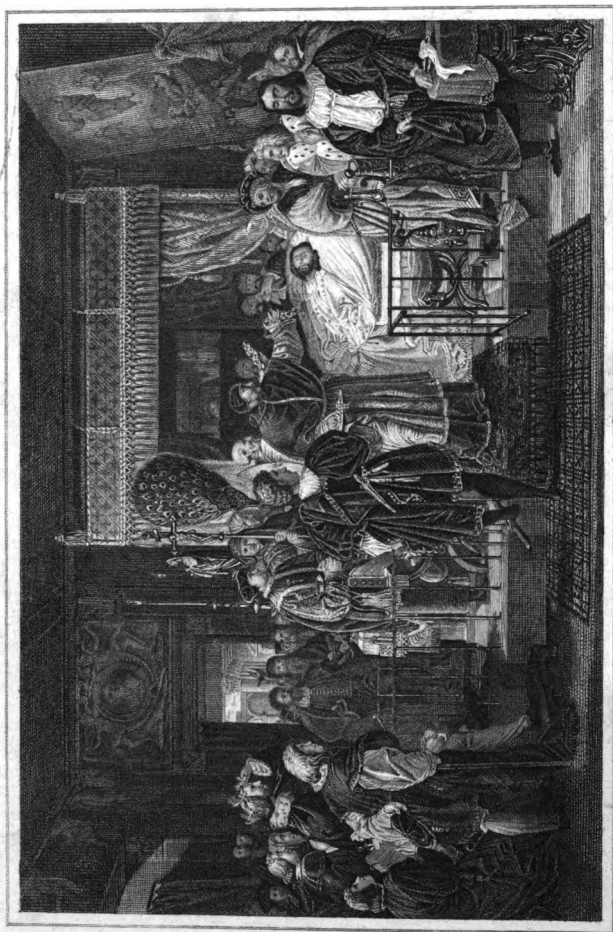
"TWAS a twilight of Italy and spring,
With those pale colours that the sunsets fling,
Of shadowy rose—or ever they are bright
With the rich purple of their snapper light!
A vaulted chamber was it—where the day
Lingered, as it were loth to pass away,
Fainter and fainter falling, till the glare
Of taper, torch, and lamp, alone, were there,
Shining o'er glorious pictures, which were fraught
With all the immortality of thought—
And o'er a couch's canopy, where gold
Brodered and clasped the curtain's purple fold.

And is that silken pillow thus bespread
For those who cannot feel its down—the dead!
Around that couch gathers a princely train,
And swells the holy anthem's funeral strain;
Sweeps the rich incense round it, like a cloud,
While the arch prelate's hand uplifts the shroud—
Flings from the silver cup, the sacred wave,
Which sams and smooths the passage to the grave.

Aye, one sleeps there—if sleep it can be named,
By which our half of waking life is shamed.
Is that death, where the spirit stays behind,
With much as ever influence on its kind!
How can he die—he who has left his soul
On the rich canvass, or the breathing scroll!
What is our life—our being—but the spirit,
All of our native heaven we inherit!
How can we die—yet leave behind us all
The intellect that lit our earthly thrall!
That seems like death, which leaves behind it
nought;

No void in nature—no remembering thought;
Or, but the tenderness affection keeps,
Frail as itself—forgetting while it weeps!
That seems like death, the many thousands die,
Their sole memorials, a tear—a sigh!
But thus it is not to the mighty name,
Whose death was as the seal affixed to fame;
And he who sleeps there, dust returned to dust,
Paler and colder than the marble bust
Beside—now strangely like the face of death,
As rigid as itself, unwarmed by breath—
It hath death's semblance;—but, how can depart
The soul, yet leave its influence on the heart!

No! when the timid prayer for heaven's grace
Shall warm its zeal no more, at the sweet face
Of thy Madonnas; nor the patient tear
Shall fall before thy Magdalen, with less fear;
When never more a saint's pure brow shall speak
Hope to the trembling—mercy to the weak;
When the last hue is from thy canvass fled,
Their memory past—then, Raphael, thou art dead!



WILLY sculp.

THE HONORABLE RAPHAEL AFTER HIS DEATH.

Engraved by

BEWICK AND WOOD-ENGRAVING.†

THOMAS BEWICK, the celebrated wood-engraver, may be said not to have been so much the improver, as the reviver or inventor of the art. Bewick was born in the year 1753, at a village called Cherryburn, in Northumberland. From his earliest years he delighted above all things in observing the habits of animals; and it was his fondness for this study that gave rise, while he was yet a boy, to his first attempts in drawing. Long before he had ever received any instruction in that art, he used to delineate his favourites of the lower creation with great accuracy and spirit. His introduction to the regular study of his future profession was occasioned by an accident. Bewick was in the habit of exercising his genius by covering the walls and doors of the houses in his native village with his sketches in chalk. Some of these performances one day chanced to attract the attention of a Mr. Bielby, a copperplate engraver, of Newcastle, as he was passing through Cherryburn; and he was so much struck with the talent they displayed, that he immediately sought out the young artist, and obtained his father's consent to take him with him to be his apprentice. Mr. Bielby had not had his young pupil long under his charge, when the late Dr. Hutton, of Woolwich, happened to apply to him to furnish a set of copper-plate engravings for a mathematical work (his "Treatise on Navigation") which he was then preparing for the press. Bielby, however, who was a very intelligent man, suggested to the doctor that, instead of having his diagrams engraved on copper, in which case they could only be given on separate plates, to be stitched into the volume, it would be much better to have them cut in wood, when they might be printed along with the letter-press, each on the same page with the matter which it referred to or was intended to illustrate. This, indeed, is one of the chief advantages of wood-engraving. In a copper-plate, as may be known to most of our readers, the parts which are intended to leave an impression upon the paper are cut into the copper, so that, after the ink is spread over the engraving, it has to be rubbed from all the prominent or uncut portion of the surface, in order that it may remain only in these hollows. Several disadvantages result from this. In the first place the plate is very soon worn, or the fineness

of the lines impaired, by this continual abrasion to which it is subjected.‡ Secondly, from the method of inking being so different from that which is used in printing letter-press, where the parts of the type that make the impression are the prominences and not the hollows, and the ink, therefore, is not allowed to remain where it naturally adheres on being applied by the ball or roller, the copper-plate engraving must always be printed by itself, and generally on a separate page from the letter-press. The only way of giving both on the same page, is to subject the paper to two successive impressions, which, beside the inconvenience of the operation, almost always produces an unpleasant effect from the difference of colour in the two inkings, and the difficulty of adjustment. A wood-cut has none of these disadvantages. As the impression is to be made by the prominent parts of the wood, these, which receive the ink directly from the roller, are allowed to retain it, just as in the case of ordinary types; and there is therefore nothing of that process of rubbing at every impression, which soon wears out a copper-plate. The consequence is, that while rarely more than two thousand impressions can be taken from a copper-engraving before it requires to be re-touched, a wood-cut will yield perhaps fifty thousand. Then the latter, from the manner in which it is to be inked, admits of being set up, if necessary, just like any of the other types, in the midst of a common page, and so of being printed both in the most convenient place and without any separate process. The block must, of course, for this purpose, be made very exactly of the same thickness or depth as the other types along with which it is placed. In the early days of wood-engraving, the pear-tree or apple-tree was the wood most commonly used: but box-wood is now generally employed, as being of a still firmer and more compact grain. The surface of the block is first shaven very even and smooth; and upon this the figure is then traced in peuciling as it is to be finally cut out in relief.

Dr. Hutton followed Bielby's advice with regard to the diagrams for his book, and it was arranged that they should be cut in wood. Many of them, accordingly, were put by his master into young Bewick's hands. The boy executed them with so much accuracy, and a finish so greatly beyond what had usually been attained in that species of work, that Mr. Bielby earnestly advised him to give his

† From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. — Vol. VIII.

‡ Engraving on steel has very much remedied this disadvantage.

chief attention, henceforward to wood-engraving, and to make it his profession. At this time the art in question had fallen into the lowest repute. Yet it had by no means been always so. In former times it had both counted several distinguished names among its cultivators, and had reached a very striking degree of effect in some of its productions. About the end of the fifteenth century the celebrated painter, Albert Durer, who was also eminent as a copper-plate engraver, practised cutting in wood. When the art was first introduced it was employed chiefly to furnish ornamental borders for the title-pages of books; and these decorations were in general merely broad stripes of black, enlivened by a few simple figures, such as circles or hearts, which were left white upon the dark ground, by being, not raised, but scooped out in the wood. In the same manner, when any object, the shape of a human or of any other being, for instance, was to be represented, it was the practice merely to cut away the block according to the requisite outline, leaving all the space within untouched, so that when inked and applied to the paper, it left its impression in a blot of unrelieved and uniform blackness throughout. The picture of the devil, in particular, used often to be exhibited in this sable, and, as many no doubt deemed it in this case, peculiarly suitable guise. It soon, however, became usual to introduce white lines, effected, of course, by the easy process of merely cutting grooves in the wood, to mark the shades at the knees, shoulders, and other parts of the figure; and this improvement made the representation both less sombre and more natural. At a still later period, the outline alone and the shaded parts were left prominent. This may be considered to have been the commencement of the existing style of the art. But the period during which wood-engraving was carried to the greatest perfection, was about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when a method was followed by some of the more eminent artists, which gave to their performances an effect unattained by their predecessors, and which the best productions of succeeding times have perhaps scarcely surpassed. This was the method of cross-hatching, or the cutting of the wood into a coveries of squares or lozenges by two series of prominent lines running transversely to each other. By this means they produced not only shading, but gradations of shading, with as much perfection as is done in copper-plate engraving; for the different parts of the picture had only to be hatched more or less closely, according as they were intended to be dark or light.

The difficulty, however, of carving these crossing lines upon the wood, must have been exceedingly great; and, indeed, it has been supposed by some, that the effect in question was produced by the paper being impressed, not upon one, but upon two blocks successively. The method of cross-hatching in wood, has, at all events, been long abandoned; but some attempts that have been made in very recent times, have shown that it is perfectly practicable to produce the same effect as in the works of the old masters by a single block, although at the expense of extraordinary labour and skill. If the old method had consisted in any such half-mechanical process as the application of successive blocks, it probably would not have fallen so completely into oblivion. The extraordinary pains it cost and the time it consumed occasioned its disuse.

When the practice of cross-hatching was abandoned, however, wood-engraving may be said to have ceased to be cultivated as an art. In this country in particular, it was seldom resorted to, except to furnish a few of the simple ornaments used in common printing, such as a border for the title page, a tailpiece, or a coarse cut to put at the head of a street ballad. From this state of contempt it was raised again to the rank of one of the fine arts, by the genius and perseverance of the individual, the mention of whose name has given occasion to this brief sketch of its history, and who, by his labours in its cultivation and improvement, raised himself also from obscurity to distinction. According to Mr. Bielby's advice, Bewick probably continued to give much of his attention to cutting in wood during the remainder of his apprenticeship. As soon as it was over he repaired to London, where he went into the employment of a person who practised this trade, such as it then existed, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden. It is probable, however, that he soon found he was not likely to learn much from his new master; for, in a very short time, he returned to the country. With his taste, too, for rural scenery and enjoyments, and the observation of nature, he found little in London in which he took much interest. When Mr. Bielby, therefore, now offered to take him into partnership, he at once resolved to retrace his steps to Newcastle. Nor even after he had obtained his highest celebrity, did he ever again think of establishing himself in the metropolis. He spent the remainder of his life in his native district.

The first specimen of his talents by which Bewick made himself publicly known was a cut of an old hound, which, being laid before the Society of Arts, ob-

tailed a prize which they had that year offered for the best wood-engraving. This was in 1775. The block had been cut for an edition of "Gay's Fables," which had been projected some time before by Mr. Thomas Saint, the printer of the "Newcastle Courant." The work itself appeared in 1779, and immediately attracted general attention by the striking superiority of its embellishments, which were all from wood-cuts executed by Bewick and his younger brother John, who, when Bieby and he entered into partnership, had become their apprentice. From this time the reputation of the artist went on increasing steadily, and he produced a succession of work which very soon gave altogether a new character to his art itself.

The work, however, which established his fame was his "History of the Quadrupeds," which appeared in 1790. He had been employed many years in preparing this publication, all the cuts in which were not only engraved by himself or his brother, but were all copied from his own drawings. He had continued to cultivate his early talent for the delineation of animals with unwearied industry, having been in the habit of taking sketches of all the striking specimens that came under his notice; while, in order to obtain accurate representations of those of greater variety, he never failed to visit whatever menageries came to Newcastle, and there to draw them from the life. His assiduous studies from nature no doubt greatly contributed to the excellence of the cuts in the "History of Quadrupeds." Many of the vignettes also, with which this publication was adorned, had uncommon merit as original sketches; for Bewick did not confine his attempts with his pencil to the mere delineation of animals.

But Bewick was principally indebted for the great superiority of his productions over those of his predecessors, to an entirely new mode of operation, which he introduced into the art. The secret of the old method of cross-hatching, as we have mentioned, had been long lost; or, at least it had been entirely abandoned from the extraordinary difficulty of the only known manner of practising it. But Bewick produced nearly the same effects by another, and much simpler contrivance. Till his time, the block, when prepared for the press, presented only two varieties of surface, the parts which were intended to receive the ink and make the impression being left in relief; while all the rest of the wood was cut away to so great a depth, as entirely to prevent it from touching the paper. The consequence was, that the dark portions of the engraving

were all of one shade, while the only other colour introduced was the pure white of the paper. But Bewick effected a variety of tints, and thereby a much truer and more natural perspective, by leaving certain parts of his blocks not quite so prominent as those that were intended to produce the darkest lines, while at the same time he did not lower them so much as altogether to prevent them from coming in contact with the paper when applied to take off the cut. The portions of the surface which were left in this state communicated an impression varying in depth of shade according to the degree in which the wood was scooped away; and the cut thus exhibited upon the paper all the gradations to be found in a copper-plate engraving. It is said that this improvement was first suggested to Bewick by his friend, the late Mr. W. Bulmer (afterwards the eminent London printer), who was a native of Northumberland as well as himself, and serving his apprenticeship in Newcastle at the same time, used always to take off the proofs of Bewick's cuts. To the skill and contrivance of the artist himself, however, we are doubtless to ascribe the first application and practical demonstration of the new method, as well as the subsequent improvements by which he eventually gave to it probably all the perfection of which it is susceptible.

It would be out of place in a sketch like this to follow up what has been said by a catalogue of the various works which Mr. Bewick gave to the world, after the period in his history at which we are now arrived, or which made their appearance illustrated by his embellishments. We have traced the steps by which he rose, through the force of his own talents and industry, to the head of his profession: and it is not necessary that we should pursue his career farther. Suffice it to say, that he amply sustained throughout the remainder of his long life the promise of his early progress. No man was ever more devoted to his profession. Its labours were as much his enjoyment as his business. He was always an early riser; and from the hour at which he got out of bed till evening, he was generally to be found at work, and whistling merrily all the while. For what are called the pleasures of society he cared very little; his social hours were passed in the midst of his family, or occasionally among a small number of select friends when the task of the day was done. Every thing in the least degree savouring of effeminate indulgence he despised. His ordinary exercise was walking; but he was fond of all the manly and invigorating sports of the country, and desired no better relaxa-

tion from the toils of the workshop than an occasional participation in such cheap and simple amusements. The whole economy of his life was regulated upon a principle of rigid temperance, as well as of the most steady and persevering exertion. He was remarkable at all times for the moderation with which he ate and drank; and in respect to other matters he showed such a contempt for luxury, that he generally slept, even in the depth of winter, with the windows of his chamber open, though, in consequence, he sometimes, on awaking, found the snow lying on his bed-clothes. For money, which men in general prize so highly, Bewick had all the indifference of a philosopher. The number of works which his unwearied application produced was, as might be expected extraordinary great. But he did not confine his studies and performances merely to the art in which he has chiefly earned his fame. He made himself competently acquainted with various branches of knowledge; and with natural history in particular he was intimately conversant. He also engraved occasionally on copper as well as on wood. Even the greater leisure which he was obliged to allow himself during the last few years of his life, when the infirmities of old age compelled him partially to relinquish his professional labours, was not given up to mere idleness. This eminent artist and excellent man died on the 8th of November, 1828, in the 76th year of his age.

MOVABLE HOUSES.†

M. BLUM, a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, in the Swedish service, has invented a plan of movable wooden houses. It was in the year 1819 that Colonel Blom first carried into execution the ideas which he had conceived as to this mode of building houses. He then constructed a pavilion, consisting of a saloon and two smaller rooms, which answered admirably. And, at the request of the president of the Academy of Agriculture and Industry, at Stockholm, he wrote a paper on the subject, which appeared in the second number of the seventh volume of the annals of that society. Since that time, above eighty buildings of the same kind, of different sizes, some of one story, some of two stories, several with upwards of four-and-twenty rooms, have been constructed at Stockholm, under Colonel Blom's su-

perintendence; besides a great many in the Swedish provinces, from his designs and directions. Others have been transported to Denmark, to Russia, to the United States of America, and elsewhere. In one, which was erected at Stockholm, an English family, that of Admiral Baker, resided during the summer of 1829, and were extremely well satisfied with the accommodation which it afforded. Although these houses have often been erected on great heights, they have, even in the worst season of the year, resisted the most severe and tempestuous weather much better than the ordinary buildings in their neighbourhood. As wood is not so good a conductor of caloric as stone or brick, they are, by means of stoves, more easily warmed and kept warm than common houses. The expense of constructing them is comparatively trifling. Above all, they can be taken to pieces in a few hours, and removed to any spot that may be desired. Principally intended for the country, they may, nevertheless, be advantageously employed in great cities; and in the formation of new colonies, or in enterprises of discovery, or in scientific expeditions, the benefits resulting from their use would be very extensive. The general principles of the construction of these buildings are as follows:—The outer walls (*parois*) are placed perpendicularly, which has the advantage of preventing the sinking of the building, and of allowing the easy descent of water, by its following the direction of the grain of the wood. The different pieces are inserted into one another in grooves. The interior part of these walls is afterwards lined with a wainscoting joined in the same manner. Between the outer wall and the wainscoting is placed a kind of pasteboard, the tenth of an inch thick, to prevent the air from penetrating. The angles are secured by means of screws sunk into the wood. In general, girders are not necessary in the construction of the walls. By means of locked and screwed joints, all currents of air are rendered impossible. There is no need of frames, either for the doors or for the windows. The floor is double, as well as the walls, but a fourth thicker. The pieces of which it is composed, and which are five or six feet square, or, rather, twelve feet long by six feet wide, are inserted by grooves into the piece which serves for the base of the building. The angles of the base are united by screws. The walls are, in the same way, inserted in it by a groove, so contrived that no damp can penetrate. The solidity of the roof depends principally upon that of the gable. It is double, like the walls, and is lined with semicircular lath, fluted below,

† From the Literary Gazette.—No. DCCXXVII.

in order to be adapted to the plauka of the roof, having reverse flutings. The roof is painted in oil, as well as the rest of the house, or well plastered with some other composition which repels damp. If it be not intended frequently to remove the house, it would be still better to line the roof with a kind of pasteboard, laid in lozenges, and which might be imbued with a matter that would render it incombustible.

Such is an abridgment of the description with which we have been favoured by Colonel Blom, who is now in England. How far the introduction, to any extent, of structures of this kind would be feasible or expedient in England, experience alone can show. It would certainly be very convenient, as well as very amusing, to be enabled to go to a warehouse of ready-made houses, of all sizes, from the *hunting-box* to the spacious mansion, choose one's own residence, and have it brought home in an hour! Nor would the facility of a change of site be less agreeable. A house might regularly travel with the family every summer—one year to Brighton, another to Bath, a third to Scarborough—and return to town in time for the meeting of the *two houses*. In purchasing such a house, no charge could justly be incurred for fixtures, seeing that nothing would be fixed. At the expiration of his lease, a farmer might transport his house to another farm, as he now does his plough or his stock. By cunningly contriving to let your house be upon the road on quarter-day, the tax-gatherer might be eluded. It would be well, however, to postpone any erection of this nature until the atrocities of the present time have been effectually checked; for a letter from Mr. Swing, notwithstanding the incombustibility of the roof, would be rather apt to disturb the sleep of the tenant of such a building!

Some of the French philosophers ("Le Globe," some time back contained a notice of these movable houses), entertain the opinion that the transition from a northern to a tropical climate would be fatal to these mansions; but it has been demonstrated by fact, that they are capable of enduring the change, as ships are; and that, if properly seasoned, they neither shrink nor crack, so as to become ineligible for residence. From the severe cold of a Swedish winter, to the summer heat, affords a perfectly satisfactory trial in this respect; and not only houses, but columns, churches, and royal palaces, have stood the test.

This invention (which, by-the-by, has been known for years in America and the West Indies), is likely to be practically

illustrated in many parts of Europe, and, among other places, in London, by the Swedish Ambassador.

TOPICS CONNECTED WITH GREECE.

THE following miscellaneous sketches are extracted from Mr. Millingen's "Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece."

Trilarny.—"Though somewhat below the full-grown stature, he was altogether a very handsome man, possessed of great strength and surprising agility. Nature had given him a highly romantic countenance: his wild, haughty, unquiet, scintillating dark eye, denoted his disposition to bold and extraordinary undertakings. In his manners and opinions he seemed to have taken Anastasius for his model: and, to judge from his lofty language, he had a mint of phrases as rich as Don Adriano de Armado; and he entertained for his heroes a veneration as deep as that of Don Quixote himself, for all the giant-killers and liberators of imprisoned virgins who had preceded him. Born of a respectable Cornish family, he embarked, when young, as a midshipman; but finding that the strictness of naval discipline did not allow much room for indulging romantic dispositions, he quitted the ship on its arrival in the East Indies, and soon after joined the bucaniers, who then infested those seas. Among them he passed his happiest days, meeting continually with the most extraordinary adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He might have yet continued to enjoy a life so congenial to his disposition, had not his companions sought to kill him during a dispute about prize-money. He satisfied his vengeance; but seeing himself closely pursued, the terror he felt was so great, that he did not stop in his flight till he found himself in the country of the Wachabees. The exploits which followed, though not new, were marvellous; the quality atoning for the quantity. At length, in a fit of nostalgia he determined on returning home, the place of his birth appearing to him then dearer than the three Arabias. His native air soon cured him of this intermittent paroxysm, for he found Cornishmen a tame set of persons. Growing weary of home, he passed over to Italy, where more room was afforded him to indulge in his oriental habits. He formed there an acquaintance with Lord Byron, who derived no little pleasure from the company of so singular a character. He invited

him to accompany him into Spain; but hearing of the disasters the constitutional party had sustained, he proposed going to Greece. Arrived at Cephalonia, Trelawney discovered that Lord Byron was not romantic enough to be his companion; and he started, in consequence, for Peloponnesus; where having roamed in vain in quest of a hero, he passed over to Athens. There he met with Odysseus; and so powerful is the invisible force of sympathy, that although they could not understand each other's language, they became, in an instant, intimate friends. According to Trelawney, Odysseus was the personification of the *beau idéal* of every manly perfection, mental and bodily. He swore by him, and imitated him in the minutest actions. His dress, gait, air, and address, were not only perfectly similar, but he piqued himself even in being as dirty; having as much vermin, and letting them loose from his fingers in the same disguised manner, as if sparing a conquered enemy. This ridiculous spirit of imitation was, in other respects, very useful to him; for it enabled him to endure the privations and hardships inseparable from the Greek mode of warfare, with as much apparent indifference as his prototype: sleeping on the bare earth with a stone for a pillow, and in one word, sustaining a total want of every bodily comfort. All this, however, was only when distant from Athens. On his return thither, he found ample compensation for the toils of war, in the enjoyment of a numerous harem. The courage which distinguished him in Negropont acquired him the esteem of his friend, and of the palichari. He so rapidly and completely moulded himself to their manners, as to be generally taken for a Roumeliot. This, with his generosity, gained him their affection; and his severity ensured him their obedience. With similar qualities, Trelawney would, most certainly, have risen into notice, had not fortune turned against the friend to whose destinies he had linked his own. Whatever his faults, however, and the blame which his conduct in embracing the party of a rebel and traitor to his country, may draw upon him, every European who knew him in Greece cannot but praise the generous qualities of his heart, and acknowledge him to have been a most entertaining companion: and though, owing, no doubt, to his prolonged stay in oriental countries, his imagination got the better of his veracity or, as Lord Byron observed of him, 'he could not, even to save his life, tell the truth;' his narrations were so interesting, that whether true or untrue, one could not

but listen to them, with as much pleasure as the wonders of an Arabian tale."

Greek Women.—"Their feet and ankles, which, by-the-by, rather correspond to Grecian than to modern ideas of beauty, are completely hid by the folds of these trousers, that are tied like a purse just below the knee. This gives a woman, when walking, completely the appearance of a feathered-paw pigeon. This is the more striking, as Grecian coquettes affect as much as possible to imitate the walk of a bird. 'You walk like a goose,' 'like a duck,' however impertinent in the ear of an English belle, are the most flattering compliments that can be whispered in those of a Greek one."

Voutier's Memoirs.—"The best judgment on this work is contained in the following anecdote, related to me by Mavrocordato. On Voutier's return to Greece, Mavrocordato requested him to favour him with a copy of his 'Memoirs.' Anxious to see in what manner his conduct, during the siege of Mesolonghi, had been represented, he hastened to consult the chapter which relates that event; when, to his great surprise, he perceived that the whole of it had been torn out. The next day, on meeting the author, he asked him why he had given him so imperfect a copy. After stammering for a while, he replied: 'As there are, in the chapter you allude to, some slight exaggerations, which I thought necessary to insert, in order to place the cause of Greece under a more favourable light, I took the liberty of retrenching those leaves; fearing you might blame me for having allowed my Philhellenism to get so much the better of my veracity.'—'If,' answered Mavrocordato, 'your conscience has, since your return, become so sensitive, I am surprised that you have not begun to revise your work altogether; for that chapter, I am sure could not contain more lies than the rest.'"

Prince Mavrocordato.—"The ensemble of Mavrocordato's head was excessively fine, being very large in proportion to his body; and its bulk was not a little increased by his bushy jet black hair and prodigious whiskers. His thick eye-brows and huge mustachios gave a wild, romantic expression to his features, which could not but produce a striking effect on a stranger. The expression of his physiognomy was that of a clever, penetrating, ambitious man. His large Asiatic eyes, full of fire and wit, were tempered by an expression of goodness. His looks had not, perhaps, sufficient dignity; for they had a kind of indecision, and timid flutter, which prevented him from looking any one steadfastly in the face. His stature was much below the usual size; and his carriage al-

together too unmartial to impart much confidence to a half-civilized people, who prize external appearance so much, and are more, perhaps, than others, influenced by an awe-commanding countenance. The prince also paid too little regard to dress: inasmuch that even the Franks could not refrain from remarking how much to his disadvantage the contrast was between his plain European attire and travelling cap, and the splendid, highly graceful Albanian costume worn by the other chiefs. If nature had neglected Mavrocordato's exterior, she amply compensated him for such omission, by the lavish manner in which she endowed his mind. Educated at Constantinople, he had devoted his earlier years to the study of Oriental languages. Few persons were more intimately acquainted with Persian and Arabic, of which the court language of the Turks is, in great part, formed. He was an excellent Greek scholar, spoke and wrote French like a native of France, and was tolerably well acquainted with English and Italian. Setting aside his wit and other qualities, which, in private life, rendered him the charm of society, we have only to consider him as a public character, belonging to history. He was, perhaps, the only man in Greece, who united, in an eminent degree, unadulterated patriotism, and the talents which form a statesman. He alone was capable of organizing and giving a proper direction to civil administration. This he showed shortly after his arrival in Peloponnese, when he drew up a form of government out of the chaos in which every thing then lay. He gave constant proofs of his genius for order, whenever he had the lead of affairs; and few, in any country, ever possessed more than he did, the talent of simplifying the most complicated questions, and rendering them intelligible to the most illiterate. The rapidity and precision with which he despatched business was surprising; and no doubt, the extensive practice he had had, when secretary to Caradja, Hospodar of Wallachia, was now of no small assistance to him. He had been repeatedly accused of retaining too much the principles of a Fanariot education. Incapable of a plain, bold, open conduct, it has been said that he could only advance by crooked ways, and obtain his ends by tricks and cunning. The untractable, suspicious, and deceitful character of those he had daily to deal with, might render this necessary. It was the current money of the country. No other would pass."

Curious Evasion of the Custom-house Officers.—"The markets of Zante and Cephalonia received from this province their chief supply in cattle, poultry, but-

ter, cheese, honey; the larger portion of these articles being sold on Sessini's account, who sent his wife to the former island to receive the money. He frequently sent her over large sums, but, partly fearing to excite the notice of the Ionian governments, and partly to avoid the custom-house duty, he often concealed his gold in the butter or cheese, which he sent in presents to Madame Sessini. Two of these cheeses were, by some unaccountable mistake, sold to a Zantiot, who felt as delighted on discovering in their interior little mines of gold, as Madame Sessini was vexed on detecting her error. She in vain applied to the police for restitution; it was replied to her representations, that since they were registered at the custom-house as cheese, they were legally bought as such; and that the loss of the money was a just punishment for the deceit which she had practised so long on the government."

State of Medicine in Turkey.—"Zagori, a district not far from Ioannina, is famous throughout the Levant for its breed of itinerant quacks. The male population consists solely of M.D.'s; Zagoriot and doctor being synonyms; and, indeed, the medical profession becomes, in their hands, so lucrative, as entirely to supersede the necessity of any other. An idea of their wealth may be formed from their houses, which are well built, spacious, and the best furnished in Turkey. When at home, they live like gentlemen at large. It may not prove uninteresting to those who wish to ascertain the state of medicine in Turkey, to hear some particulars relative to the education and qualifications requisite to obtain a degree at this singular university. The first thing taught to the young men is the professional language; a dissonant jargon, composed purposely to carry on their business, hold consultations, &c., without being understood by any being in existence but themselves. They are then taught reading sufficiently to decipher the pages of their *istirasophi*, or manuscript, containing a selection of deceptive formulæ, for all possible diseases incident to human nature. When a candidate has given before the elders proofs of his proficiency in these attainments, they declare him to be *dignus entrance in docto nostro corpore*; and he then prepares to leave Zagori. The Zagoriots generally travel about Turkey in small bands, composed of six or eight different individuals, each of whom has a separate part to perform, like strolling players. One is the signor dottore. He never enters a town but mounted on a gaudy-caparisoned horse, dressed in long robes, with a round hat and neckcloth; never opening his mouth

but *ex cathedra*, his movements are performed with due professional gravity, and he is at all times attended by his satellites. One is the apothecary; the second the dragoman; for it is the doctor's privilege not to comprehend a syllable of any language but the Zagoriat; a third is the herald, who, endowed with a surprising volubility of tongue, announces through the streets and in the public squares, the arrival of the incomparable doctor; enumerates the wonderful cures he has performed; and entreats the people to avail themselves of this providential opportunity: for, not only does he possess secrets for the cure of actual diseases, but of insuring against their future attacks. He possesses the happy talent too of ingravidiating the barren, and leaves it to their choice to have male or female, &c. &c. He is skilled in the performance of operations for the stone, cataracts, hernia, dislocations, &c. Two others, who pass under the denomination of servants, employ their time in going from house to house in quest of patients; and as, from their menial employment, they are thought to be disinterested, credit is the more easily given to their word. Thus their journey from town to town, hardly ever remaining more than a fortnight in any place. After a tour of five or six years, they return for a while to their families, and divide in equal shares the gains of their charlatanism. On a second journey, they all change parts, in order to escape detection. The dottore yields his dignity to the servant, and does the same offices to him as he was wont to receive; the dragoman becomes herald, the herald apothecary, &c.

AIR AND THE AIR-PUMP.†

THE invention of the instrument now commonly called the air-pump belongs to Guericke, Consul of Magdeburg. This ingenious and ardent cultivator of science, who was born in Magdeburg, in Saxony, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, in his original attempts to empty vessels of their contained air, used first to fill his vessel with water, which he then sucked out by a common pump, taking care, of course, that no air entered to replace the liquid. This method was probably suggested to Guericke, by Torricelli's beautiful experiment, with the barometrical tube, the vacuum produced

in the upper part of which, by the descent of the mercury, has been called from him the Torricellian vacuum. It was by first filling it with water, that Guericke expelled the air from the copper globe, the two closely fitting hemispheres comprising which six horses were then unable to pull asunder, although held together by nothing more than the pressure of the external atmosphere. This curious proof of the force, or weight, of the air, which was exhibited before the Emperor Ferdinand III., in 1654, is commonly referred to by the name of the experiment of the Magdeburg hemispheres. Guericke, however, afterwards adopted another method of exhausting a vessel of its contained air, which could be applied more generally than the one he had first employed. This consisted in at once pumping out the air itself. The principle of the contrivance which he used for that purpose will be understood from the following explanation. If we suppose a barrel of perfectly equal bore throughout, and having in it a closely fitting plug or piston, to have been inserted in the mouth of the vessel; it is evident that, when this piston was drawn up from the bottom to the top of the barrel, it would carry along with it all the air that had previously filled the space through which it had passed. Now were air, like water, possessed of little or no expansive force, this space, after being thus deprived of its contents, would have remained empty, and there would have been an end of the experiment. But in consequence of the extraordinary elasticity of the element in question, no sooner would its original air be lifted by the piston out of the barrel, than a portion of that in the vessel beyond the piston would flow out to occupy its place. The vessel and the barrel together would now, therefore, be filled by the same quantity of air which had originally been contained in the first alone, and which would consequently be diminished in density just in proportion to the enlargement of the space which is occupied. But although so much of the air to be extracted had thus got again into the barrel, there would still at this point have been no end of the experiment, if no way could have been found of pushing back the piston for another draught, without forcing also the air beyond it into the vessel again, and thus merely restoring matters to the state in which they were at the commencement of the operation. But here Guericke was provided with an ingenious contrivance—that of the valve; the idea of applying which he borrowed, no doubt, from the common water-pump, in which it had been long used. A valve, which, simple

† From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.
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as it is, is one of the most useful and indeed indispensable of mechanical contrivances, is, as most persons know, merely a flap, or lid, moving on a hinge, which, covering an orifice, closes it, of course, against whatever attempts to pass through from behind itself, (a force bearing upon it from thence evidently only shutting it closer), while it gives way to and permits the passage of whatever comes in the opposite direction. Now Guericke, in his machine, had two of these valves, one covering a hole in the piston, another covering the mouth of the vessel where the barrel was inserted; and both opening outwards. In consequence of this arrangement, when the piston, after having been drawn out, as we have already described, was again pushed back, the air in the barrel was prevented from getting back into the vessel by the farther valve, now shut against it, while it was at the same time provided with an easy means of escape by the other, through which, accordingly, it passed away. Here then was one barrel-full of the air in the vessel dislodged; and the same process had only to be repeated a sufficient number of times, in order to extract as much more as was desired. The quantity, however, removed every time was, of course, always becoming less; for, although it filled the same space, it was more attenuated.

The principle, therefore, upon which the first air-pump was constructed, was the expansibility of the air, which the inventor was enabled to take advantage of through means of the valve. These two things, in fact, constitute the air-pump; and whatever improvements have been since introduced in the construction of the machine have gone only to make the working of it more convenient and effective. In this latter respect the defects of Guericke's apparatus, as might be expected, were considerable. Among others, with which it was chargeable, it required the continual labour of two men for several hours at the pump to exhaust the air from a vessel of only moderate size; the precautions which Guericke used to prevent the intrusion of air from without, between the piston and the sides of the barrel, during the working of the machine, were both imperfect for that purpose, and greatly added to the difficulties and incommodiousness of the operation; and, above all, from the vessel employed being a round globe, without any other mouth or opening than the narrow one in which the pump was inserted; things could not be conveyed into it, nor, consequently, any experiments made in that vacuum which had been obtained. Boyle, who says that he had himself thought of something like

an air-pump before he heard of Guericke's invention, applied himself, in the first place, to the remedying of these defects in the original instrument, and succeeded in rendering it considerably more convenient and useful. The air-pump has been greatly improved since the time of Boyle by the Abbé Nollet, Gravenande, Smeaton, Prince, Cuthberton, and others. By his experiments with this machine Boyle made several important discoveries with regard to the air, the principal of which he details in the three successive parts of the work we have mentioned. Having given so commodious a form and position to the vessel out of which the air was to be extracted (which, after him has been generally called the receiver, a name, he says, first bestowed upon it by the glassmen,) that he could easily introduce into it any thing which he wished to make the subject of an experiment, he found that neither flame would burn nor animals live in a vacuum, and hence he inferred the necessity of the presence of air, both to combustion and animal life. Even a fish, immersed in water, he proved, would not live in an exhausted receiver. Flame and animal life, he showed, were also both soon extinguished in any confined portion of air, however dense, although not so soon in a given bulk of dense as of rarified air; nor was this, as had been supposed, owing to any exhalation of heat from the animal body or the flame, for the same thing took place when they were kept in the most intense cold, by being surrounded with a frigorific mixture. What he chiefly sought to demonstrate, however, by the air pump was, the extraordinary elasticity, or spring, as he called it, of the air. It is evident, from the account that has been given of the principle of this machine; that, if the pump be worked ever so long, it never can produce in the receiver a strictly perfect vacuum; for the air expelled from the barrel by the last descent of the piston must always be merely a portion of a certain quantity, the rest of which will be in the receiver. The receiver, in truth, after the last stroke of the piston, is as full of air as it was at first, only that by which it is now filled is so much rarified and reduced in quantity, although it occupies the same space as, before, that it may be considered as, for most practical purposes, annihilated. Still a certain quantity, as we have said, remains, be it ever so small; and this quantity continues, just as at first, to be diffused over the whole space within the receiver. From this circumstance Boyle deduced some striking evidences of what seems to be the almost indefinite expansibility of the air. He at last actually di-

lated a portion of air to such a degree that it filled, he calculated, 19,679 times its natural space, or that which it occupied as part of the common atmosphere. But the usual density of the atmosphere is very far from being the greatest to which the air may be raised. It is evident that, if the two valves of the air-pump we have already described be made to open inwards instead of outwards, the effect of every stroke of the piston will be, not to extract air from the receiver, but to force an additional quantity into it. In that form, accordingly, the machine is called a forcing pump, and is used for the purpose of condensing air, or compressing a quantity of it into the smallest possible space. Boyle succeeded, by this method, in forcing into his receiver forty times its natural quantity. But the condensation of the air has been carried much further since his time. Dr. Hales compressed into a certain space 1522 times the natural quantity, which in this state had nearly twice the density, or, in other words, was nearly twice as heavy as the same bulk of water. Of the air thus condensed by Dr. Hales, therefore, the same space actually contained above twenty millions of times the quantity which it would have done of that dilated to the highest degree by Mr. Boyle. How far do these experiments carry us beyond the knowledge of Aristotle, who held that the air, if rarefied so as to fill ten times its usual space, would become fire!

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

KALEIDOSCOPE is composed of three Greek words; *kalos*, beautiful; *eidos*, a form; and *skopeo*, to see. This curious and amusing instrument was invented by Dr. Brewster, who gave it the above name, from its property of "creating and exhibiting an infinite variety of beautiful forms." The kaleidoscope became a common toy about the year 1816 or 1817. In July, 1817, Dr. Brewster took out a patent; and in the year 1819 he published a pamphlet containing a description of it in the different forms it is susceptible of. Alluding to the beautiful forms which are produced by this instrument from broken bits of glass, beads, minute clippings of lace, &c., the doctor has prefixed to his description of it the appropriate motto of *Nihil tangit quod non ornatur*; which motto, when we advert to his curious experiments and discoveries, particularly in optics, might be justly applied to the doctor himself. The steps by which Dr.

Brewster was led to the invention, we shall give in his own words:—"The first idea of this instrument presented itself to me in the year 1814, in the course of a series of experiments on the polarisation of light by successive reflections between plates of glass." About 1815 the kaleidoscope, after many experiments, was brought to perfection, "when," says the doctor, "it was impossible not to perceive that it would prove of the highest service in all ornamental arts, and would, at the same time, become a popular instrument for the purposes of rational amusement. With these views, I thought it advisable to secure the exclusive property of it by a patent; but in consequence of one of the patent-instruments having been exhibited to some of the London opticians, some of the remarkable properties of it became known before any number of them could be prepared for sale. The sensation excited in London by this premature exhibition of its effects is incapable of description, and can be conceived only by those who witnessed it. It may be sufficient to remark, that, according to the computation of those who were best able to form an opinion on the subject, no fewer than two hundred thousand instruments have been sold in London and Paris during three months [nor did the French scruple to claim the invention for themselves; for, not a month after the first kaleidoscope had been received in London, and whilst the rage for this ingenious and scientific toy was at its height, those made in Paris, precisely on the English model, were exposed for sale in all the shops under the name '*kaleidoscopes, ou lunettes Francaises*']; but of this immense number there is perhaps not one thousand constructed upon scientific principles, and capable of giving any thing like a correct idea of the power of the kaleidoscope; and of the millions who have witnessed its effects, there are perhaps not a hundred who have any idea of the principles upon which it is constructed, who are capable of distinguishing the spurious from the real instrument, or who have sufficient knowledge of its principles for applying it to the numerous branches of the useful and ornamental arts." Under these circumstances, Dr. Brewster thought it necessary to draw up a short treatise, from which we have been quoting, for the purpose of explaining the principles, construction, and uses of the kaleidoscope.

Although the kaleidoscope is capable of creating beautiful forms from the most ugly and shapeless objects, yet the combinations which it presents, when obtained from certain forms and colours,

are so superior to those which it produces from others, that no idea can be formed of the power and effects of the instrument, unless the objects are judiciously selected. When the inclination of the reflectors is great, the objects, or the fragments of coloured glass, should be larger than when the inclination is small; for, when small fragments are presented before a large aperture, the pattern which is created has a spotted appearance, and derives no beauty from the inversion of the images, in consequence of the outline of each separate fragment not joining with the inverted image of it. The objects which give the finest outlines by inversion are those of curvilinear form, such as circles, ellipses, looped curves like the figure 8, curves like the figure 3 and the letter S, spirals, and other forms, such as squares, rectangles, and triangles, may be applied with advantage. Glass, both spun and twisted, and of all colours and shades of colours, should be formed into the preceding shapes; and, when these are mixed with pieces of flat-coloured glass, blue vitriol, native sulphur, yellow orpiment, differently coloured fluids enclosed and moving in small vessels of glass, &c., they will make the finest transparent objects for the kaleidoscope. When the objects are to be laid upon a mirror-plate, fragments of opaquely coloured glass should be added to the transparent fragments, along with pieces of brass wire, of coloured foils, and grains of spelter. In selecting transparent objects, the greatest care must be taken to reject fragments of opaque glass, and dark colours that do not transmit much light; and all the pieces of spun glass, or coloured plates, should be as thin as possible.

The property of the kaleidoscope, which has excited more wonder, and therefore more controversy, than any other, is the number of combinations or changes which it is capable of producing from a small number of objects. Many persons, entirely ignorant of the nature of the instrument, have calculated the number of forms which may be created from a certain number of pieces of glass, upon the ordinary principles of combination. In this way it follows, that twenty-four pieces of glass may be combined $139172428887252999425128493402200$ times, an operation, the performance of which would take a hundred of thousands of millions of years, even upon the supposition that twenty of them were performed every minute. This calculation, surprising as it appears, is yet false, not from being exaggerated, but from being far inferior to the reality. It proceeds upon the supposition, that one piece of glass can exhibit

only one figure, and that two pieces can exhibit only two figures, whereas it is obvious that the two pieces, though they can only be combined in two ways in the same straight line, yet the one can be put above and below the other, as well as upon its right side and its left side, and may be joined, so that the line connecting their centres may have an infinite number of positions with respect to a horizontal line. It follows, indeed, from the principles of the kaleidoscope, that, if only an object is used, and if that object is a mathematical line without breadth the instrument will form an infinite number of figures from this single line. The line may be placed at an infinite number of distances from the centre of the aperture, and equally inclined to the extremities of the reflectors. It may be inclined at an infinite variety of angles to the radii of the circular field; and it may be placed in an infinite variety of positions parallel to any radius. In all these cases, the kaleidoscope will form a figure differing in character and in magnitude. If, instead of supposing a mathematical line to be the object, we take a single piece of coloured glass, with an irregular outline, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving, from experiment, that an infinite variety of figures may be created from it alone. This system of endless changes is one of the most extraordinary properties of the kaleidoscope. With a number of loose objects, it is almost impossible to reproduce any figure which we may have admired. When it is once lost, centuries may elapse before the same combination returns. If the objects, however, are placed in the cell so as to have very little motion, the same figure, or one very near it, may, without difficulty, be recalled; and, if they are absolutely fixed, the same pattern will remain in every revolution of the object-plate. As the kaleidoscope is of great use in the ornamental arts, particularly to carpet and lace manufactures, calico-printing, paper-staining, jewellery, &c. &c., its adaptation to their purpose is effected by occasionally furnishing the instrument with a stand, in order that the pattern may be fixed whilst the artist is engaged in copying it. It is also capable of being used with Dr. Wollaston's camera lucida, by which means those who would otherwise be unable to copy the patterns may do it with perfect facility and accuracy. The effects of the instrument may also be exhibited to many persons at once, on the principles of the solar microscope, or magic lantern. The instrument for scientific purposes is occasionally so constructed as to admit of the inclination of the reflectors being varied at pleasure.

The popularity of the kaleidoscope has been such as to induce a great number of individuals, who have been ignorant of its principles, to infringe upon the patent, and impose upon the public a wretched imitation of the original, possessing none of the properties which are essentially necessary to the promotion of beautiful and symmetrical forms; and, in order to justify such proceedings, it became necessary to search out for some combination of mirrors, used in the instrument, which might have some resemblance to Dr. Brewster's invention; and the first supposed anticipation of it was found in Prop. xiii. and xiv. of Wood's Optics; but professor Wood, in a letter to Dr. Brewster on the subject, has most handsomely disclaimed having in contemplation the effects produced by the kaleidoscope in giving the propositions alluded to. The next supposed anticipation, was an instrument proposed and made by Mr. Bradley, in 1417, but to which professors, Playfair, of Edinburgh, and Pictet, of Geneva, and the celebrated Mr. Watt, have each of them borne testimony to the dissimilarity of the two instruments, and to the unquestionable claim which Dr. Brewster has to the invention of the kaleidoscope.

THE MIGRATIONS OF A SOLAN GOOSE.†

"WELL, Bryce," said Mrs. Maxwell one day to her housekeeper, "what has the gamekeeper sent this week from Maxwell Hall?"—"Why, madam, there are three pair of partridges, a brace of grouse, a woodcock, three hares, a couple of pheasants, and a solan goose."—"A solan goose!" ejaculated the lady; "what could induce him to think I would poison my house with a solan goose?"—"He knows it is a dish that my master is very fond of," replied Mrs. Bryce. "It is more than your mistress is," retorted the lady; "let it be thrown out directly before Mr. Maxwell sees it."

The housekeeper retired, and Mrs. Maxwell resumed her cogitations, the subject of which was how to obtain an introduction to the French noblesse who had recently taken up their abode in Edinburgh. "Good heavens!" said she as she hastily rung the bell, "how could I be so stupid?—there is nothing in the world that old Lady Crosby is so fond of

as a solan goose, and I understand she knows all the French people, and that they are constantly with her.—Bryce," she continued, as the housekeeper obeyed her summons, "is the goose a fine bird?"—"Very fine indeed, madam; the beak is broken, and one of the legs is a little ruffled, but I never saw a finer bird."—"Well, then, don't throw it away, as I mean to send it to my friend Lady Crosby, as soon as I have written a note." Mrs. Bryce once more retreated, and Mrs. Maxwell, having selected a beautiful sheet of note paper, quickly penned the following effusion:

"My dear Lady Crosby, permit me to request your acceptance of a solan goose, which has just been sent me from Maxwell Hall. Knowing your fondness for this bird, I am delighted at having it in my power to gratify you. I hope that you continue to enjoy good health. This is to be a very gay winter. By-the-by, do you know any one who is acquainted with the French noblesse? I am dying to meet with them. Ever, my dear Lady Crosby, yours truly,
M. MAXWELL."

Lady Crosby being out when this billet reached her house, it was opened by one of her daughters. "Bless me, Maria!" she exclaimed to her sister, "how fortunate it was that I opened this note; Mrs. Maxwell has sent mamma a solan goose!"—"Dreadful!" exclaimed Eliza; "I am sure if mamma hears of it she will have it roasted immediately, and Captain Jeslamy, of the Lancers, is to call to-day, and you know, a roasted solan goose is enough to contaminate a whole parish. I shall certainly go distracted!"—"Don't distress yourself," replied Maria; "I shall take good care to send it out of the house before mamma comes home; meanwhile, I must write a civil answer to Mrs. Maxwell's note. I daresay she will not think of alluding to it; but, if she should, mamma, luckily, is pretty deaf, and may never be a bit the wiser."—"I think," said Eliza, "we had better send the goose to the Napiers," as they were rather affronted at not being asked to our last musical party; I daresay they will make no use of it, but it looks attentive."—"An excellent thought," rejoined Maria. No sooner said than done; in five minutes the travelled bird had once more changed its quarters.

"A solan goose!" ejaculated Mrs. Napier, as her footman gave her the intelligence of Lady Crosby's present. "Pray, return my compliments to her ladyship; and I feel much obliged by her polite attention. Truly," continued she, when the domestic had retired to fulfil this mission,

† From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.—No. CXL.

"If Lady Crosby thinks to stop our mouths with a solan goose, she will find herself very much mistaken. I suppose she means this as a peace-offering for not having asked us to her last party. I suppose she was afraid, Clara, my dear, you would cut out her clumsy daughters with Sir Charles."—"If I don't, it shall not be my fault," replied her amiable daughter. "I flirted with him in such famous style at the last concert, that I thought Eliza would have fainted on the spot. But what are you going to do with the odious bird?"—"Oh, I shall desire John to carry it to poor Mrs. Johnstone."—"I wonder, mamma, that you would take the trouble of sending all the way to the Canongate for any such purpose; what good can it do you to oblige people who are so wretchedly poor?"—"Why, my dear," replied the lady, "to tell you the truth, your father, in early life, received such valuable assistance from Mr. Johnstone, who was at that time a very rich man, as laid the foundation of his present fortune. Several losses reduced Mr. Johnstone to poverty; he died, and your father has always been intending, at least promising, to do something for the family, but has never found an opportunity. Last year, Mrs. Johnstone most unfortunately heard that he had it in his power to get a young man out to India, and she applied to Mr. Napier on behalf of her son, which, I must say, was a very ill-judged step, as showing that she thought he required to be reminded of his promises, which, to a man of any feeling, must always be a grating circumstance; but I have often observed, that poor people have very little delicacy in such points; however, as your papa fancies sometimes that these people have a sort of claim on him, I am sure he will be glad to pay them any attention that costs him nothing."

Behold, then, our hero exiled from the fashionable regions of the west, and laid on the broad of his back on a table, in a small but clean room, in a humble tenement in the Canongate, where three hungry children eyed with delight his fat legs, his swelling breast, and magnificent pinions. "Oh, mamma, mamma," cried the children, skipping round the table, and clapping their hands, "what a beautiful goose! how nice it will be when it is roasted! You must have a great large slice, mamma, for you had very little dinner yesterday. Why have we never any nice dinners now, mamma?"—"Hush, little chatterbox," said her brother Henry, a fine stripling of sixteen, seeing tears gather in his mother's eyes. "My dear boy," said Mrs. Johnstone, "it goes to my heart to think of depriving these poor

children of their expected treat, but I think we ought to send this bird to our benefactress, Lady Bethune. But for her, what would have become of us? While the Napiers, who owe all they have to your worthy and unfortunate father, have given us nothing but empty promises, she has been a consoling and ministering angel, and I should wish to take this opportunity of showing my gratitude; trifling as the offering is, I am sure it will be received with kindness."—"I am sure of it," replied Henry; "and I will run and buy a few nuts and apples to console the little ones for losing their expected feast."

The children gazed with lengthened faces as the goose was carried from their sight, and conveyed by Henry to the house of Lady Bethune, who, appreciating the motives which had dictated the gift, received it with benevolent kindness. "Tell your mother, my dear," said she to Henry, "that I feel most particularly obliged by her attention, and be sure to say that Sir James has hopes of procuring a situation for you; and if he succeeds I will come over myself to tell her the good news." Henry bounded away as gay as a lark, while Lady Bethune, after having given orders to her butler to send some boils of potatoes, meal, and a side of fine mutton, to Mrs. Johnstone, next issued directions for the disposal of the present she had just received.

"La madam!" exclaimed Mrs. Bryce, as she once more made her appearance before her mistress, "if here be not our identical solan goose come back to us, with Lady Bethune's compliments! I know him by his broken beak and ruffled leg; and as sure as eggs are eggs, that's my master's knock at the door!"—"Run, Bryce! fly! cried Mrs. Maxwell, in despair; "put it out of sight! give it to the house-dog!"

Away ran Mrs. Bryce with her prize to Towler; and he, not recollecting that he had any favour to obtain from any one, or that he had any dear friends to oblige, received the present very gratefully, and, as he lay in his kennel,

"Lazily mumbled the bones of the dead;" thus ingloriously terminating the migrations of a solan goose.

MINERAL PRODUCTIONS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.†

COAL is not only the most useful, but the most abundant of the New South Wales

† From the Scientific Gazette.—No. III.

minerals. It is either found, or indications of its existence are discovered in a direct coast line of one hundred and twenty miles, extending from Port Stephens to Botany Bay, and in the interior for about a hundred miles along Hunter's River; up some of the branches of which fields of coals have been traced, several thick and easily worked beds being found, full ninety miles from the sea. Petrified branches and roots of trees lying loosely about—the very massy trunks of some standing upright in the ground, with all their roots spreading out around, together with the friable sand-stone forming the surface of vegetable remains, combine to indicate the presence of this mineral; while leaves, stalks, and flowers of plants, constitute the vegetable petrified remains, between the layers of the clay-stone in more immediate contact with the coal. These leaves and flowers are often so perfect that a geologist in Sydney considers an able botanist might deduce therefrom, the very species of the plant, and that they are vegetables existing at the present day. But against this supposition geological experience militates; the petrified plants found in other parts of the world being uniformly of antediluvian existence.

The coal is generally small and dusty, but burns well, though it cakes badly, which is ascribed to the Australian vegetable substances out of which coal is formed, and which contains little or no resin in their composition. It is used chiefly for smith's work, or by the government offices, and the military in Sydney, and a few other individuals there; wood still furnishing the principal materials for the fires in the country portions of the colony, the fire-places being constructed solely for its use.

Coal is sold by government at the pit's mouth for 5s. per ton, and at Sydney for 20s. per ton, the freight thereto being 15s. The Newcastle mine has been hitherto worked by the second sentence men sent down for punishment, and by their means about four thousand tons are annually dug up and disposed of, amounting in value at the pit's mouth to 1000*l.*, and at Sydney to 4000 guineas.

At the harbour of Reid's Mistake to the southward of Newcastle some cargoes have also been procured, the coal lying here close to the surface. This harbour received its name from the master of a ship who was dispatched to Newcastle for a cargo of coals before the place was colonized; but not knowing its exact situation ran into the harbour now bearing his name, loaded, and returned to Sydney, thinking all the while he had been at Newcastle. The supply of this article

appears to be inexhaustible. Veins of great breadth have been found full eighty miles from the mouth of Hunter's River, while up the Goulburn and its other branches these veins have been found, extending.

If steam navigation should prevail hereafter throughout the Indian Archipelago, there will be at once a ready market for this valuable mineral, in which no other country can successfully compete with this colony, on account of its proximity, whilst it would be readily able to furnish the article to almost any extent. A singular species of coal has also been found at Bathurst, resembling in some degree the Scotch canna coal, serving as a sort of connecting link between it and charcoal, which latter it resembles very strongly, being nearly as light, and breaking with a similar fracture, while it burns almost with the steady brightness of a candle.

There is a great deal of free-stone in this country, which is of a greyish, somewhat approaching to a reddish hue, is always soft when fresh quarried but gradually hardens on exposure. To free-stone the colony is indebted for many beautiful buildings, while grindstones have been manufactured from it on a considerable scale, both for house use and exportation, and dripstones also, though with less success.

Granite and whinstone are plentiful in various spots, particularly near Argyle. The land formed by the decomposition of the whin is quickly discernible from the fine grassy sward it exhibits, and the crops it returns to reward the husbandman. It is sometimes found in mere spots, covering two or three acres, whilst no other specimen can be found for many leagues around. There is a patch of this kind near "One Tree Hill," to the right of the Parramatta River as you proceed from Sydney, yielding luxuriant crops of whatever may be planted upon it, one portion being literally overrun with the finest melons. The whinstone soil is very friable.

Limestone has not been found in any quantity nearer than ninety miles from Sydney, namely at Bathurst to the west, and Argyle to the south, appearing chiefly there in blueish, grayish, and whitish strata, often of immense thickness, approximating to marble, and indeed actually forming in Argyle rocks of this description.

The want of limestone in the county of Cumberland, is one of the greatest drawbacks to the successful cultivation of its soil; and until this is found, either here or near some colonial harbour from whence it can be exported to Sydney, it will be impossible to extract such crops from the Cumberland county, as the quality of its other constituent materials lead us to ex-

pect. Mountain limestone has of late been observed in Cumberland, but hitherto in very inadequate quantities; yet, judging from what occurs in Europe, it is expected that a closer investigation will lead to more successful results, as it is known that wherever coal abounds, the mountain limestone abounds also, in seams more or less thick. These seams exist both over and under the coal, varying in number and density in various situations; the undermost ones being always denser than the uppermost, and of course holding out stronger inducements for working.

Lime is more or less requisite in all soils from its forming a constituent part of most vegetable substances, neutralizing or destroying the acidity of the soil, absorbing moisture readily, and rendering the ground porous and friable;—wood, ashes, and other alkaline substitutes possess the same properties and are the best substitutes. Organic remains abound in the limestone rocks of this colony.

Gypsum or plaster of Paris, an excellent agricultural manure, is discovered very plentifully at Bathurst, and the upper portion of Hunter's River, about sixty miles inland. It lies in large nodules scattered over the ground, particularly in the beds formed out of the soft gypsum marl veins which pervade the soil; the gypsum becoming more compact as the argillaceous materials are washed from it until it condenses into a stone approaching the hardness of the flint, and resembling closely in fracture the common alabaster.

These veins are often not more than an inch thick, although sometimes measuring several feet. The gypsum, however, being always more or less mixed with clay, it forms an excellent material for whitewashing, and may be well employed for a manure.

Good specimens of slate have been picked up, both in Argyle and other parts of the colony, to serve as substitutes for shingles when wood becomes scarce. No country in the world possesses finer pipe or potter's clay than this;—those colonists who have been brought up in the Staffordshire potteries declare that it is greatly superior to the English samples. Native alum is seen in abundance at Argyle often crystallized in great purity.

Iron-stone is said to exist in inexhaustible masses composing entire hills to the north, near Port Macquarie. Copper, tin, and lead are also said to be met with. It is, however, a wonder that so little is known respecting the mineral productions of the country. It would be a great source of profit to the government of this country, or to any company or capitalist, where some experienced mine-

ralogist or chemist sent out to examine its mineral productions.

The same mineral productions are extensively met with in Van Diemen's Land, and in particular iron, the ores of which are so remarkably rich that they have been found to yield seventy per cent of pure metal.

THE SPECTRAL DOG—AN ILLUSION. †

THE age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by. These mysterious visitants are to be resolved into mere optical delusion, acting on an excitable fancy, and an irritable nervous temperament. The following curious and interesting case occurred to Mr. D—, a clergyman of the church of England; he had been educated at Oxford, was a scholar, and a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He had been officiating one Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles' distance from London, and was walking homewards enjoying the tranquillity of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon. When at about three miles distance from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round, on both sides; but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked round, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him, that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces further, when he again heard precisely similar sounds; but with a running accompaniment—if I may be allowed a pun—of the pit-pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. D— aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking round in all directions, far and near; "why, really, that's very odd—

† Abridged from the Diary of a Physician, in Blackwood's Magazine,—No. CLXXIV.

very !—Surely I could not have been mistaken again?" He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a *little* trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in re-assuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk Mr. D—— passed over *erectis auribus*, and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right-hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path-side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past—as he described it—by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog—of a *blue* colour! He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him—he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf, and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The colour, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes—like dim-decaying fire-coals, as it looked up composedly in his face. He poked about his walking-stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued—indivisible—impalpable—in short as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr. D—— hurried on a few steps, and again looked;—there was the dog! Now the reader should be informed that Mr. D—— was a remarkably temperate man, and had, that evening, contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bed-side of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

"What can it be?" thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison—"oh, it must be an *optical delusion*. How odd!"—and he smiled, he thought very unconcernedly;—but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue indistinctness instantly darkened his features with the hue of apprehension. If it really was an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The best part of valour is discretion, says Shakspeare; so, observing a stage passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr. D——, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop;

there was just room for *one* inside; and it stepped Mr. —, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top-boots seriously incommoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes' riding, he suddenly opened his eyes—and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched in some uncomfortable manner at his feet, half under the seat!

"I—I—hope THE DOG does not annoy you, sir?" inquired Mr. D—— a little flustered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

"Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

"Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him.

"A dog, sir, did you say?" inquired several in a breath.

"Oh—nothing—nothing. I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr. D——, with a faint smile; "I—I thought—in short, I find I've been *dreaming*; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you." Every one in the coach laughed except Mr. D——, whose eyes continued rivetted on the dim blue outline of the dog lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from an optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavoured to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed chandel, by striving to engage his faculties with the *philosophy* of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q.E.D. of his thoughts startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach, when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bedroom candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He felt its pressure! Mrs. D—— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight

through the window; the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr. D— opened the window, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly, on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr. D—, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed—plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropped at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the daylight. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs. D—, and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, it was "something supernatural," and, good lady, "Mr. D— might depend upon it, the thing had its errand!" Four times subsequently to this did Mr. D— see the spectral visitant—in nowise altered either in its manner, form, or colour. It was always late in the evenings when he observed it, and generally when he was alone.—He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology: but felt utterly, at a loss to what derangement, of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irises indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been latterly a little out of order, and every body knows the intimate connexion between its functions and the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such an uncanny colour too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same, at the various intervals after which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he heard it utter sounds—all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr. D— was, or as the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him.—I have seen and known other cases of spectra not unlike the one above related.

THE PARSON CURED OF DRINKING.

AT Bexhill barracks, some years ago, there lived a jolly parson, who frequently dined at the mess then quartered there. This said parson had certain propensities and habits. Some of his habits were bad habits; one of which was to get fuddled, and thereby bringing his cloth into disrepute. He was one of those parsons called a good fellow; the meaning of which is, to give short sermons—omit half the service—sing a good and jovial song—tell a long yarn—run, fight, or wrestle—up to a thing or two. This said parson had of late got so drunk, at the mess of the before-mentioned regiment, that the commanding officer was resolved he should not again disgrace his own cloth or his regiment. Some unforeseen event delayed this for a time; but one night—one awful night—the colonel was returning from a party in the neighbourhood, when the young ones had the jolly parson to dine with them. No sooner had the colonel entered the gate of the barracks, than he heard a tremendous noise near the mess-room, towards which he rode, and soon found his clerical friend rolling drunk, supported by some of the young ones. The colonel ordered them to convey him to the hospital—to the hospital he was conveyed. The young men were sent home to their rooms. When the course was clear, the colonel sent for the doctor. The parson was put to bed, with his flannel night-cap, check shirt, and flannel gown. After the doctor and the colonel had consulted, leg splints and bandages were called for, and the poor parson's right leg tightly braced up, as if broken; and thus he remained in a state of insensibility during the night. When the bright sun-beams awoke him, what was his surprise and mortification, on finding himself surrounded by sick soldiers—his cap and check shirt—his leg bound up!—all appeared to him like a dream. At this moment the colonel entered, whom he recognized, and said, "Colonel, this is a sad job."—"It is, indeed, a sad job." The doctor, as per signal, entered, and said, "Well, how do you feel this morning?"—"Sad, sad indeed, my whole side seems in a great inflammation."—"Well it may," replied the doctor, "I never saw a worse fracture. I fear I shall be obliged to resort to immediate amputation. Bring in the knives; call in six grenadiers to hold him." The bandages were untied, the splints removed, when lo! the par-

son's broken leg soon bore him on the swift wings of speed to his home, and he was never after seen in the barrack-square of Bexhill.—*Shipp's Military Bijou.*

TOO SOON!

Too soon!—too soon!—how oft that word
Come's o'er the spirit like a spell;
Awakening every mournful chord
That in the human heart may dwell;
Of hopes that perish'd in their noon—
Of youth decay'd—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—it is a sound
To dim the sight with many a tear;
As bitterly we gaze around,
And find how few we loved are here!
Ah!—when shall we again commune
With those we lost—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—how wild that tone
Buys on our dearest hours of bliss,
And leaves us silent and alone,
To muse on such a theme as this:
To frown upon the quiet moon,
Whose *purpling* light comes all too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—if e'er were thine
The joys, the fears, the hopes of love;
If thou hast knelt before the shrine
Of beauty in some starlight grove:
Whose lips, young roses, breathed of June,
Thou'st *wep'd* these words—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon is stamp'd on every leaf,
In characters of dim decay—
Too soon is writ in tears of grief,
On all things fading fast away!
Oh! is there *one* terrestrial boon,
Our hearts lose not—too soon!—too soon!

VARIETIES.

To preserve Books from being worm-eaten.—The insects which do so much damage in libraries are the larvae of the *Plinus fur*, and the *Plinus mollis*, of Linnæus. The latter perforate the leaves of a book in sinuous furrows, like those made by a silk-worm, when devouring a mulberry leaf; the former pierce them through almost in a straight line. M. Peignot, author of several excellent bibliographical works, mentions an instance where, in a public library, that was but little frequented, twenty-seven folio volumes were perforated in a straight line by the same insect, in such a manner, that on passing a cord through the perfectly round hole made by the insect, these 27 volumes could be lifted at once. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, asserts that books may be effectually preserved from the attacks of all sorts of worms and insects, by mingling a small quantity of any mineral salt in the paste used by the bookbinders.

Grey Eyes.—Mention being once made before Lord Byron of the frequent errors of judgment into which a person may be led by the appearances of physiognomy, he observed: "You are young men, and may, therefore, have occasion to derive benefit from this precept of mine: never give your entire faith to any one whose eyes are grey." On its being remarked to him, that his own were of that very colour, he added, "Do not think I consider myself an exception to this, I might say, universal rule: it would have been well for many, who have had to deal with me, had they been guided by it.—*Millingen's Greece.*"

Essence of Books.—The following anecdote is related by Castellen. The library of the Indian Kings was composed of so many volumes, that one-hundred camels were necessary to remove it; one of these princes, who loved books, especially books of travels, requested one of his learned men to extract what might be useful from all these volumes, that the library might be rendered more portable. He was obeyed, and now ten camels sufficed to bear about the royal books. Another King, still finding the volumes too numerous, commanded a Brahmin to reduce them to what was strictly necessary; the Brahmin, who understood the Prince's genius and his aversion for reading, condensed the whole library into four maxims!

Form of Ancient Books.—Books being written on parchment and similar flexible materials, were rolled round a stick; and, if they were very long, round two, from the two extremities. The reader unrolled the book to the place which he wanted, and rolled it up again when he had read it. The leaves thus rolled round the stick, and bound with a string, could be easily sealed. Those books which were inscribed on tablets of wood, lead, brass, or ivory, were connected together, by rings at the back, through which a rod was passed to carry them by.

Useful Facts.—Why will a vessel which has been filled to the lip with warm water not be full when the liquid has cooled?—Because of the expansion of the fluid by heat. Hence some canning dealers in liquids make their purchases in very cold weather, and their sales in warm weather. —Why is a glass stopper, sticking fast in the neck of a bottle, often released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle up to the neck?—Because the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. —Why does charcoal prevent meat, &c. becoming tainted?

—Because it absorbs the different gases of putrefaction, and condenses them in its pores, without any alteration of their properties or its own.—Why is baking the least advantageous of all modes of cookery?—Because meat thus dressed loses about one-third of its weight, and the nourishing juices are dried up. Beef in boiling loses 26lb. in 100lb.; in roasting, it loses nearly one-third.—*Knowledge for the People.*

The Drummed-out Soldier.—However necessary punishment may be in the army, and that it is necessary is beyond a doubt; still I have ever been of opinion that punishments whereby the delinquent is debased, and held up as a public object of derision and laughter, are injurious. The act of such disgrace is a positive deduction from the respectability of the military profession. No soldier, whatever his offence, ought to be degraded as a common vagabond. What can reflect more discredit on the British soldier than the lowering spectacle of tying a rope round his neck, a placard pinned upon his back, facings and buttons cut off, and the Rogue's March played after him? I say it is a degradation to the honourable profession of arms, and a constitution boasting of its freedom and humanity. If he, the culprit, merits this, he falls beneath the cognizance of the service, and ought to be transferred to the civil authorities, and there his crime be provided for; but never should he be the public gaze or jeer. It is a death-blow to many a young man entering into the service.—*Shipp's Military Bijou.*

Bloomfield the Poet.—It was while Bloomfield sat plying his trade, that of a shoemaker, in his garret, in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen around him, that he composed the work which first made his talents generally known, and for which principally he continues to be remembered, his "Farmer's Boy." It is a curious fact, that, notwithstanding the many elements of disturbance and interruption, in the midst of which the author must in such a situation have had to proceed through his task, nearly the half of this poem was completed before he committed a line of it to paper. This is an instance of no common powers, both of memory and self-abstraction. But these faculties will generally exist, in considerable strength when the mind feels a strong interest in its employment. They are faculties also which practice is of great use in strengthening. Bloomfield's feat, on this occasion, appears to have amounted to the composing and recollecting of nearly six hundred lines without the aid of any record; and the production of all

this poetry, in the circumstances that have been mentioned, perhaps deserves to be accounted a still more wonderful achievement than its retention,—*Knowledge under Difficulties.*

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA. †

The introduction of Christianity into China, the history of which we purpose to give in the following article, has been attended with more extraordinary circumstances, than has distinguished it in any other country. Of all the missionaries who have attempted the conversion of the Chinese, the Jesuits, and the other Roman Catholic priests, deserve to be regarded as the most meritorious, judicious, and successful. Perhaps the Roman Catholic monk, cut off from the ordinary sympathies of mankind, and driven to take refuge in that more hidden and general sympathy which unites him with his species, may be better fitted than the Protestant preacher, accompanied by his wife and family, for carrying on the great work of conversion in a country like China, where the national superstition is protected by so tremendous an outwork of pains and penalties, as is there thrown around it by the laws. The Jesuits, it is true, have been suspected of greatly exaggerating the effects of their preaching, and the number of their converts. But at all events it is an undoubted fact, that at the imminent peril of their lives they have entered the Chinese empire—that they have made some proselytes—and that many of them have suffered persecution, imprisonment, and martyrdom. Before we proceed to the historical view of our subject, it may be proper to make a remark, upon the old collection of "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," the work to which Europeans are most indebted for the knowledge they possess of China, as well as of the labours of the missionaries in that country. The publication of these celebrated letters was commenced at Paris in 1702, by Legobien, who edited the first eight volumes. After his death, the editorship devolved upon Duhalde, again, since whose death they have been re-edited with improvements. In order that the reader may contrast the superstitions which now prevail in China with Christianity, we shall briefly describe the three religious sects into which the vast population of this empire is divided.

† Abridged from the Foreign Quarterly Review.

These are the sect of Confucius, the sect of Lao-tseu, and the sect of Buddha; the last of which, extending its empire over the innumerable islands of the Indian Archipelago, Siam, Tonquin, Tibet, Tartary, China, and Japan, is the prevailing faith of nearly one-third of the whole of the human race.

We begin with the sect of Confucius. The opinions of this sect respecting the existence and nature of the Deity are involved in great obscurity. Sometimes they appear to recognize distinctly the being and attributes of that God, whom, under different names, the wise and good of all nations adore. Duhalde, a great authority on this subject, observes, that, in one of their canonical books, the *Tien*,† or First Being, the object of public worship, is described as the principle of all things, the father of the people, absolutely independent, omniscient, and almighty; in short, just as the Deity is described in the theological works of all nations. The belief in a ruling Providence, likewise, which is propitiated by prayer and submission, and offended by guilt, is inculcated; and instances are related of princes, who, by their impiety, brought woeful calamities, not upon themselves, but upon the people. We also discover evident traces of this belief, that gloom and mortification are more acceptable to the Divinity than cheerfulness and enjoyment.

The second religious sect among the Chinese is that of *Tao Sse*, the founder of which—whose works still remain, though greatly altered—is supposed, by his followers, to have been contemporary with Confucius. The real name of this philosopher, whose doctrines Duhalde appears to have misunderstood, was *Lao Tseu*, or “the old child,” an appellation bestowed upon him because he was born grey-headed. He was, according to a very judicious writer, a man of profound original genius, who invented or revived a system of philosophy which greatly resembles that of Pythagoras, and in some respects that of Plato. He is said, indeed, to have travelled into the west, where he is supposed by M. Abel Rémusat to have learned many parts of his philosophy either from the Phœnicians or

from the Greeks themselves. His disciples, departing altogether from the purity of his doctrines, have degenerated into a sect of jugglers, magicians, and astrologers, who spend their whole lives in searching for the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and the means of scaling the heavens; while the system contained in his works is that of a genuine philosopher, a judicious moralist, a learned theologian, and a subtle metaphysician. The morality of *Lao Tseu* was of the ascetic kind, dignified but unnatural; and therefore, though congruous enough with the calm pursuits and abstract meditations of a philosopher, altogether repugnant to the taste of the vulgar.

The morality of this sect, which has long lost all similitude to that of its founder, is now a kind of epicureanism, which inculcates the avoiding of all vehement passions and desires; happiness, according to them, consisting in perfect exemption from that solicitude and uneasiness which invariably attend upon the business of this life. They act upon the shrewd maxim, that it is foolish to do anything for posterity, because posterity has done nothing for us; and observing that death is the principal disturber of their felicity, employ their philosophical leisure in the invention of various means to escape from his power. To effect so desirable an object, they addict themselves to the study of magic and chymistry, and by the aid of certain demons, whose names are carefully kept concealed, they concert an elixir capable of conferring immortality upon those who drink it; and it is said, that several emperors, conscious of being ill prepared for another life, and relying implicitly upon the assurances of these sages, have swallowed this inestimable beverage, and thus probably hastened an event by no means disagreeable to their heirs.

But even jugglers and magicians yielding to that irresistible impulse which forces all men to adopt a creed of some kind, or other, must also have a religion. The sorcerers of China, in spite of their faith in the elixir of immortality, are led, by apprehensions of the future, to pay a species of worship to invisible powers, and, in order, at the same time, to derive some earthly advantage from their faith, they manufacture little earthly representations of their gods, which they sell at a high price to the pious possessors of superfluous money. The teachers of this sect are honoured with the name of *Tien Sse*, or the “heavenly doctors,” and their chiefs, who reside in a town in the province of *Kiang-si*, where they have a magnificent palace, are always complimented with the dignity of principal mandarin, and visited by vast numbers of people,

† “The word *Tien*,” says Milne, “might be rendered ‘Superior Powers,’ ‘the Gods,’ &c. Indeed this rendering would agree perfectly well with the creed of the Chinese. They more generally join *heaven, earth, and man* together, and consider these three as sharing the supreme power among them. And though they very often use the word *Tien*, yet they either refer to the visible heavens, or to the *tsen-ling*, i. e. *anima cœli*, or soul of the visible heavens, which, they suppose, animates the superior parts of nature, as the human soul does the body.”—*Sacred Edict*, p. 23, note.

some of whom consult them as physicians, and others as fortune-tellers or conjurors.

It must be from this sect that the Jesuit missionaries have experienced most opposition, for they denominated them an "abominable sect," who, by flattering the passions of the princes and grandees of the country, and by impressing the minds of the people with wonder and terror, have acquired the most formidable power. The above two sects bear evident marks of their Chinese origin, in the quaint pedantry of their dogmas, the barrenness of the mythological and cosmogonical accompaniments, and the base and unspiritual nature of their hopes and fears.

The third system, that of Buddha, though no less absurd, perhaps, than the former two, is pervaded by a more vivifying imagination, and in spite of the pretended materialism or pantheism of its dogmas, fills the mind with more ennobling images and higher anticipations. According to M. Abel-Rémusat, upon whose authority in a matter of this kind we should place great reliance, Buddhism was introduced into China about two hundred years before Christ. Duhalde, however, places this event sixty-five years, and Dr. Milne eighty-one years, after the Christian era. This question we shall not now pause to discuss. At whatever period this singular system was made known to the Chinese, it must unquestionably have infused a considerable portion of poetical and moral energy into their character, with its sacred language, startling symbols, and profound metaphysical doctrines. The legends which Duhalde, M. Guigniant, M. Klaproth, and others relate of Buddha, we entirely pass over, persuaded that if there be any meaning in them it has not yet been discovered. It is said, however, by the Jesuits, that when this mortal god felt the approach of death, he called together his principal disciples, and, contrary to the practices of other impious personages, who; whatever blasphemies they may have uttered during their lives, usually betray some sense of religion at that moment, revealed to them his real opinions, which were, that all things had proceeded from nothing, and would return to nothing, and that that was the end of all their hopes. This doctrine, however, was not divulged to the world, or generally received even by the Buddhists themselves; but it thenceforth became the secret or esoteric doctrine of the principal personages of the sect, who had therefore two systems of faith, one for show and the other for use.

The doctrines of Buddhism are scarcely better known than its history. It appears to recognise the existence of One Supreme God, but surrounds this fundamental dog-

ma with an obscurity so dense, that though we appear to discover this truth in the midst of a thousand unsteady forms of error, our conviction is by no means firm and unmitigated. This Supreme Being, operating in an incomprehensible way, has from all eternity produced a material universe, which is in a perpetual state of destruction and renovation—now perishing by the agency of one element, and now by another. At each regeneration of the world, the earth and its inhabitants issue forth perfect from the womb of Chaos, and a golden age, traces of which remain upon the imagination of inspired poets, prevails. The fields are covered spontaneously by rich harvests and delicious fruits; nndying spring sheds its perfume and its tranquillity around; no storms agitate the air, no passions disturb the breast; in short, earth is perfectly beautiful, and man calm and happy. As time, however, proceeds, it produces changes. Every thing deteriorates by degrees. The earth becomes subject to convulsions, man to vice; and when the universe touches upon a certain point in the great circle of eternity, the springs of destruction are put in motion, and the whole material system is hurled back into its primitive confusion. The Buddhists, however, believe with Pythagoras, that

"All things are but altered, nothing dies,
But here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
And lodges where it lights in man or beast."

Even the Godhead they imagine to be under the necessity of clothing itself periodically in material forms, and of passing eternally through new modes of existence. The souls of men they suppose to be divine particles, separated forcibly from the great fountain of intelligence, and soiled by their passage through life. Hence the necessity of transmigration and purgatory, for the purifying of the soul, which, notwithstanding its connexion with matter, gravitates, if we may so speak, continually toward the great centre of being, where it is to be finally absorbed in ineffable beatitude. This, so far as we can discover it, is the philosophical system of the Buddhists: the religion propagated among the people, by the ignorant bonzes, is a mass of mere fables and absurdities, unworthy of attention.

Such are the religious systems which diffuse their influence over this vast empire, and which, with truly apostolical zeal the missionaries of Christianity have endeavoured to subvert, to make room for the Gospel. The history of these pious attempts, which, upon the whole, may be said to have been crowned with very eminent success, and to have laid the founda-

tion of incalculable advantages to the Chinese, we shall now enter into at some length.

It has been supposed by many writers, but without authority, that Christianity was first introduced into China by St. Thomas. The earliest event connected with the history of the Gospel in this country, upon which the slightest degree of reliance can be placed, is the arrival of the Nestorian Olopen at Si-an-fon, in the year 635, during the reign of Thai-tsong, the founder of the Thang dynasty. Olopen, who appears to have been a man of eminent virtue and abilities, was hospitably received and entertained by the emperor himself, who granted him permission to erect a church, and publish his opinions. Some writers imagine that Thai-tsong became a convert to Christianity; but, as M. Rémusat observes, the language of the decree which he issued on the occasion is rather that of a Chinese philosopher than of a Christian. The next missionary who penetrated into China was Johannes Montecorvino. Dr. Milne, misled by Mosheim and his authorities, describes the mission of this friar as an embassy of ecclesiastics from Pope Nicolas IV. to Kublai Khan. He travelled through Persia and India, and after sojourning long, and baptizing many converts in the latter country, advanced eastward, as far as Cathay, or Northern China, and took up his residence at Cambalu, or Peking. He found Nestorians both in China and Tartary. After remaining in the country for eleven years, deprived of all communication with Europe, he wrote an account of his labours to the pope, informing him that he had erected several churches, and converted upwards of six thousand persons to Christianity. Clement V., who had now succeeded Nicolas in the papal chair, was so well satisfied with the conduct of the missionary, that he created him archbishop of Cambalu, where he died about the year 1330.

The labours of these early missionaries produced little or no result. The churches they erected fell to decay; their converts died, leaving no successors. An apostle was wanted, who, to the fervour of religious zeal, should unite knowledge and capacity; and such an apostle did the church find in the Jesuit Matthew Ricci. This able and zealous missionary was born at Macerata, in 1552. He was educated, and inspired with the desire of converting the heathen, by that distinguished preacher of the Gospel, Father Valignan, whom a king of Portugal denominated "the Apostle of the East." Disdaining to rely upon an interpreter, or to be repelled by difficulties, however great, Father Ricci and

his companions, Fathers Rogio and Pasio, undertook to penetrate the clumsy mysteries of the Chinese language; and the success, of Ricci, at least, was so complete, that it is probable no Mandarin in the empire understood his mother-tongue half so critically. Up to this period the missionaries had been accustomed to wear the dress of the bonzes, with whom they were generally confounded; but Father Ricci, on obtaining permission to visit the capital, threw off the habit altogether, and appeared in the character of a learned man of the country, and thus greatly recommended himself to a people who pique themselves upon their respect for the sciences. Still farther to flatter the vanity of the Chinese, the learned missionary constructed a map of the world, as we construct a toy for children, in which he placed their country, where they themselves suppose it to be, in the centre, with all the other regions of the earth surrounding it, like satellites round a planet. This able and virtuous man died at the age of fifty-eight, in the year 1610: and so great was the respect in which he was held by the learned and scientific men of the capital, that the principal persons among them attended his funeral procession, in which the crucifix was borne aloft in sight of the Pagan multitude.

Father Ricci was succeeded by Father Adam Schall, a German Jesuit, who arrived in China in 1622. This missionary, equally indefatigable in the study of the severer sciences, and in the discharge of his apostolical duties, inspired the Chinese with so profound a veneration for his character, that, when he undertook the erection of a church at Si-an-fon, where he usually resided, even the Heathen themselves contributed to defray the expense. Schall's reputation quickly diffusing itself over the whole empire, he was at length invited to court, where he was employed, at first in conjunction with Father Rhô, and afterwards alone, in the compilation of the Imperial Calendar. During the reigns of three emperors, the first of the Ming dynasty, and the second and third of the Manchou, he filled this office with distinction; and by degrees rose to the rank of President of the Mathematical Tribunal, or, as the Chinese term it, "Master of Abstract Learning." It is, moreover, related, that the first emperor of the reigning dynasty entertained so strong an affection for Father Schall, that he made it a rule to visit him at least four times in the year, on which occasions he would sit down familiarly on the missionary's bed, and chat with him, or walk about admiring the church, or eating the fruit of the garden of the monastery. The

Jesuit, meanwhile, was not forgetful of the interests of religion. He obtained an imperial decree authorising the preaching of the Gospel; and the Chinese, who think and believe, as well as act, by authority, now began to make it a point of honour to be converted, and flocked so rapidly within the pale of the church, that in fourteen years, viz. from 1650 to 1664, upwards of one hundred thousand persons were baptized. In the midst, however, of this glorious train of success, the Emperor Chunchi, the patron of Father Schall, died, and with him the hopes of the Christians. Khang-hi, Chunchi's successor, was an infant, and the Mandarins who governed the empire during his minority, being inimical to Christianity, commenced a violent persecution against its professors. Of this persecution Father Schall was among the first victims. He was accused, and probably was guilty, of having attempted the conversion of the late emperor; and for this heinous offence, was condemned, after having been for some time in irons, to be strangled, and cut into *ten thousand pieces*, neither more nor less. From putting this sentence, no less absurd than unjust, into execution, the rulers of China were prevented by a concurrence of extraordinary events—the appearance of a comet, an earthquake, and a conflagration, by which four hundred apartments of the palace were consumed. These occurrences being regarded as the testimony of heaven in favour of the prisoners, they were set at liberty; but as the comet disappeared from the sky, and no new earthquake or conflagration occurred, the Mandarins again took courage, recaptured their victim, and by various ingenious contrivances put an end to his existence in 1669.

The characters who have hitherto figured on the scene have been Italians or Germans. But from this date forward French missionaries take the lead in the affairs of Christianity in China. M. de Rhodes, returning from the East in 1650, suggested to the court of Rome the importance of creating a native clergy, under the direction of Europeans, in all those countries where missions were established. The idea, it seems, had already occurred to the Pope, (Innocent X.) who consequently approved of the suggestion of Rhodes. To accomplish his beneficent intentions, the co-operation of numerous individuals was necessary, and therefore the first step was to procure associates. Arriving in search of these at Paris, he there discovered twelve young men, some of whom were ecclesiastics, others secular students, who, under the direction of Father Bagot, a Jesuit, were training themselves up in the practice of the most rigid virtues, with

the view of fitting themselves for undertaking the conversion of the Heathen. When these enthusiastic youths learned the nature of the enterprise in which Father Rhodes was engaged, and understood that it was sanctioned by the Pope; they ardently offered themselves as instruments for effecting the good work, to be employed how and where his Holiness might think proper. Notwithstanding this, the crusade, as it may very properly be termed, against the idols of Paganism was not commenced until 1638. The see of St. Peter was at that time under the government of Alexander VII., who, learning the eminent merit of M. Lamotte-Lambert, councillor of the Parliament of Rouen, and of M. Pallu, canon of Tours, created the former bishop in *partibus* of Berytus, and Apostolical Vicar of Cochin China; and the latter, Bishop in *partibus* of Heliopolis, and Apostolical Vicar of Tonquin. The Bishop of Berytus departed from Europe, accompanied by several missionaries, in 1660; and in 1662, was followed by the Bishop of Heliopolis, who in like manner had several inferior missionaries in his train. Before these adventurous and pious men left Paris for the distant and dangerous field of their labours, a number of their brethren, anxious to promote their designs, and to create them able and worthy successors and coadjutors, united together, and formed themselves into an association denominated the Seminary of Foreign Missions, which was entrusted with the management of the business of the Society for converting the Heathen.

This seminary, however, was not completely organized before the year 1663; at which period M. de Ste. Therese, titular Bishop of Babylon, happening to be at Paris, where he possessed several houses, bestowed them upon the seminary. Louis XIV. now formally authorized the formation of the society, and the acquisition of houses; and to the funds left by the Bishops of Berytus and Heliopolis, added the sum of fifteen thousand livres per annum. The seminary obtained at the same time the approbation of Cardinal Chigi, the Pope's legate, in France, and of the Archbishop of Paris; but these great dignitaries of the church do not appear to have contributed any thing to its funds.

This pious association, which is still in being, consists of a superior and several directors, who are charged with the instruction and maintenance of such ecclesiastics as are intended to preach the gospel in the East. Its revenues are derived from the royal bounty and the extensive charity of private individuals; and

in general suffice for the maintenance of the pupils, the ordinary expenses of the establishment, and the outfit of the missionaries. The society likewise supplies its agents with such things as are necessary for the celebration of the Catholic worship; as vases, linen for the altars, ornaments, objects and works of piety, liturgical, theological and classical books; and in addition to all these, bestows upon every newly-elected bishop about one thousand francs, for the purchase of church plate. It, moreover, sends annually to each bishop, about one thousand francs, and about five hundred to every missionary. One thousand francs are also forwarded, annually, to every separate missionary establishment, to provide against unforeseen expenses.

Each mission possesses a bishop *in partibus*, an apostolical vicar, and in most instances an assistant bishop. To these are generally added several European and native priests, catechists, and students; of whom some study in the schools and colleges, while others, personally attached to the missionaries or the native priests, accompany them in their journeyings, assist them in their duties, and receive from them, or from some catechist, such instruction as may fit them in the course of time to become catechists or priests themselves.

There are two species of catechists in these missions: one fixed, the other ambulatory. Of these, the former consists for the most part of married men or widowers, selected for their virtues and their knowledge of Christianity. The principal duties of these men are, to preside on Sundays and other occasions in the assemblies of their brethren; to read, to exhort, to explain to their congregations the festivals, fasts, and other observances prescribed by the Church. They are also entrusted with the power of baptizing new-born children, whether of Christian or Pagan parents, and adults in peril of death. These catechists also visit the sick: and it is their duty to see that, at Christian funerals, nothing is permitted contrary to the laws and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The travelling catechists live in celibacy as long as they perform this duty, which consists in aiding the missionaries in the instruction of neophytes, catechumens and infidels. Sometimes they accompany the missionaries in their journeys, and at others visit in their stead distant missions, catechising, instructing, exhorting, and consoling the afflicted. In several eastern missions there are convents of nuns, who, without being cloistered, live the usual life of their order, and practise the greatest austerity. Many of them,

indeed, are thought in this respect to equal their European sisters. There are thirty of these convents in Tonquin, each containing from twelve to forty nuns; but the rigour of the laws of China has hitherto prevented the missionaries from erecting convents in that country. Still there is a considerable number of nuns, who, like the holy women of the first ages of the church, live in a state of virginity in the midst of their families, exercising such duties of piety and benevolence as become their sex. Some of these ladies have instituted schools for the instruction of girls in their religious duties.

Notwithstanding the labours and resources of the seminary, the French missionaries did not immediately obtain the ascendancy. The person who succeeded Father Schall in his astronomical and religious duties, was Ferdinand Verbiest, a native of Bruges, who arrived in the empire in 1659. He was entrusted, like his predecessors, with the compilation of the Imperial Calendar; and, in addition to this, had the honour of initiating the emperor Kang-hi in the mysteries of the mathematics. This prince, who did not disdain to acquire knowledge from an European foreigner, was so highly pleased with Verbiest's method of teaching, that, to render unnecessary the intervention of an interpreter, he caused the missionary to study the Tartar language, the only one apparently in which the imperial pupil had made any proficiency. From day to day the duties of the missionary diverged more widely from their religious character, until, in 1681, they included the superintendence of a cannon-foundry. Notwithstanding the little congruity of such an occupation with his sacred calling, and the ignorance and malice of the workmen, who were desirous of defeating all his views, Verbiest succeeded in his extraordinary task, and had at length the satisfaction of presenting to the emperor a park of artillery, consisting of three hundred pieces. At this new proof of ingenuity, Kang-hi could not repress his delight. He took off a robe of costly furs from his shoulders, and presented it, together with his under-robe, to the missionary, as a mark of his imperial favour, and shortly after conferred upon him a title of honour. The last advantage which Father Verbiest procured for the cause of Christianity, was obtaining from Kang-hi an order for the admission of Lecomte and his companions into China. Shortly after this, and before his brethren arrived in the capital, he died, deeply regretted by the emperor, who caused him to be interred with extraordinary pomp and magnificence.

In the year 1685, Lecomte, Visdelon, Gerbillon, Tachard, Fonteney, and Bouvet, left France for the east. After remaining for some time at Siam, where Tachard took up his permanent residence, and laid the foundation of his fame, they proceeded to China, where they arrived in two years and a half from the time of their quitting France. Being now favoured by the Emperor, and, consequently, respected by the people, the missionaries dispersed themselves over the empire, and vigorously prosecuted the work of conversion. Gerbillon and Bouvet remained at Peking; Lecomte resided at Chou-si; Fonteney at Nanking. Each of these men became celebrated for his literary productions, and has left a reputation behind him which time will not speedily obliterate. To give, however, any account of their works, though the task might be agreeable; and not altogether unprofitable, would require more space than could at present be spared; they were, moreover succeeded by many other missionaries,—Couplet, Parenuin, Premare, Gaubil, Amiot, Cibot,—possessing equal, and, in some instances, superior claims to consideration.

The labours of these illustrious preachers greatly advanced the cause of Christianity, which, from being professed, as it was at first, by a few uneducated peasants, gradually found its way among the Mandarins, and began at length to shed its benignant influence even in the palaces of royalty itself. When, however, the Jesuits, by judiciously yielding to circumstances, and accommodating themselves to the character of the people, were proceeding rapidly and surely to lay the foundations of a Christian church in China, other religious orders, and particularly the Dominicans, envying their success, and the glory they had acquired, hastened to the scene of action, and by the intrigues, bickerings, and divisions which they created did more to prejudice the cause of religion than all the opposition and persecutions of the heathen. Instead of uniting together to diffuse around them the blessings of divine truth, and those pure moral habits, and benevolent feelings which are the invariable fruits of it, the missionaries now began to contend among themselves, first, about a term proper to be applied to the Deity, then about the rites of sacrifice annually performed by the Chinese at the tombs of their ancestors, &c. To terminate these disputes, the Church of Rome, apparently sensible of the error it had committed in allowing other monastic orders to interfere with what should have been left to the Jesuits, now sent out legates commissioned to

launch the thunders of the Vatican against the refractory and disobedient. Dissension, however, had spread too widely to be eradicated by such means. Some eluded, others defied, the authority of the church; and the result was fatal to the mission. The Pagans, witnessing the indecent conduct of the missionaries, imbibed a strong prejudice, mingled with contempt, against the religion they professed, and eagerly took occasion, upon the slightest pretexts, to persecute and destroy them. It now became a matter of the greatest difficulty to obtain permission to enter the country; and, by degrees, this difficulty amounted to impossibility. It then became necessary to elude the laws, to creep into the empire by stealth; or, committing a slight crime in order to effect much good, to bribe the officers of police, and thus purchase permission to pass the frontiers.

At this period, when Christianity was under the ban of the law, and when its professors were confounded with the despicable ascetics of Hindostan, or with the rebel native sect of the "White Lily," the mission into the province of Setchuen, the history of which is minutely detailed in the *Nouvelles Lettres Edifiantes*, now before us, was undertaken. Though Christianity had been previously propagated in this province, it could not be said to be in a flourishing condition till the year 1769, when M. Pottier was ordained bishop of Agathopolis, and apostolical vicar of Setchuen. On the arrival of this prelate in the province, the number of Christians did not exceed four thousand, who were instructed and confirmed in the faith by four native priests. He had very soon the satisfaction, however, to observe the efficacy of his ministry; for, in the space of a single year, their number already amounted to ten or twelve thousand; and before the death of this excellent prelate, which took place in 1792, the number of Christians in his diocese had increased to upwards of twenty-five thousand.

We have already alluded to the stealthy manner in which the missionaries are constrained to insinuate themselves into China; and have more than once spoken in general terms of the persecution to which they are exposed in that country from the stupid fears, and more than barbarian cruelty, of the government. We shall now descend to particulars; and for the purpose of at once throwing light upon the character of the Chinese, and the position of those devoted men who labour to enlighten them, shall give a condensed narrative of the adventures of a single missionary, and of that extraordinary rebellion, which, in 1790, had nearly involved the Christians of China in utter destruc-

tion. The letters from which we extract the following account, though they contain much that is valuable, are far from being generally interesting; as they are, for the greater part, filled with perpetual repetitions, digressions of tedious and disproportionate length, and details altogether trivial. We confine ourselves to what appears to be interesting.

The missionary whose adventures we are about to describe, arrived on the coast of China in 1767. Before him lay that vast and mysterious country, stretching like a dark cloud along the edge of the horizon, which, for more than a thousand years, had been closed against the approach of strangers:† where the bones of martyrs lay whitening at the feet of idols; where monstrous systems of error chained down the mind, and kept it grovelling in the dust; and where, perhaps, the fires were then burning, in which his own body was to be consumed. The Cerberuses which guard the entrance to this region of intellectual night, are found, in the shape of custom-house officers, at every port and frontier town in the empire. Those at Macao, with true European negligence, were easily eluded; but when the missionary approached the custom-house of Canton, situated at Fouzan, about twenty one miles farther inland than that city, he experienced considerable difficulty. On entering the empire he had placed himself under the protection of several native Christians, who now accompanied him on his journey, and participated in his dangers. Of these persons some, moving in advance of the missionary, had already arrived at the town, in company with a native priest, in order to provide a barge for him and his companions—travelling in China being chiefly performed by water—and to secure the effects of the mission. The master of the vessel in which they had arrived, who knew the nature of their enterprise, and the extent of the dangers to which they were exposed, left them on the river, while he went to inform their friends of their arrival. During his absence, which was of considerable duration, their apprehensions of being discovered increased every minute; and to add still more to their terrors, a boat filled with soldiers at length made up to them, to examine what they had on board. Both the missionary and his native Christian companions lay concealed under mats; and, in searching the boat, one of the soldiers, lifting up the mats, saw the European face to face. He must necessarily have differed but little from the Chinese in complexion,

† The missionaries were not at any time permitted by law to enter China.

for the sight of him appears to have excited no particular suspicion in the soldier, who dropping the mat again upon him, continued to rummage about the barge, as if rather in search of contraband goods than missionaries. The Christians, however, who considered themselves to be discovered, now began to fear that their fate was sealed; but, in fact, the soldiers had come upon them too suddenly even to allow them time to be disconcerted. They inquired who the strangers were; and the master of the barge's son told them some falsehood, with which they were satisfied. Had these soldiers examined the matter rigorously, their ruin would have been inevitable; for, besides that an old Chinese Christian, at the other end of the boat, trembled like a leaf, and thus betrayed his fears, the air of concealment and secrecy in which the whole party were wrapped, was of itself sufficient to excite suspicion. After keeping them, however, for some time in apprehension and uncertainty, the soldiers departed. Still the river was covered with a number of small vessels, the crews of which, as they sailed up and down the stream, closely scrutinized their barge, and every moment renewed their terrors. The master of the barge, being informed upon his return of what had happened, again hastened back to the city, to consult with their friends. The situation of their affairs appearing to be nearly desperate, it was determined, as a last resource, to hazard a bold step; and, accordingly, one of the Christians of the city coming down to the river, caused them to land, and leading them away towards the fields, to deceive those who had seen them disembark, conducted them through narrow ways thronged with people, where they were every moment in danger of being detected, at length brought them back to the river, and put them into another vessel, and thence into their former place of concealment.

By this means they contrived to escape the first danger; after which, sailing up the river for twelve days, in continual peril and alarm, they arrived at the city of Chao-cheon. Here, to increase their apprehensions, they learned that a few days before, a Jesuit, who was also making his way into the empire, had been discovered and arrested; and had only been suffered to escape by paying to the soldiers and custom-house officers a bribe of four thousand piastres. This circumstance, which disclosed to the Chinese the fact that Europeans could afford to distribute bribes, only rendered the guardians of the empire more vigilant, that they might turn their treachery to better account—

for the supreme God of this nation is money. In order the more effectually to escape from the fangs of these Hesperian dragons, the missionary and his companions were advised to fast, which they did with the greatest success; hungry persons, like the possessors of Gyges's ring, being naturally invisible. To aid, however, the effect of their fasting, bribery was next resorted to; and the omnipotence of money, like the Venus of Virgil, spread a cloud around our modern "pious Rues" and his companions, which enabled them to pass unseen, or unmolested, into the *adyta* of the celestial empire. Still it was judged prudent that they should descend from their bark, and stroll about the country, while the custom-house harpies of Chao-cheou were paying it their formal visit. In the evening they returned, re-embarked, and continued their voyage up the stream, the scene changing suddenly from a warm to a cold country:—

"We now," says the missionary, "left our old vessel, and getting on board another, entered the gorges of the mountains, where the cold was so intense, that, for four days and nights, the boatmen were unable properly to perform their duty. The vessel being open on all sides, the hail and snow poured in upon us, and made us feel all the rigours of winter. At the end of the four days, however, the cold began to abate, and we reached a part of the way where it was necessary to leave the barge and travel on foot. The road over which we travelled was formed of rough blocks of marble, thrown together at random; and these being much worn, were now rendered doubly slippery by the thaw."

This road lying over a mountain, and not being more than three feet wide, at the same time that it was rough, slippery, and thronged with people, was inconceivably fatiguing to the travellers, already exhausted by their previous toils, vigils, and anxiety. To add to their misery, one of their guides, unmindful or careless of the danger they incurred, led the whole party into a small inn, crowded with people, every one of whom was an enemy, and gifted with more than American curiosity and impertinence. By a hasty but cautious retreat they escaped this peril, and, after similar dangers and deliverances, arrived in the course of a few weeks at the province of Setchuen, whither they were journeying. Upon reaching the spot, on which they were to plant the standard of their religion, or wreath their brows with the crown of martyrdom, they had the gratification to

be met and welcomed by one of their own countrymen; but this worthy man had been so long absent from France, that he had forgotten its language, and as often as he attempted to speak, mingled scraps of Latin and Chinese with his mother-tongue. The pious fathers very quickly separated, the old to their labours of conversion, and the young to the places where they might most rapidly acquire that language which was to serve as their principal instrument. For this purpose, each missionary, on his arrival in the empire, is placed in a Chinese family, where the language of the country only is spoken.

It will be remembered that a Christian missionary in China, being introduced into the country contrary to the laws, which prohibit the ingress of all strangers, is generally in danger of being apprehended, and imprisoned, banished, or put to death. It is therefore necessary that he should live in concealment, more or less complete, in proportion as the laws are more or less rigorously administered. When a province happens, for example, to be governed by a mandarin of mild character, the missionaries come from their hiding-places, visit their flocks, preach, baptize, and carry on controversies with the pagans with little or no apprehension. (In the arrival of a new governor of a different stamp, the landscape darkens, the tempest of persecution sweeps over the country, and the showers with which it moistens the earth are showers of blood. To avoid detection, the missionaries suddenly disappear from society, and bury themselves in caverns of the mountains, in wells excavated beneath the houses of their proselytes, or in the solitary depths of forests. On some occasions, pits are sunk in the floors of the houses, and the entrance being carefully covered over, fires are lighted upon them. In these damp, dreary, subterranean abodes, the reverend fathers read their prayers and eat their food by the light of a lamp. On one occasion a Jesuit remained almost hermetically sealed in a hole, in an obscure part of the house, for a whole month, "unable," as he quaintly observes, "to cough or spit," lest he should be overheard by the pagan portion of the family, who were going in and out all day, M. de Saint Martin, bishop of Cadradra, was once compelled to take refuge at midnight in a forest filled with ugras; where he contrived, however, to strike a light, and thus saved himself from being devoured. On another occasion a missionary concealed himself all day in a deep stream, filled with large stones.

To explain the reason why Christianity

is thus persecuted in China,† it is necessary to remark, that it is there confounded with a singular heresy which has long prevailed in the empire; the professors of which, uniting the love of freedom, or, at least, of national independence, with motives of religion, are desirous of expelling their Tartar conquerors, and of restoring the throne to the old Chinese royal family. This sect, denominated *Po-tien-kiuo*, or, "the white water-lily," has in fact existed for many centuries in China, and appears to be an offshoot from the great Buddhist trunk. It is difficult to decide whether its followers differ in their religious opinions from the other Buddhists, and, if they do, in what their differences consist, the accounts of the missionaries bring evidently founded upon the odious reports of their enemies, who seem to think nothing too execrable to be imputed to them. As far as we can discover, they appear to expect the advent of a political Messiah, who, expelling out the brutal Tartars, and restoring the crown to a native prince, may confer peace and happiness upon the empire. It is also said that they anxiously look forward to another avatar, or incarnation of *Fo* (Buddha), whose appearance is to be accompanied by the return of the golden age. Like all other secret societies, they are accused of believing and practising the most horrible and contradictory things; they are said to abstain from all intemperance, and yet to be at the same time guilty of those abominations which intemperance and sensuality alone produce; their creed and their rites are affirmed to be unknown; yet their secret meetings are described as occasions of committing those ineffable impurities which are thought to have polluted the worship of Priapus, Mithra, and Isis.

It is with this ancient and patriotic, however impure, sect, which, from the period of the conquest of China by the Mongols to the present moment, has never ceased to aim, at least, at the expulsion of foreigners and tyrants from their country, that the Christians are confounded; and in the rebellion which broke out in Setchuen, in 1790, and was attended with very extraordinary circumstances, several converts to Christianity were undoubtedly

implicated. Of this rebellion, one of the most important that has arisen in the Chinese empire for many centuries, little beyond vague rumour, has hitherto been circulated in Europe; the work before us, however, supplies materials for a curious history of this popular movement, of which, as they at once throw light upon the spirit and character of the Chinese government and people, and the position of the missionaries in that distant country, we shall here avail ourselves.

About the latter end of the year 1790, two bonzes of the Tao-sze sect, formed the bold design of cutting off the reigning emperor, assassinating the Tartars, and seizing on the government. A young man, represented as of low birth and dissolute manners, was chosen to be placed upon the throne; and an astrologer, who gained his livelihood by fortune-telling, having cast his nativity, and found that, according to the aspect of the stars, he was born to empire, and would quickly rise to the lofty eminence marked out for him by destiny, the two bonzes laid aside all doubt and hesitation, and actively employed themselves in sowing the seeds of rebellion. By their advice, the future emperor assumed the name of Chou, together with a surname indicating his descent from an emperor of the Ming dynasty, the race of princes which immediately preceded that now reigning. The daring and important project was now disclosed to a number of rich and superstitious men in office, who, dazzled by the magnificent promises of the bonzes, and secretly discontented with their foreign rulers, not only entered zealously into the conspiracy, and supplied funds for conducting it, but also by their weight and influence, led many others to follow their example. The enthusiasm of the conspirators increased with their numbers and wealth. The infection spread on all sides. As was the case in the time of our own civil wars, men sold their estates, their furniture, their houses, or mortgaged them for inconsiderable sums, and were but too happy when the bonzes condescended to accept their money. In return, however, the bonzes bestowed titles and offices on the most generous; exempted others from the fines and exactions which would inevitably ensue upon the success of the impending revolution; and, in addition, imparted to all certain signs, designed to protect them from the violence and slaughter to which those who had not contributed were to be exposed. Still, more to inspire and elevate the conspirators, a rumour was politically and extensively circulated, that seven provinces would raise

† From a Chinese proclamation issued at Macao, in 1785, we discover another reason why the missionaries and their converts were persecuted: it appears that each Chinese Christian priest received from the Propaganda a pension of four hundred and fifty livres per annum; and that this circumstance coming to the knowledge of the government, caused it to consider all these priests as spies in the pay of the court of Rome.—*Nouvelles Lettres Edifiantes*, &c., tom. ii. p. 105—145.

the standard of independence at the same moment; and that, according to the most positive and well-founded calculations, the revolution would be completed, the Tartars subdued and expelled, and the new emperor fully established in his authority, in the space of three years. By these means the number of the conspirators quickly became formidable, and several Christians, deluded, like the rest of their countrymen, by the brilliant promises of the bonzes, threw off their allegiance to their sovereign, and united with the rebels. The Bishop of Caradva, in narrating the events of this rebellion, is anxious to have it believed that, although many of his flock were evidently implicated in the guilt of the bonzes, they were by no means actuated, like their pagan neighbours, by the desire of distinction or wealth, but in their conferences with the chiefs of the *mandarins* merely stipulated for the free exercise of their religion. But this interpretation of the matter is not supported by the general tenour of his own relation. The first Christian that entered the ranks was, he informs us, an unsuccessful gambler, who, having lost the whole of his property, without, at the same time, acquiring a philosophical contempt for wealth, was impelled by his cupidity and ambition to try the event of a revolution. This individual belonged to a very rich and distinguished family, most of the members of which had been previously deluded by the chief of the bonzes, who usually resided in their house; and, by their example and arguments, he was also seduced to become the host of the bonze, who rewarded him for his hospitality with the promise of a rich mandarinship. Being himself indigent, he applied to his Christian friends, and by the aid of his brother, who had been ten years a Christian, he not only raised the sums of which he stood in need, but moreover contrived to bring about an interview between his coreligionists and the bonze, in which the parties appear to have come to a perfect understanding. When, however, the Christians proceeded to attempt the conversion of the bonze, the wily or dissolute pagan professed the greatest indifference respecting religious matters, the regulation of which he appeared extremely willing to relinquish to them, acknowledging frankly that he was a priest only in dress and appearance, and for the purpose of humouring the prejudices of the people. With this bold hypocrite, the Christians nevertheless united, after expressing a desire to consult the missionaries upon the subject, which was over-ruled by the gambler. As we are not in possession of the Chinese account of this transaction, we cannot de-

termine whether in reality the missionaries were privy or not to the designs of the bonzes: M. de Saint Martin, of course, denies all participation and knowledge of them; but, considering the terms upon which he lived with his Chinese converts, and the influence he possessed over their minds, his testimony is scarcely credible.

However, arms were fabricated, soldiers enlisted, standards made, and officers to command the troops selected. The generalissimo, a magistrate of some eminence, who had formerly been a butcher, was closely connected with the Christians, perhaps a convert. At least two of his daughters, and more than half of his family, professed the Catholic faith. New-year's eve, when the Chinese usually indulge in all manner of debauchery, was fixed upon for the execution of the plot—on that night, the Tartars, and the chief mandarins of the capital, were to be massacred. Already a great number of ruffians, who were to perpetrate this preliminary crime, had been introduced into the city, where they now were prowling about, mixing with the crowd, elbowing their victims, making themselves acquainted with the features they were to mutilate, and with the heads they were to scatter about in the dust. To avoid all possibility of discovery, these assassins wore no arms for the present. Their weapons were concealed in coffins, and buried in different parts of the environs of the city. To make all the members of this vast conspiracy, which amounted to no less than fifty thousand men, acquainted with the designs of the leaders, a place of general rendezvous was appointed in a lofty and solitary range of mountains, distant about a day and a half's journey from the capital. Thither, at stated periods, the assassins repaired from their various haunts in the province; and it is said that a body of twenty thousand men continually remained united, and in arms, upon the spot.

As the numbers and confidence of the conspirators increased, their prudence diminished, and they no longer concealed their designs. In the bazaars, and other public places, nothing was spoken of but the approaching revolution; and the soldiers, being themselves initiated in the mysteries of rebellion, suffered the people freely to express their feelings and opinions. The government, ignorant of the working of the popular mind, remained tranquil on the mouth, as it were, of the opening volcano. And until within five days of the moment fixed upon for the execution of the plot, M. de Saint Martin also remained, he says, unacquainted with the designs of the rebels, and the move-

ments of his converts. At that time two Christians from a neighbouring district, where the agitation of the public mind was still greater than in his own vicinity, came to disclose to their bishop the fact that a revolt was to take place, but without confessing that they themselves were to take an active part in it. It afterwards appeared, however, that their chief motive for visiting the place was to collect contributions from their brethren, they themselves having already contributed. The bishop, it seems, suspecting that they were guilty, sharply rebuked them; but they denied the fact, and shifted off the accusation upon the gambler already mentioned, and his brother. The bishop was nevertheless convinced of their being implicated in the plot, and, enlarging on the wickedness and enormity of rebellion, counselled them to atone for one crime by committing one still greater, viz. betraying their associates by discovering the conspiracy to the government. His advice came too late; they had been anticipated by the pagans, who had already disclosed the fatal secret to the government, and in all probability accused them of being among the guilty.

The plot was first discovered to the government by a tailor, who had been employed to make the imperial garments. Other pagans, terrified by preparations for a human sacrifice, which, it was rumoured, the conspirators were about to offer up to their colours, also denounced the rebels, indicated their place of rendezvous, and procured soldiers to be sent to verify their accusation. Arms, standards, and thirty of the conspirators were taken; and these, being put to the torture, discovered the names of their accomplices. The intended emperor, who was next day arrested, had, moreover, a list of the principal conspirators about his person. It is curious to observe the effect which the mere anticipation of sovereign power, and the transitory homage of a rebel camp, produced upon the character of this man: when conducted into the presence of the mandarins, before whom it is customary for accused persons to kneel, this incipient king disdainfully refused to submit to the degrading practice; and observed, in a fierce, intimidating tone—"An emperor bends not his knees before his subjects; in a few days I will teach you to respect me!" This boldness, whether genuine or feigned for the purpose, had the desired effect. The dwarf-minded Mandarin, accustomed to tremble before the very shadow of royalty, were awed by this menace, and, without inflicting the usual torture, dismissed the rebel to his prison.

In the meanwhile, troops were despatched in all directions, in search of the

fugitive conspirators; and a rumour was widely and industriously circulated, that the Christians had revolted. Amidst the terror and uncertainty of such moments, the most improbable reports gain credit; but through the benevolent interference of the chief Mandarin of the province, it was determined that, although the Christians might be examined secretly respecting the revolt, they should not be molested on account of their religion. The missionaries, however, accustomed to be persecuted on the slightest pretexes, and ignorant of the merciful disposition of the government were thrown into a state of the greatest alarm; and the aspect of things around them perfectly justified their fears. The multitude, at once timid and cruel, were now excited by indefinite apprehensions to a state of frenzy, and discovering murder and rebellion in the mere entertaining of heterodox opinions, roamed about, like a troop of hungry and howling jackals, cursing the Christians, tearing down the symbols of their worship, and replacing them by the objects of their own stupid superstition. To these outrages the greater number submitted with patience; but some, irritated by the insults of the pagans, and burning to evince their religious zeal, resisted their enemies, and even proceeded so far as to cast down the emblems of idolatry, and set up those of Christianity in their stead. Being ignorant that many of their brethren were in reality among the conspirators, they reproached the Pagans with rebellion; at the same time defying them to point out a single Christian among the prisoners; while the number of the bonzes apprehended and in chains was so great that their very convents were deserted. Their confidence, however, soon vanished. The camp of the rebels was attacked and carried; and the Mandarin who commanded on the occasion, from the same motive which induced Pompey to destroy unread the papers of Sertorius, delivered up the camp, the provisions, the arms, and papers of the conspirators to the Mames. The government, in fact, dreaded to discover the names and number of the guilty. It was satisfied with apprehending and cutting off the leaders.

Among the persons arrested, it was quickly discovered that a great number were Christians and from this circumstance it was clearly foreseen by both parties that the church was about to be assailed by a new tempest. One of the prisoners, expecting to be executed, and anxious to receive baptism before his death, had entreated and gained permission to visit the bishop, confess his crime, and obtain the consolations of religion. He

entered the house. The bishop baptised and comforted him. He then departed. When the poor man was gone, the missionary, fully aware of the danger into which he had been precipitated, naturally felt a desire to escape from the place; but it was midnight, the streets and roads were covered with soldiers rendered vigilant and active by rage against the Christians, and the hope of reward. Besides, the inmates of the house were persuaded that there was no danger. They were quickly undeceived; for day had no sooner dawned than the house was surrounded by soldiers, with orders to apprehend and put in irons, all those found within, excepting the women and old men, under which latter denomination the bishop was spared. All the other Christians of the family were led off in chains to the tribunal.

The barbarous methods by which the laws of China attempt to arrive at the truth, were now resorted to, with abundant success, to criminate the Christians. As, wherever torture is employed, men's lives depend upon the power of a certain individual to endure physical pain, the number of the accused is exactly proportioned to the fortitude or pusillanimity of the tortured person. On the present occasion pain produced its usual results. Accusations, apprehensions, imprisonments rapidly succeeded each other. Terror and anxiety augmented. Without knowing whither to fly, or where to hide themselves, the native Christians were actuated by a vague desire to escape from death. The hopes and fears which looked for their accomplishment in the shadowy regions beyond the grave yielding to the dread of immediate suffering, many began to regard the missionaries as impostors, who, under the pretext of religion, had deluded them into rebellion. The same instinct which impels the flock to shun the stricken deer, inspires in men the desire to escape from such as are infected by the touch of misfortune, and a feeling of anger against them for having once excited their compassion, or crept illicitly into their favour. The missionaries, who but a little while before, had been regarded as messengers from heaven, sent to snatch the ignorant and sinful from everlasting perdition, were now transformed by fear into suspicious characters, whom it was dangerous to befriend, or conceal from the fangs of justice. Some lingering remains of humanity prevented their converts from denouncing them before the tribunals; but we can discover from the obscure and reluctant testimony of the good fathers themselves, that the neophytes did all but accuse them, turn-

ing them out of their houses, and exposing them at noon-day to be apprehended and dragged away to execution by the soldiery.†

The result of the Roman Catholic mission in China has been more important than could have been anticipated, considering the difficulties with which the missionaries have had to contend. In the year 1801, the number of converts in the province of Setchuen alone amounted to upwards of forty thousand, which had increased to fifty-two thousand in 1809. Until 1814, when the last persecution against the Christians broke out, the number continued to increase; and so eminent has been the success of the Gospel in the country, that notwithstanding the disastrous events of that period, the number of Christians in the whole empire is still supposed to be about two hundred thousand.

The history of the Protestant mission in China may be soon told. The Missionary Society, formed in London in 1793, for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the Gospel among the Heathens, sent out Mr. (now Dr.) Morrison to Canton, in 1807. He reached his point of destination the same year, and on his arrival is said to have had to contend against the opposition of the Catholic clergy, as well as against that of the natives. His object, however, was not so much to preach as to translate into Chinese, and distribute among the people, copies of the Holy Scriptures and other religious works, of which one hundred and forty thousand two hundred and forty-nine copies had been circulated in 1818, when Dr. Milne's "Retrospect," &c. was written. It being in China a crime against the state to listen to instruction from a foreigner, Dr. Morrison and the other Protestant missionaries have seldom attempted to preach, except to an individual or two, with fear and trembling, in an inner apartment. The result of this system of operations is not yet known; but we suspect that in order to produce the effect desired, the distribution of books must be accompanied by preaching.

† The history of this rebellion is given in a letter from M. de Saint-Martin, tom. iii. pp. 2-29. Another rebellion, still more important, but briefly and drily described, by M. Dufrene, tom. iii. p. 290-299, broke out in 1796, and was very nearly crowned with success. The "White-water-lily" sect seems destined to be some day fatal to the Tartars.

THE CROOKED STICK.†

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"And took the crooked stick at last!"
 "Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemingly branch she could find. She might if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made *there*, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps; *without* the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry! and each would have felt honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and by, the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her indecision and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech!

Many, I fear we, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days," by a strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life:

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray

you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose; it is absolutely *retroussé*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?"

"Mountainous!"

"Such expressive eyes?"

"Volcanoes!"

"Psha!—Such grace?"

"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eye-glass, and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wager a good round sum, that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die—or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me, what do you require?—A Venus?—A Diana?—A Juno?—A—a—"

"Simply, a woman, my dear fellow; not indeed one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with Chinese features, smoke-dried skins, and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules; nor yet one of your, be-scented, spider-waisted primities, who limp and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections, of the perfections in fact, which I desire, and—I may say—Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word—"I may—I think—say—*deserve*," gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite, Henri Quatre. He insisted on *seven* perfections. I should feel blessed, if the lady of my love were possessed of *six*."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing. "I pray you, tell me what they are?"

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity." Sir Harry Beauchere drew forth his tablets, and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his penknife. "Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied his lordship.

"Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try

† From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.—No. CXI.

to make an impression on her gentle heart; you certainly were first in the field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. Adieu! au revoir!" And with a deeper and more prolonged salutation than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park in Piccadilly, trollying snatches of the last *café-tina*, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable, the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heaptown.

To look forward for a period of five and twenty years blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable *something* pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of Time, while the withered hand which holds the mystic vessel is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature, is a hopeful spirit!

Five and twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beaucherc noted on his tablet the six *indispensable* qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained an unmarried, and admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is too true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart-such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(Heaven bless the word!)—*sensible* chaperons, that Lord Charles's *once* beautiful hair was now indebted to "Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his *once* exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand—I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings!" Then his figure

had grown rotund; he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Ude—(I write with all possible respect)—equal to Enstache Ude in his best days; descanted upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en galantine*, to that served in aspic jelly; and gained immortal honour at a committee of taste, by adding a most *piquant* and delightful ingredient to Mr. Dolby's "Sauce à l'Aurore." These gastronomical propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution; but there were other characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delightful gentleman "of a certain age." A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crash room of the delightful opera, to ascend his carriage; then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he was hardy—I had almost said *fool-hardy*—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well bred; he would have been considered touchy and testy; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society; and whatever spleen he had, he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often (for he was a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals), on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful, as ever; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beaucherc never visited London, except during the sitting of parliament; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native country with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither rattled nor sneaked; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her, who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Haxlitt; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fire-side circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sate gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival

of some benighted visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping-cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honoured. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that “he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family, and so amiable and domestic a companion.” Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he *was* happy; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed; for the gullible bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than “evening,” when he exclaimed, “Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very *vigour* of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior——”

“Only a few months, my dear friend;—my birthday is in May, yours in the January of the next year.”

“Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth (it is, however, a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship), I am really a married man!—There—I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body.”

“Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction.—Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess?—perhaps you recollect it was some five—and—but no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote, this morning—only this very morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were—and do you know (how very odd, was it not?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket,” continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, “intending to show

them to my eldest son—for there’s a great deal—I assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal—My dear lord, what is the matter? you look ill!” To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed—he sidgetted on his chair—the colour heightened on his cheek—and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence. “Never mind the tablets, my good friend,” said he at last; “men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life—I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance.”

“Your pardon, my lord—less of romance than most young men,” replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory, “decidedly *less* of romance than most young men—and not such a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands ‘*NOMBLE BIRTH*,’ right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (*entre nous*) is Lady Frances’s weak point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will have it—that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen.” Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. “It is rather unfortunate, he observed gravely, “that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is, that, knowing how devilish proud all my connexions are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron’s beautiful lines—

‘I have a passion for the name of Mary!’

—my Mary’s father was only a merchant—a—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly *one* of us—but a highly respectable person I assure you; his name is Scroggins.”

“Powers of fashion!” mentally ejaculated the baronet, “will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—the glass of fashion, and the mould of form—the star, the idol of ton and taste—married—positively married to Molly Scroggins of Bunhill-row!”

“I am anxious I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers *here*,” persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; “and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections.”

“Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship,” stammered forth the baronet; “and doubtless her *BEAUTY*”—glancing at the tablets——

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated *Beauty*;—she is all animation—

'Happy nature, wild and simple'—

rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astonished baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—(the rosy, (doubtless signifying redfaced,) laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city butterman, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both *PRUDENCE* and *WIT*, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau monde* as such a combination."

"Oh, yes,—*prudence* I daresay she will have, much cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to *wit*, between you and me, it is a denuded dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, in addition to her other qualifications."

"*GENTLENESS* and *FIDELITY*," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablet, while Lord Charles evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts *polite* persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens! and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say, that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly, &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said, which it would ill befit me to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beauchere Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master."

"There," exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable "Post" in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast-table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be; a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men, who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir," (to his son,) "you shall marry

before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited! The youthful mind is ever pliable; and the early wed grow into each other's habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—*FIDELITY*—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters; he will be glad to escape from the *dégradement* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a *lion* of, for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all old bachelors."

TRUTH, YOUTH, AND AGE.

Truth. What is Immortality?

Youth. It is the glory of the mind;
The deathless voice of ancient Time;
The light of genius, pure, refined!
The monument of deeds sublime!
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine, when countless years have fled,
Magnificent as the first hour!

Truth. What is Immortality?

Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves;
Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains;
Ask it of the ruined fane,
Temples that have passed away,
Leaving not a wreck to say,
Here an empire once hath stood!
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find
Earthly immortality
Is a splendid mockery.

Charles Swain.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.†

FROM the time of the Revolution there has been an increasing tendency to compel a rigorous observance of the Sabbath, until, in the present days, it begins to savour strongly of puritan bigotry and intolerance. Deeply as we respect the motives of the good and pious men who would restrict the bulk of the people from all recreations, however innocent, on the only day when they can enjoy them, we still presume to think that they may push this austerity too far. If our universal Father and Creator delights, as he unquestionably

† From Smith's Festivals, Games, and Amusements.

must do, in the happiness of his creatures, what can be more acceptable to him than the sight of those innocent enjoyments in which they may indulge after the performance of public worship?—what devotion so pure and ardent as the harmless exhilaration of a grateful heart? "Cheerfulness," says Addison, "is the best hymn to the divinity." Even Dr. Watts admits that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less;" and if this be true, why should we object, after performance of the stated worship, to any recreation, any amusement whatever, provided always that it be of an unobjectionable nature? It is high time, even for the sake of religion herself, to shake off those pharisaical austerities which, in the minds of the vulgar, tend to associate her with gloom, sadness, mortification, and *ennui*. The great demoralization of the age has not unfrequently been attributed to Sabbath-breaking, in which offence are included the after-church water-parties of the poor cooped-up Londoners, who, on this only day of relaxation, crowd to Richmond to walk in the meadows, and admire the beautiful scenery. Surely this is a lamentable mistake! An habitual disregard of its enjoined observances, and a desecration of the Sabbath by dissolute indulgences, may doubtless lead to all sorts of immorality and vice; but such profanation is not the prevailing characteristic of the lower classes in England. On the contrary, there is, perhaps, no country in the world where the Sunday is in general more rigorously observed; and, unfortunately, there are few who stand so low in the scale of morality, when compared with other nations. For many centuries the Sabbath afternoon was appropriated, in our country, to all sorts of sports and pastimes, as it still continues to be throughout the greater part of modern Christendom. If we weigh present England, as to morality, crimes, and misdemeanors, either with her former self, or her modern neighbours, shall we find that the severity and gloom of her sabbaths have afforded an increased security against crime? Alas! we fear not. May there not even be a suspicion that by denying open and innocent recreations to the people on their sole holyday, we have driven them into alehouses and other covert haunts of vice, and thus aided the demoralization we were seeking to prevent? Upon this question we decide nothing; but it is one that deserves the most serious consideration. Let all the religious services of the sabbath be duly attended; but let us not violate the cheerful sanctity of its spirit, either by an excess of rigour or of riot. He who, instead of observing its ordinances, habitually abandons himself

to profligate indulgences, is a sabbath-breaker; so is he who dedicates the Lord's day to the worship of his own narrow notions, for this is self-idolatry, who saddens it by misery and moroseness; for this is ingratitude towards heaven; who embitters it with bigotry and intolerance, for this is uncharitableness towards his fellow-creatures.

EARLY RISING:—"I'LL PACK MY PORTMANTEAU."†

I HAD the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays very agreeably, with the family of the Norrington's, at Bristol. Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion, I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along Broad-street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "Highflyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the "Magnet" at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the "Wonder" was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know, that in our enterprising country, adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for nine-pence, with the charitable intention of ruining his neighbour (so think the worthy public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being, in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manoeuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition "tolerable" only in Dogberry's sense of the word—it was "not to be endured." And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking!—for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible im-

† From the New Monthly Magazine.—No. CXXI.

pulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of our's; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"So, Sir," said I to the book-keeper, "you start a coach, to London, at five in the morning?"

"Yes, Sir," replied he—and with the most perfect *nonchalance*!

"You understand me? At five?—in the morning?" rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"Yes, Sir; five to a minute—two minutes later you'll lose your place."

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work, so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"And would you, now, venture to book a place for me?"

"Let you know, directly, Sir. (Hand down the Wonder Lunnun-book, there.) When for, Sir?"

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.—"To-morrow."

"Full outside, Sir; just one place vacant, in."

The very word, "outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, a 'take-in.'

"So you will venture then to book a place for me?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please."

"And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?"

"If you please, Sir,—one-pound-two."

"Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?"

"If you please, Sir,—two-pound-four."

I paid him the money; observing, at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury,—“You shall hear from me again.”

"If you please, Sir; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, Sir,—thank'ee, Sir—good morning, Sir." And this he uttered without a blush.

"To what expedients," thought I, as I left the office, "will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbours.

Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least to the expense of sending me to town, in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor;—and, on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning!"

The first person I met was my friend, Mark Norrington, and—

Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered; when assured by him of the frightful fact, that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach, which, really and truly, did start at five in the morning. But as the novel-writers of the good old *Mis-nerva* school used, in similar cases, to say,—“in pity to my sympathising reader's feelings, I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment over my, oh! too acute sufferings!” These, I must own, were; in no little degree, aggravated by the manner of my friend. Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing: it is a knack of laughing at one's misfortunes; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has a habit of looking at the ridiculous side of things. Ridiculous! Heavens! as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive anything to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow-creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour! After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he, at length, burst into a loud laugh; and exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget) “Well, I wish you joy of your journey; you must be up at four!” away he went.

I have often thought that my feelings; for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very like those of a person about to go, for the first time, up in a balloon. I returned to Reeves's hotel, College-green, where I was lodging. “I'll pack my portmanteau” (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers, on the tables, and on the chairs)—“that will be so much gained on the enemy,” thought I; but on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner; the Norringtons, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people. “No matter; I'll pack it to-night.” 'Twas well I came to that determination: for the instant I entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Norrington rang the bell, and just said to the servant who appeared at its summons, “Dinner:” a dissyllable which, when so

uttered, timed, and accompanied, is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

Before twelve o'clock, I left a pleasant circle, revelling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, plum-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack my portmanteau.

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of "Boots," at the hotel, was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning-coaches, and who, thereby, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I, in a mournful tone, "you must call me at four o'clock."

"Do 'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"Want it, indeed! no; but I must."

"Well, zur, I'll carl 'ee; but will 'ee get up when I do carl?"

"Why, to be sure I will."

"That be all very well to zay overnight, zur; but it beant at all the zame thing when *mornen* do come. I know that of old, zur. Glemmen doant like it, zur, when the time do come, that I tell 'ee."

"Like it! who imagines they should?"

"Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to carl 'ee, you'll not know what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll have 'ee out, dang'd if I doant! Good night, zur;" and *exit*, Boots.

"And now I'll pack my portmanteau."

It was a bitter cold night, and my bedroom fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment,—the walls of which, (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rush-light, as they struggled through the holes of the box,) were of dark-brown wainscot,—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trowsers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair I sat me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces, dials of a larger size,—and, at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR. "A change came

o'er the spirit of my dream," and cadaverous processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by night-mare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head—he grunted at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

"Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock."

"Well, I hear you."

"But I deant hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well, that 'll do."

"Beggin, your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur."

"The devil take you, will you ———"

"If you please, zur; but 'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore—no use for 'ee to grumble, zur; nobody do like gettin' up at vore 'clock, as can help it; but 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and it beant my duty to go till I hear 'ee stirrin' about the room." Good deal past vore, 'tis I assure 'ee, zur.—And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself in order to satisfy him of the fact. "That 'll do, zur; 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and I hope I ha' carld 'ee properly."

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening a window-shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau must be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured: at that villainous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe, in the universe entire), had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in eliciting out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth-brushes

were rivetted to the glass, of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold), they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, if ‘ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-five minutes to vive.”

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of any thing like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. “I’ll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done.” In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host’s frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, zur; ‘ee’ll be too late, zur!”

“Coming!”—Every thing was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots! In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

“Now, zur, coach be going.”

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. “I’m coming,” groaned I; “I have only to pull on my boots.” They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

“What in the name of the ——— do you want now?”

“Coach be gone, please, zur.”

“Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?”

“Bless ‘ee! noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be now vive mile off by now.”

“You are certain of that!”

“I warrant ‘ee, zur.”

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. “Boots,” said I, “you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown.

Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me ———”

“At what o’clock, zur?”

“This day three months at the earliest.”

HENRY BROUGHAM.†

THERE is no place in which eminent lawyers are accustomed to appear which was not occasionally the scene of Mr. Brougham’s professional labours. I have seen him plead in the House of Lords—at the Privy Council—in the Court of Chancery—in all the common-law courts, and before the lunacy commissioners assembled in the Gray’s-inn Coffee-house; indeed, the last of these places was that in which his last great professional effort was made. It was in the case of Mr. Davis, the city tea-dealer, who would now probably be a lunatic according to law, but for the extraordinary power displayed in his behalf by his counsel, Mr. Brougham. But the peculiar professional home of the subject of our sketch was the Court of King’s Bench. There might he be found at an early hour every morning during term-time, and, with brief intervals, throughout the whole of the day, with no very remarkable share of business, but waiting upon his turn to address the judges, and no doubt revolving in his mind many things of higher import than those contained in his brief. Mr. Brougham was at all times accustomed to speak with pride of his profession, even when he held only a subordinate rank in it; but I confess I have felt it to be a mortifying subject of contemplation, when at the very moment that the whole country was ringing with his name, I have seen him sitting in his stuff gown behind the bar, or rising up to be foiled by adversaries more skillful than himself in the minute learning and subtleties of the law, yet so far inferior to him in general knowledge, in intellect, and in eloquence, that language affords no term whereby to make the comparison. Certainly all his adversaries were not of this stamp—there was no humiliation in seeing even Brougham vanquished by the serious logic of Mr. Pollock, or his arguments good-humouredly overset by the ingenuity and extensive knowledge of his friend, Mr. Alderson. The heavy learning, slow but sure, of Mr. Tyndal, made him a respectable adversary, and the acute knowledge of Mr. James Parke was something to grapple with; but other men

† Ibid.

have I seen equally successful against Mr. Brougham, as incapable of appreciating the force of his reasoning upon the facts of the case, as a blind man is of considering the various tints of the rainbow.

It is, however, time to say something of Mr. Brougham's personal appearance and manner. If, reader, you had chanced any morning during term to have walked into the Court of King's Bench, you would probably have perceived, near to one of the extremities of the king's counsel's seat, a barrister with his brief before him, at which he now and then cast a rapid glance, as if a thought had suddenly struck him respecting some point of which he wished to make himself sure; and then he would appear to relapse again into eager rather than profound reflection. There was no deep quietude in his repose—his position was changed frequently, and the nervous twitchings of his nose and upper lip seemed almost to indicate the emotion caused by the forcible suppression of impetuous thought. His face was destitute of all pretension to beauty of feature or elegance of expression; the forehead rather broad, but not lofty; the nose long, and slightly curved upwards; the upper lip long, and the mouth close and firm; his complexion of a hardy paleness, and the visage strongly marked with lines of thought: the eyebrow dark and full, overshadowing an eye, which, in repose, seemed small and incapable of much expression, but in moments of excitement—and they were neither rare nor moderate—flashing forth with such fierce energy as I have not seen equalled in any other man. On the whole, his expression was that of a studious man, and a deep and vivid thinker; and this was Mr. Brougham, as you would presently discover, when some stranger in the crowd, as occurred every moment, asked, "Which is he?" If the eager *ontos ekeinos* be any satisfaction to a reasonable man, no one had better reason to be pleased than Mr. Brougham. I have never heard a speaker more likely to enchain the attention; there was a serious earnestness in his manner, without any of that heavy gravity which sometimes makes seriousness tedious; his voice was clear, his enunciation distinct, beyond that of any other man in court, and a continued flow and impressiveness in his language gave an interest even to ordinary details, of which, in the hands of others, they would have been utterly incapable. He was not loud, yet so clear, distinct, and forcible in his utterance, that not a word was lost; even his under tones, his "talking aside," when he was addressing the judges or a jury, fell with palpable dis-

tinctions upon the ear; but the distinguishing characteristic of all he said was its earnest clearness; there was no unevenness, no hesitation, no hurry of words, no difficulty of expression. He seemed as if he spoke from an earnest conviction in his own mind that he was right; and even when he was quite wrong, as in points of law he very often was, he discoursed so much with the air of a man who was quite certain about the matter, that the unlearned in the law were astonished when they heard the judges pronounce that Mr. Brougham's legal positions were altogether untenable. It was, however, in the management of facts before an intelligent jury that his abilities as an advocate shone conspicuously forth. His extensive knowledge of mankind, and of the affairs of life, furnished him with a continued store of observation and illustration, while his matchless facility and force of language made every circumstance which he touched upon tell with ten times its ordinary weight. His powers of eulogy, and his still greater powers of sarcasm, made his commentaries upon evidence singularly effective, and if he could have condescended to the management of juries, his assistance would have been invaluable to suitors. But this management, this adapting of himself to the prejudice or ignorance of the people he had to deal with, and thus cajoling them out of a verdict, was an art which his impetuous and commanding temper could not submit to learn. His address to the jury was a lecture upon the case or the evidence; he spoke as one having authority, and whose business it was to teach his auditory, by the strongest appeals to their reason, the way in which they should view the case that was before them. His energy always rose with the importance of the circumstances upon which he commented, and gradually proceeded from the vigorous, yet subdued, earnestness with which he dwelt upon simple and ordinary facts, to the very highest strain of eloquent fervor, as his topics became more exciting and important. Then it was that he was accustomed to hurl forth his tremendous weapons of sarcasm and invective—and standing in the attitude of St. Paul in the Cartoon, with his arms stretched forth, heaving forward, as it were, upon the devoted object of his attack the vast volume of his wrath, he proved himself by far the greatest forensic orator of his time; and in that particular department of oratory, the philippic, he has probably not been surpassed by any lawyer since Cicero. Many English lawyers have been noted for their powers of acrimonious abuse, among whom

Sir Edward Coke holds a dishonourable pre-eminence; but in the lofty strain of vehement indignation the subject of our sketch stands unrivalled. It is to be remarked, however, that in the perhaps less manly, but not less persuasive power of the orator, which addresses itself to the kind feelings and gentler sympathies of the human heart, Mr. Brougham was found wanting. To paint the hideous wrong of tyranny and oppression—to exalt the glory of resisting them—to scourge meanness and cruelty—to overwhelm ignorance and presumption with sarcastic scorn, were tasks congenial to Mr. Brougham's powers. The excellence of knowledge—the nobleness of freedom—the stern grandeur of fixed resolution, all these were things which he spoke of as a man who felt them; but the softness of pity—the subduing power of gentleness and goodness—the fervency of affection, and the tenderness of love, either found no sympathy with him, or were not thought fit to be made use of in the exercise of his art—

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.”

He seemed to desire to be borne along by the torrent of his indignation, and never stopped for a moment to watch by the fountains of human tears.

We can scarcely remember *all* the avocations connected with the public to which this extraordinary man has devoted his time;—we might point to him addressing the students of the Glasgow University, or the Council of the London University,—we might speak of his mornings at the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and his evenings at the Mechanics' Institute, bearing all before him with the sway of superior energy and ability, which no one had courage enough to dispute,—we might show him talking, with resistless power, of the value of freedom, at the very place where he maintained a practical despotism, for the furtherance of his own will, and the dispatch of business; but for those matters we have not room, and must beg to conduct our readers at once to the House of Commons, in which, for the last three years of his life as a commoner, Mr. Brougham had no rival who could stand a moment's comparison with him. He was accustomed to take his seat near the Speaker's end of the principal opposition bench, clad in old and ill made garments of black, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, as if it were his object to represent deep and dark reflection, as well as the borough of Winchester. This was the place to see Henry Brougham in his glory. As a lawyer he was surrounded by men superior to him-

self; but here, these very men shrank into nothingness, when he rose to the dignity of the first man in the most important deliberative assembly in the world. Though no man was less pompous, he still seemed to have a perfect sense of the importance of his situation, and in the commencement of the evening, ere the debate warmed him into violence, there was a calm and serious severity in his aspect, which bespoke a stern sense of power, waiting the time for its exertion. Brougham is particularly happy in his voice; it is so clear, so susceptible of modulation, and so much in his power, that when he makes use of a parenthesis, which is a favourite figure with him, it is as distinctly marked by the alteration of tone as it could be in writing. I know not whether it might not be in some measure owing to the silent attention which commonly prevailed in the House when he rose even to ask a question; but it was rare that a single syllable he said was lost, although spoken without any elevation of voice, the enunciation was so distinct and unhesitating, and every sentence leisurely though not slowly uttered. His accent is, I think, peculiar to himself; it undoubtedly has something Scotch in it; but though I have heard all conditions of men speak, from Aberdeen to Annandale, from Cornwall to Cumberland, and from Belfast to Bantry Bay, I have not heard a similar accent. Sometimes he would start up with sudden fierceness, and pour out at once the vials of his bitterness; but, in general, he wrought himself up to the paroxysm of fury, in which he too frequently indulged, commencing his speech cautiously and impressively, with a most copious, unbroken, and nervous flow of words; ever earnest, and idiomatic in his expressions, and winding his way out of the most involved sentences, with curious correctness and clearness of meaning; then warming by degrees, and when his passions were all roused by the force of his own awakened recollections, and the impetuosity of debate, rushing into those unwise and unjust expressions, which, in the days of Plunket and Canning, brought down castigation from men who were capable of administering it even to such a man as Brougham; but when the House of Peers took one of them, and inexorable death swept away the other, Brougham was left without a rival with whom there was a possibility of a fierce encounter. Genius may trample upon, but cannot contend with dullness.

There was no subject nor class of subjects, to which Mr. Brougham confined his attention. Nothing that concerned the affairs of mankind did he consider foreign to himself, and it was most marvel-

lous, that upon such a variety of subjects as he discussed, he could speak with so much effect, and so much show of information. That Mr. Brougham is profoundly and accurately versed in any one subject of human inquiry, no one who has studied him carefully will be apt to decide,—that very few men's knowledge extends over so great a surface, and that no man of the present day is gifted with such ability for making a powerful use of such knowledge as he possesses, all who are acquainted with public men and public affairs will be disposed to admit; and if a list were given of the topics on which he has made lengthened and elaborate speeches, it would fill us with astonishment to think, that even in a series of years a man could have combined, with the necessary attention to the duties of a labouring profession, even a transient study of so many and such extensive subjects. Let us contemplate, for example, his speech on the Reform of the Law in April 1828, which, although connected with his professional studies, although hasty and short-sighted in many of its views, although defective in many respects, as, whether through modesty or conviction I know not, he admitted it to be; yet how wonderful it is, that without any separation from his ordinary exertions in the Courts and in Parliament, he should have got up, even as he did, a subject of such vast extent. How admirable it is, to observe the patient industry, the long and wearisome attention with which he waded through details, that occupied him for upwards of six hours in communicating to the House, and then to mark the loftiness of genius displayed in his peroration, which is undoubtedly one of the finest things in the English language. He has been accustomed to take particular pains with his perorations, and I shall quote the principal part of this one, partly as a splendid example of his powers, and partly because the remarks it contains respecting the possession of office are, considered with relation to his present position, rather curious.

“Whether I have the support of the Ministers or no, to the House I look, with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me. If I go too far, checking my progress; if too fast, abating my speed; but heartily and honestly helping me in the best and greatest work which the hand of the law-giver can undertake. The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import, than ever were done within these

walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—the conqueror of Italy—the humbler of Germany—the terror of the North—account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win,—saw him condemn the fickleness of fortune, while, despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast—‘I shall go down to posterity with the code in my hand.’ You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace. Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The glories of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the reign. The praise, which fawning courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty a work shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling thus. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the lustre in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble, a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap—found it a sealed book, left it a living letter—found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence. To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honour to be the instrument of making you beatify yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be an irksome incumbrance, the emoluments superfluous to one who had rather with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens make his own hands minister to his own wants; and as for the power supposed to follow it, I have lived half a century, and I have seen that power and place may be severed. But one power I do prize, that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power I know full well no government can give—no change can take away.”

Let the reader stretch his imagination to conceive a manner of delivery to the utmost extent of possibility, energetic, earnest, and appropriate to this noble piece of composition, and he will yet fall

short of the manner in which it was actually delivered. The composition is no doubt in the highest degree studied and elaborate, for the most part it is like an admirable translation of a Roman classic; but still there is no needless declamation, it all comes home to business, and it is ever happily mixed with some familiar topics to make it level to the general understanding of the House of Commons, which else might have taken it for the recitation of some school exercise which they could not take the pains to remember.

We shall not follow Mr. Brougham to the woolpack; with Lord Brougham, this slight sketch has nothing to do. But it would be unpardonable to pass over without a passing tribute of applause, his labours in the glorious cause of education and mental improvement. To his matchless energy, to his daring conception, and determined perseverance, is this great cause most signally indebted. The angry disputes of politics will perish, and be forgotten! the voice of the orator will be heard no more; and the thousands of hearts that beat with the inspiration of his eloquence, will be still as the turf beneath which they sleep; but even then, will our children, and our children's children, be tasting of that mighty tide of knowledge, which Brougham has done so much to set in motion, and myriads of instructed men will venerate his name. When we think of these things, we forget the fierce and intemperate politician; we remember only the man to whom intellectual ability is the surest passport for attention, who, while he is all scorn to dunces, however high their station, is all humility to knowledge, however lowly may be the garb that clothes it.

THE EPITAPH OF 1830.

HERE lie, although shorn of their rays,
In the family-vault of old Time,
Three hundred and sixty-five days
Of folly, pride, glory, and crime.
You may mourn o'er their miseries still,
You may dance o'er their desolate bier;
You may laugh, you may weep, as you will—
Eighteen-Hundred-and-Thirty lies here!

It brought us some good on its wings,
Much ill has it taken away;
For it gave us the best of us—kings,
And darkened the conqueror's day.
It narrowed Corruption's dominion,
And crush'd Aristocracy's starch,
Gave nerve to that giant, Opinion,
And spurred up old Mind on his march:

It drew a new line for court-morals,
Laid hands on the pensioner's treasure,
And told us—we'll crown it with laurels—
Reform is a cabinet measure.
It brought, to the joy of each varlet,
Both sides of a coat into play;
For it stripped off the faded old Scarlet,
And turned the court-livery grey!

It set all the sycophants sighing,
And taught them to blush and look shy;
It made, though unfit for dying,
Proh pudor! a marchioness fly.
How many it found looking big,
Till it plucked out the feathers they wore!
On the woolpack it placed such a Whig
As had ne'er graced the woolpack before.

It brought Captain Swing in a flame,
With his wild game of fright to our cost;
While, skilled in a different game,
Surgeon Long played a rubber—and lost.
It gratified Haut in his thirst
To sit as a patriot member;
And it brought us back April the First,
When we thought it the Ninth of November.

And oh! it made freedom the fashion
In France—who can ne'er have too much;
And who put all the rest in a passion—
The Russians, Poles, Belgians, and Dutch!
Let this be the end of its story!
May the year that now breaks o'er its tomb
Have a gleam or two more of its glory,
A shade or two less of its gloom!
Monthly Magazine.

DR. PARR.†

A CROWD of morning visitors was collected in a front drawing-room of one of Dr. Parr's friends, of which I made one. In a remote back drawing-room was heard, at intervals, the clamorous laugh of Dr. Samuel Parr, then recently arrived from the country upon a visit to his London friend. The miscellaneous company assembled were speedily apprised who was the owner of that obstreperous laugh—so monstrously beyond the key of good society; it transpired, also, who it was that provoked the laugh; it was the very celebrated Bobus Smith. And as a hope was expressed that one or both of these gentlemen might soon appear amongst us, most of the company lingered in the reasonable expectation of seeing Dr. Sam.—We ourselves, on the slender chance of seeing Mr. Bobus. Many of our junior readers, who cannot count back far beyond the year in question, (1812), are likely to be much at a loss for the particular kind of celebrity, which illustrated a name so little known to fame in these present days, as this of Bobus Smith. We interrupt, therefore, our little anecdotes of Dr. Parr, with the slightest outline of Mr. Smith's

† From Blackwood's Magazine.—No. CLXXV.

story and his pretensions. Bobus, then, (who drew his nickname, we conjecture, though the *o* was pronounced long, from subscribing the abbreviated form of *Bobus*, for his full name *Robertus*)—a brother of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who now reposes from his jovial labours, in the Edinburgh Review, upon the bosom of some luxurious English Archdeaconry,—had first brought himself into great notice at Cambridge by various specimens of Latin verse, in the Archaic style of Lucretius. These we have sought for in vain; and, indeed, it appears from a letter of Mr. Smith's to Dr. Parr, that the author himself has retained no copies. These Latin verses, however, were but bagatelles of sport. Mr. Smith's serious efforts were directed to loftier objects. We had been told, as early as 1806, (how truly we cannot say), that Mr. Bobus had publicly avowed his determination of first creating an ample fortune in India, and then returning home to seize the post of Prime Minister, as it were, by storm; not that he could be supposed ignorant, how indispensable it is in ordinary cases, that good fortune, as well as splendid connections, should concur with commanding talents, to such a result. But a condition, which, for other men might be a *sine qua non*, of our own youthful experience as for himself he ventured to waive, in the audacity, said our informant, of conscious intellectual supremacy. So at least the story went. And for some years, those who had heard it continued to throw anxious gazes towards the Eastern climes, which detained her destined premier from England. At length came a letter from Mr. Bobus, saying, "I'm coming." The fortune was made; so much, at least, of the Cambridge menace had been fulfilled; and in due time Bobus arrived. He took the necessary steps for prosecuting the self-created mission; he caused himself to be returned to parliament for some close borough: he took his seat: on a fitting occasion he prepared to utter his maiden oration; for that purpose he raised himself bolt-upright upon his pins: all the world was hushed and on tiptoe when it was known that Bobus was on his legs: you might have heard a pin drop. At this critical moment of his life, upon which, as it turned out, all his vast cloud-built fabrics of ambition were suspended, when, if ever, he was called upon to rally, and converge all his energies, suddenly his presence of mind forsook him: he faltered: rudder and compass slipped away from him: and—oh! Castor and Pollux!—Bobus foundered! nor, from that day to this, has he been heard of in the courts of ambition. This catastrophe

had occurred some time before the present occasion; and an event which had entirely extinguished the world's interest in Mr. Bobus Smith had more than doubled ours. At length the door opened; which recalls us from our digression into the high-road of our theme; for not Mr. Bobus Smith, but Dr. Parr entered.

Nobody announced him; and we were left to collect his name from his dress and his conversation. Hence it happened, that for some time we were disposed to question ourselves whether this might not be Mr. Bobus even, (little as it could be supposed to resemble him), rather than Dr. Parr, so much did he contradict all our rational preconceptions. "A man," said we, "who has insulted people so outrageously, ought not to have done this in single reliance upon his professional protections; a brave man, and a man of honour, would here have carried about with him, in his manner and deportment, some such language as this—'Do not think that I shelter myself under my gown from the natural consequences of the affronts I offer; mortal combat I am forbidden, sir, as a Christian minister, to engage in; but, as I find it impossible to refrain from occasional license of tongue, I am very willing to fight a few rounds, in a ring, with any gentleman who fancies himself ill-used.'" Let us not be misunderstood; we do not contend that Dr. Parr should often, or regularly, have offered this species of satisfaction. But we do insist upon it—that no man should have given the very highest sort of provocation so wantonly as Dr. Parr is recorded to have done, unless conscious that, in a last extremity, he was ready, like a brave man, to undertake a short turn-up, in a private room, with any person whatsoever whom he had insulted past endurance. A doctor, who had so often tempted a cudgelling, ought himself to have had some ability to cudgel; considerations such as these, and the doctor's undeniable reputation (granted even by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator, throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared us—nay, entitled us—to expect in Dr. Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at the least. Even his style, puffy, and bloated, and his acquiescent words, all warranted the same conclusion. Hence, then, our surprise, and the perplexity we have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a buzz wig, cut his way through the company, and made for a *fauteuil* standing opposite to the fire. Into this he lounged, and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon us

Here arose a new marvel and a greater. If we had been scandalized at Dr. Parr's want of thews and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Sam Johnson, much more, and with better reason, were we now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanour. Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine† enunciation of Dr. Johnson, an infantine lisp—the worst we ever heard—from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might dispense his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbé.

Yet all that we have mentioned, was, and seemed to be, a trifle by comparison with the infinite pettiness of his matter. Nothing did he utter but little shreds of calumnious tattle—the most ineffably silly frivolous of all that was then circulating in the Whig *salons* of London against the regent. He began precisely in these words: "Oh! I shall tell you" (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) "a sto-hee" (lispingly for story) "about the Pince Thegent!" (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent*). "Oh, the Pince Thegent—the Pince Thegent—what a sad, sad man he has turned out! But you *shall* hear, Oh! what a Pince! what a Thegent!—what a sad Pince Thegent!" And so the old babbler went sometimes wringing his little hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of the lowest and most scandalous description, suddenly he rose and hopped out of the room, exclaiming all the way, "Oh! what a Pince, oh, what a Thegent—did any body ever hear of such a sad Pince—such a sad Thegent—such a sad, sad Pince Thegent? Oh, what a Pince," &c., *da capo*.

Not without indignation did we exclaim to ourselves, on this winding up of the scene, "And so that then, that lisping slander-monger, and retailer of petty scandal and gossip, fit rather for washer-women over their tea, than for scholars and statesmen, is the champion whom his party propound as the adequate antagonist of Samuel Johnson! Fugh!"

Dr. Parr's person was at once coarse, and in some degree mean; for his too

friendly biographers have repeatedly described his personal appearance in flattering terms, and more than once have expressly characterised it as "dignified;" which it was *not*, according to any possible standard of dignity, but far otherwise; and it is a good inference from such a misstatement to others of more consequence. His person was poor; and his features were those of a clown—coarse and ignoble, with an air, at the same time, of drollery, that did not sit well upon age, or the gravity of his profession. Upon one feature, indeed, Dr. Parr valued himself exceedingly; this was his eye: he fancied that it was peculiarly searching and significant: he conceived, even, that it frightened people; and had a particular form of words for expressing the severe use of this basilisk function. "I *inflicted* my eye upon him," was his phrase in such cases.† But the thing was all a mistake—his eye could be borne very well: there was no mischief in it. Doubtless, when a nervous gentleman, in a pulpit, who was generally the subject of these inflictions, saw a comical looking old man, from below, levelling one eye at him, with as knowing an expression as he could throw into it—mere perplexity as to the motive and proper construction of so un-reasonable a personality might flutter his spirits; and to the vain, misjudging operator below, might distort this equivocal confusion, arising out of blank ignorance of his meaning, into the language of a conscious and confessing culprit. Explanations, in the nature of the thing, would be of rare occurrence; for some would not condescend to complain; and others would feel that the insult, unless it was for the intention, had scarcely body enough and tangible shape to challenge inquiry. They would anticipate, that the same man, who, in so solemn a situation as that between a congregation and their pastor, could offer such an affront, would be apt to throw a fresh ridicule upon the complaint itself, by saying—"Fix my eye upon you, did I? Why, that's all my eye with a vengeance. Look at you, did I? Well, sir, a cat may look at a king." This said in a tone of sneer: and then, with sneer and strut at once, "I trust, sir—humbly, I take leave to suppose, sir, that Dr. Parr is not so obscure a person, not so wholly unknown in this sublunary world, but he may have license to look

† Boswell has recorded the remarkably distinct and elegant articulation and intonation of Johnson's English.

‡ Lord Wellesley has been charged with a foible of the same kind; how truly, we know not. More than one person of credit assured us, some six-and-twenty years ago, that at his levees, when governor-general of India, he was gratified, as by a delicious stroke of homage, upon occasionally seeing people throw their eyes to the ground—dazzled, as it were, by the effulgent lustre of *his*.

even at as great a man as the Reverend Mr. so and so." And thus the worthy doctor would persevere in his mistake, that he carried about with him, in his very homely collection of features, an organ of singular power and effect for detecting hidden guilt.

All his biographers record the uncontrollable ill temper and hasty violence of Dr. Parr within his domestic circle. And one anecdote, illustrating his intemperance, we can add ourselves. On one occasion, rising up from table, in the middle of a fierce discussion with Mrs. Parr, he took a carving knife, and applying it to a portrait of that lady hanging upon the wall, he drew it sharply across the angular, and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear, thus murdering her in effigy.

Dr. Parr was a Whig in politics. On Mr. Pitt and the rest who joined in suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, Dr. Parr was wont to ejaculate his pastoral benediction in the following after-dinner toast—" *Qui suspendent, suspendantur!*" And afterwards, upon occasion of the six bills provoked by the tumults at Manchester, Glasgow, &c., his fatherly blessing was daily uttered in this little fondling sentiment,—"Bills for the throats of those who framed the bills!"

MISERS.†

QUENTIN MASTIS, the blacksmith of Antwerp, painted a picture, which he called "The Misers." He was wrong in the designation, and inapprehensive of the topic. His figures are not the figures of misers, but of comfortable cosy old souls, partners in a flourishing concern. They are excellent accountants, and you see that they are satisfied with the aspect of their books. Misers! Why there is nothing miserable about them; and, if I recollect aright, the door of their room is standing ajar while they are making up their accounts, and their money is lying loose on the table. People talk about misers without seeming to know any thing of the matter. He is not a miser who collects much money, counts it carefully, looks at it frequently, and spends it rarely; he is not a miser who wears an old coat when he has money enough to buy a new one. A man who is worth twenty thousand pounds, and gets five per cent. for his money, and spends it, enjoys a thousand a year; but he who keeps twenty thousand pounds in

bags, and loves the sight of his gold, and feasts his eyes with gazing at it, and his fingers with handling it, enjoys twenty thousand a year. Let the unlearned reader, if such there be, know that *miser* is a Latin word, signifying miserable; it is, therefore, a contradiction in terms to call a man a miser who is not only not miserable, but decidedly happy in doing and being that for which he is called a miser. Old Elwes was a happy man, notwithstanding his elongated visage, his attenuated frame, and his non-enjoyment of revelry and noise gaiety. He was not miserable when, from his saving care of money, the roof of his house admitted the rain, but was exceedingly happy in his reply to a visitor, who said, "Mr. Elwes, the roof of your house is in a sad condition, the rain absolutely came upon my bed, and I was forced to push it up to the farther end of the room to get it out of the wet." "Ay, ay," said the old gentleman, "that is a nice snug corner in wet weather."

The true and real miser is he who not only has no enjoyment of his money, but who finds and feels money to be a source of pain; who feels in every payment a pang that penetrates his inmost soul; whose money quits his purse as reluctantly as a three-pronged tooth parts from its bony and agonized socket; who is always meditating some plan of saving expense, and is as constantly thwarted in his schemes; who is really miserable because he has not the courage to be what the world calls a miser; who endeavours to be generous, but has not the heart to be really so; who at the sight of a beggar sickens with a sadness, mis-called sympathy, and pities his own pocket more than his neighbour's poverty; who buys every thing as cheaply as he can, and then, after all, has the pleasure of cursing his stars that he has paid sixpence more than was absolutely necessary. Your genuine miser has often a very good coat to his back, and may even dwell in a water-proof house; but he has haggled with his tailor till he has lost his temper, and he fidgets his very life out to see the gloss departing from the broadcloth; and when he pays his rent, he writhes like a baby with a blister on its back at the thought that another house in the same street is let for 5*l.* a year less than his. He is a great bargain-hunter, and, of course, is often bit; he buys advertised wine, and smacks his lips over Cape. He has not the spirit to spend money, nor the courage to hoard it. He will buy, but it is all trash that he buys. He will be charitable in his way, but it is in a little way; he praises the Mendicity Society, and reads Malthus on population. He is continually getting in-

† From the Atlas.—No. CCXLII.

to scrapes with hackney-coachmen and watermen. He calls a coach on a rainy day, and still he is wet through in order to make a good bargain with the coachman. During the whole extent and duration of his ride, he is calculating how much it will cost him, and when he has paid his fare he wishes he could have his money back again and disgorge his ride. He cannot forgive himself for spending a needless sixpence; he repents of the extravagance with as much contrition as a man who has committed a moral enormity; he would almost inflict a penance on himself and scourge his own shoulders for his folly. He cannot bear to be cheated of a farthing. So he says, but he means that he never parts with a farthing but with reluctance. He has no notion of buying golden opinions. He has some little regard, however, to opinion, and wishes to have it without buying; if, however, it must be bought, he will endeavour to buy it as cheaply as possible. He has an eye to quantity, not quality. He has abhorrence of all public amusements which are not accessible without payment; and if ever driven by a strong impulse of curiosity to visit a theatre, he will spend a whole day in hunting after a free admission, and if, after all, he must pay for admittance, he will have as much as he can for his money, and sit to the last dregs of a drowsy farce, though he be as weary as a horse, as sick as a dog, and as sleepy as a cat. Whatever he has bought and paid for, he will use and consume, however much against the grain. If he has hired a stupid novel, he will read it throughout; if he has paid a fare in a stage-coach, he will ride in it as far as it will carry him; if he has taken lodgings at a watering-place, he will stay till the last moment, let the weather be as bleak as December; if he has subscribed to a cold bath, he will have his quantum of dips at the risk of his life; if he be a member of a club, he will read every newspaper; and if he sees and hates himself in this portrait, he will peruse it to the end because he has a right to do so.

VARIETIES.

Kamschatka Hospitality.—When the Kam-chatdale is in a peculiarly hospitable humour, or is anxious to conciliate a fellow-countryman, whose hostility he dreads,

he heats his subterraneous dwelling until the temperature becomes almost past endurance; then, undressing both his guest and himself, he sets a profuse supply of food before him, and, during the regale, takes special care that the heat be in no-wise slackened. Succumbing under the double assault of roasting and gourmandizing, the visitor at length avows that nature can no longer withstand either the one or the other: "mine host" is admitted to have done all that the most punctilious civility can exact; and he then proceeds to levy a contribution on his honoured guest in retaliation of the hospitable greeting which he has enjoyed. *Kotzebue's Last Voyage.*

New-Year's Presents.—Pins were acceptable new year's gifts, in the time of Elizabeth, to the ladies, as substitutes for the wooden skewers, which they used till the end of the fifteenth century. Instead of this present they sometimes received a composition in money, whence the allowance for their separate use is still termed 'pin-money'. To the credit of the kindly and amiable feelings of the French, they bear the palm from all other nations in the extent and costliness of their new year's gifts. It has been estimated that the amount expended upon *bon-bons* and sweetmeats alone, for presents on New Year's Day in Paris, exceeds 20,000*l.* sterling; while the sale of jewellery and fancy articles in the first week in the year is computed at one-fourth of the sale during the twelve months. It is by no means uncommon for a Parisian of 8000 or 10,000 francs a-year to make presents on New Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. At an early hour of the morning this interchange of visits and *bon-bons* is already in full activity, the nearest relations being first visited, until the furthest in blood and their friends and acquaintances have all had their calls. A dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas Day, with cards, dancing, or other amusements. In London, New Year's Day is not observed by any public festivity; the only open demonstration of joy is the ringing of merry peals from the bellfries of the numerous steeples late on the eve of the old year, until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour.—*Smith's Festivals.*

The Ettrick Shepherd's Song of Donald M'Donald.—Donald M'Donald I place first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses—for there it ranks rather low, but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it

first appeared. I wrote it when a bare-footed lad, herding lambs on the Black-house Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the three kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author. [He hears in a theatre a singer substitute, a last verse of his own for the original one.] It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored; and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as anybody. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night, that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar. Another anecdote concerning this song I may mention; and I do it with no little pride, as it is a proof of the popularity of Donald M'Donald among a class, to inspire whom with devotion to the cause of their country was at the time a matter of not little consequence. Happening, upon one occasion to be in a wood in Dumfries-shire, through which wood the high-road passed, I heard a voice singing; and a turn of the road soon brought in sight a soldier, who seemed to be either travelling home upon furlough, or returning to his regiment. When the singer approached nearer, I distinguished the notes of my own song of Donald M'Donald. As the lad proceeded with his song, he got more and more into the spirit of the thing, and on coming to the end,

'An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a' !'

in the height of his enthusiasm, he hoisted his cap on the end of his staff, and danced it about triumphantly. I stood ensconced behind a tree, and heard and saw all without being observed.—*The Ettrick Shepherd's Commentary to his Songs.*

Mistakes of Actors in the bent of their Talents.—One of the oddities of theatrical life is that all the leading actors originally mistook their talents. John Kemble began in comedy, and the delusion lasted with him longer than with most of them; for, to his dying day, he thought he could flourish in Charles Surface. Jones, the gayest of actors, and whose absence from the stage has left it sombre, began in the most formal tragedy; Liston played Othellos and Julius Cæsars; and Fawcett is recorded as having begun with Romeo—a character which, when we recollect Fawcett's granite physiognomy, must have been one of the miracles of love-making
Monthly Magazine.

Unchangeable Costume.—The Asiatic people never change the fashion of their dress. From one generation to another, the same forms, folds, decorations, and colours, descend unvaried. They never laugh at their grandmothers, and are totally inapprehensive of the humour of quizzing an old square-toes. They have a notion of a by-gone age, and they partake of the universal feeling of veneration for the wisdom and virtue of the good old times, but it is altogether a moral and not a formal notion. They have no peculiarly quaint form in which to dress out ancient virtue. They have no picturesque recollection of high-crowned hats, or flowing perriwigs, or tamboured waistcoats, or high-heeled shoes, or head-dresses gazing the moon. The father of the faithful wore precisely the same kind of turban and vest as are now worn by the gayest dandy of a mussulman.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Additions to the British Fauna.—It is not generally known that the three distinct species of three-spined sticklebacks, have been constantly confounded under the name of *gasterosteus aculeatus* of Linnæus. Mr. Yarell has fished all three species up in the Thames, near Woolwich. They are distinguished by the distribution of the scales, which in the first extend throughout the whole length of the side. In the second they reach no farther backwards than the line of the vent; and lastly, in the third species, the lateral scales extend no farther than the rays of the pectoral fins.

Greek Priests.—I was one day speaking to a Greek gentleman respecting the deficiency of their priest's education. "To show you," said he, "the estimation in which they are held, I will relate to you a story current among the people. 'There was a merry fellow once who, wishing to expose the ignorance of the priests, led an ass up to the bishop, and respectfully begged that he would confer ordination upon him.'—'Out upon you!' said the bishop in a rage, 'how dare you insult the mysteries of our holy religion by such a proposal?—away with you!' The man turned round, and was leading the beast away, when the bishop perceived a purse full of gold hanging to his tail. "Stop, friend," he cried out, "I was wrong; bring your animal back; for, although only an ass in front, I see that he will make an excellent priest behind."'
Trant's Travels.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF A CONTINENT AT THE SOUTH POLE;†

IN A LETTER TO THE KING, BY
CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

SIRE;

COLUMBUS was led, by the reasonings of his own great mind, to conclude that there existed another continent opposite, and balancing that of the old world. And although he was much ridiculed for his supposition, he maintained his noble theory with a steady and zealous enthusiasm. Columbus stands rooted to the pedestal of immortality as an everlasting memorial of the genius, the perseverance, and the intelligence of man. Time may ruin kingdoms, and moulder mountains to the dust—death may sweep away its millions, and the grave devour its never-failing harvests—but the name of Columbus shall be honoured

"Till the great globe itself,
And all that it inhabits, shall dissolve!"

Astronomers teach us, that every glimmering star that we behold in the canopy of heaven is a world burdened with animal and vegetable life. Man *believes* this, and fain would look into those worlds which roll so far beyond his power of ever visiting. But let him look to Columbus, and turn to his own world; hidden treasures lie here; "let him seek and he shall find"—let him reason with himself, and perhaps his theory will lead to as astonishing a discovery as did the suppositions and perseverance of the indefatigable Columbus.

I cannot conclude these introductory observations without one other remark. Behold the man whom the world designates a "Hero"—an Alexander or a Bonaparte—the man whose deeds are written in letters of blood—whose world is surrounded by an ocean of tears, and an atmosphere of sighs—the hero! the murderer!‡—the man who robs thousands of mothers of their partners and children; is he not great?—is he not glorious?—is he not mighty?—is he not immortal?—Yes! But he, who, without the horrors of infernal war—without the sighs and tears of tens of thousands—without bloodshed—discovers a new world, with which we can have intercourse, and sympathy, and fellow-feeling, is a far greater—far more glorious—far mightier, and far

† Letter to the King on the Existence of a Continent at the South Pole. By Charles Doyme Sillery, Esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's Sea Service. author of "Vallery," "Eidied of Erin," "Essay on the Creation of the Universe," &c. &c. Edinburgh, 1830. Unpublished.

‡ "One murder makes a villain—millions a hero!"—*Bishop Porteus.*

more deserving of immortality. I dwell thus on the glory of Columbus, because I would emulate him; I would hold him up as a model, an example, and a pattern to myself; and I pant for the power to imitate such an example, to prove my enthusiasm, and to benefit my country.

To enter now upon my subject; I may remark, in the first place, that all navigators have observed, in southern latitudes, icebergs floating very far to the northward. The southern hemisphere has always been represented as being much colder than the northern is the same latitudes. There is implanted in the human breast a lazy, passive indolence, which inclines most men rather to believe what others have believed before them, than to exert their own judgment, and differ from the prejudices and opinions of the world, whether those opinions be true or false. And thus has the southern hemisphere been represented as the coldest quarter of the globe, and thus has the southern ocean been represented as a field of ice within the latitude of seventy-five deg. I have only to reply to this (I speak from experience) that the antarctic ocean is, in reality, not one degree colder than the arctic in the same latitudes. I grant that South America is so; but its elevation alone, setting aside all other reasons, of winds, &c., accounts for the latitude being much colder there than the same in Europe; the latitudes at sea have nothing to do with those on shore—at sea, the extreme cold in both latitudes is alike.

Secondly. As for the southern ocean being one immense desert field of ice, as was formerly believed, it has been very satisfactorily proved, by a recent voyager, (Captain Weddel) to be quite the reverse. After passing through an extensive barrier of ice-islands, about fifty miles broad, commencing in the latitude of sixty-eight deg., he actually reached the high latitude of seventy-four degrees fifteen minutes south. Here, with very clear weather, he was astonished to find, that not a single piece of field-ice, and only four ice-islands, were in sight, even as far as the eye could reach from the mast-head. The state of the ocean in this high southern latitude must excite considerable wonder in the minds of men of geographical inquiry, who, since the unsuccessful attempt of Captain Cook to advance beyond the seventy-first degree, have considered these regions as impenetrable.†

† As this part of the ocean is not known to have been before visited, and has been considered hitherto as unnavigable, Captain Weddel judged proper to confer upon it the name of "The Sea of George the Fourth," in honour of our late gracious sovereign.

An open ocean, without any obstruction! no fields of ice, nor shoals, nor rocks! unfathomable! undiscovered! unconceived! Oh! what might have been the reward of a little perseverance? Had Captain Weddel but proceeded, how might he have been crowned with success! how have returned to a fame and an immortality like that of Columbus! But he did not persevere; the lateness of the season, and other concurrent circumstances, compelled him to take advantage of a strong southerly wind to return homewards. Nevertheless, he returned to inform us, that a boundless ocean rolls at the South Pole, unspotted by an ice-berg, untroubled by a shoal!—and he has had his reward.

Thirdly. On considering when a globe is set in motion, constantly revolving round two points—the poles—I know that any detached and floating masses would have a natural tendency to approach the equator (where, had the earth but thirteen times its present velocity, they would fly off in a tangent from the world altogether). I therefore concluded, for many years before it was verified, that these masses of ice, being detached from the land, would move gradually towards the equator, forming a broad ring, or zone, at some distance from the pole, and that when the ice got into more northern latitudes, the heat of the sun would melt it; this is now ascertained to be the fact; and by this means the continent may be cleared of its mighty mountains of ice.

Fourthly. The icebergs are often seen covered with earth!! What can be more convincing than this? And moss and grass have been observed upon them—this I should almost deem satisfactory!

Fifthly. The ice is *fresh*, and seems to have been frozen from the water of rivers.

Sixthly. Birds of many varieties have been seen in those southern latitudes.

Seventhly. It is well known that the largest masses of ice are formed in *shallow* water.

And, lastly. As the poles are depressed, or rather the equatorial regions elevated, by the revolution of the earth upon its axis, it is most natural and philosophical to conclude, that the land at the poles, even should it be very level, and totally free from mountains, must, in a great measure, be left dry; while the ocean at the equator must be exceedingly deep. This I once conjectured; but experience taught me the *truth* of it—the deep on the equator is *unfathomable*.

Whence come all the islands of ice that float from the south pole? Is it not from shallow water? How come those icebergs to be perfectly fresh? Is it not from great rivers? If those rivers exist, mountains

must give them birth! How is it that the ice is in detached masses? They could never be severed from a mighty deep and desert field; is it not because they are broken off from the land, or brought down by rivers and tides? Whence come all the birds that are met with in those regions? Have they no resting place? Do they not encircle a continent? Where are the shores that have nearly covered some icebergs with soil and tufts of moss and grass? And since islands have been discovered there, is it not natural to conclude that they are not far from the main land? Yes! He who giveth life to the clod of the valley—who supports ten thousand animalcules in a drop of water—who fills the very air we breathe, and covers every leaf of the forest and blade of the meadow with life, teeming and invisible to the unassisted eye of man—created not that boundless ocean in vain! Its waste of waters was surely made to purify the atmosphere of another continent—its billows to wash other shores, with which we shall yet become acquainted, and where the Christian of Caledonia may hear the praises of his own Creator poured forth in humble prayer from the lips of beings as pure, as holy, and as intelligent, as ever trod our dear-loved native hills!

I have stated, that it is my firm belief that a great continent exists in the antarctic regions—I know it—I am *certain* of it—and I shall not rest satisfied till some steps are taken to set the question aside for ever. I freely offer my own services to my king and my country, if no better can be found; and I would either perish in the attempt, or return with a PICTURE OF THE NEW WORLD. Such are my arguments—such are my conclusions—and such is my enthusiasm!

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

NAPIER THE INVENTOR OF THE LOGARITHMS.†

JOHN NAPIER, often, but erroneously called Lord Napier, was not a nobleman, but only what would in England be called a lord of the manor. Such persons, in Scotland, were formerly designated *barones minores* or *lesser barons*; and to this class the baron of Bradwardine belonged as well as Napier, who in like manner was baron, or, as he himself expresses it, "Peer of Marchistown"—an old seat of

† From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. —Vol. VIII.

the family in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Here, or, according to other authorities, at Gartness in Stirlingshire (an estate which also belonged to the family), Napier was born, in the year 1550, at which time his father, who lived for fifty-eight years after this, could not have been older than sixteen. In 1562 he entered St. Salvator's college, St. Andrew's, as appears by the books of the university. At this time, of course, he was only twelve years old; but this was not an unusually early age in those times for going to the university in Scotland. Many entered even younger; and in the university of Glasgow it was found necessary to make a law that no student should be admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts before the age of fifteen, unless upon good reason appearing to dispense with a year in any particular case.

On leaving college, Napier is understood to have set out on his travels, in the course of which he visited France, Italy, and Germany. It is not known when he returned home, but he was probably a considerable time abroad, since we hear nothing farther of him till he was above forty years of age. On arriving again in his own country, although he had already acquired considerable reputation for abilities and learning, and might probably have entered upon a political career with many advantages, he declined interfering in public affairs, and retired to Merchiston, with the intention of devoting himself exclusively to study. A room in which he used to seclude himself for this purpose, at the top of the old tower of Merchiston, is still shown. He also resided occasionally at Gartness, where he was looked upon by the common people, we are told, as a wizard—a common fate of learned and studious men, down even to an age so recent as this, although Napier's is probably one of the latest names that acquired this species of celebrity. As an evidence that his renown for more than mortal knowledge was not confined to the simple peasantry of Stirlingshire, we may mention that there is preserved in the British Museum, a small tract, printed in London, of which the following is the title: "A Bloody Almanack, foretelling many certaine predictions which shall come to pass this present yeare, 1647: with a calculation concerning the time of the day of judgment, drawne out and published by that famous astrologer, the Lord Napier of Merchiston."

But the fact is, that although Napier did not himself profess to be either necromancer or astrologer, he cannot be altogether acquitted of pretending to this

very insight into futurity which is here attributed to him. The first publication which he gave to the world was an exposition of the revelations, which, appeared at Edinburgh in 1513. The most important proposition which this work professes to demonstrate is, that the end of the world is to take place some time between the years 1688 and 1700. It is a large and elaborate treatise; and is garnished occasionally with effusions in rhyme, sometimes original, and sometimes translated. Among other aids, the author presses the famous Sibylline Oracles into his service, ornamenting them with a metrical version and a commentary. It appears to have attracted a great deal of attention on its first appearance, and to have retained its popularity for a considerable time.

Napier's mathematical studies, however, probably did more to procure for him the reputation of being a magician than even these theological incubinations. It was believed, it seems, that he was attended by a familiar spirit in the shape of a large black dog.

We do not know exactly when it was that he deserted theology for mathematics—having in this respect taken just the opposite course to that followed long afterwards by the celebrated Count Swedensborg, who, having been all his previous life a mere man of science, began, when between fifty and sixty years of age, to see visions of the spiritual world, and to converse with angels. Napier is understood to have devoted his attention in subsequent years chiefly to astronomy, a science which, recently regenerated by Copernicus and Tycho Brahe, was then every day receiving new illustration from the discoveries of Kepler and Galileo. The demonstrations, problems, and calculations of this science most commonly involve some one or more of the cases of trigonometry, or that branch of the mathematics which, from certain parts, whether sides or angles, of a triangle being given, teaches how to find the others which are unknown. On this account trigonometry, both plane and spherical, engaged much of Napier's thoughts; and he spent a great deal of his time in endeavouring to contrive some methods by which the operations in both might be facilitated. Now these operations, the reader, who may be ignorant of mathematics, will observe, always proceed by geometrical ratios, or proportions. Thus, if certain lines be described in or about a triangle, one of these lines will bear the same geometrical proportion to another, as a certain side of the triangle does to a

certain other side. Of the four particular, thus arranged three must be known, and the fourth will be found by multiplying together certain two of those known, and dividing the product by the other. This rule is derived from the very nature of geometrical proportion. It will be perceived, that it must give occasion, in solving the problems of trigonometry, to a great deal of multiplying and dividing—operations, which, as every body knows become very tedious whenever the numbers concerned are large; and they are generally so in astronomical calculations. Hence such calculations used to exact immense time and labour, and it became most important to discover, if possible, a way of shortening them. Napier, as we have said, applied himself assiduously to this object; and he was, probably, not the only person of that age whose attention it occupied. He was, however, undoubtedly the first who succeeded in it—which he did most completely by the admirable contrivance which we are now about to explain.

When we say that 1 bears a certain proportion, ratio, or relation to 2, we may mean any one of two things; either that 1 is the half of 2, or that it is less than 2 by 1. If the former be what we mean, we may say that the relation in question is the same as that of 2 to 4, or of 4 to 8; if the latter, we may say that it is the same as that of 2 to 3, or of 3 to 4. Now in the former case we should be exemplifying what is called a *geometrical*; in the latter, what is called an *arithmetical* proportion; the former being that which regards the number of times, or parts of times, the one quantity is contained in the other; the latter regarding only the difference between the two quantities. We have already stated that the property of four quantities arranged in geometrical proportion, is, that the *product* of the second and third, *divided* by the first, gives the fourth. But when four quantities are in arithmetical proportion, the *sum* of the second and third, diminished by the *subtraction* of the first, gives the fourth. Thus, in the geometrical proportion 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 4, if 2 be multiplied by 2 it gives 4; which divided by 1 still remains 4: while in the arithmetical proportion 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 3, if 2 be added to 2 it gives 4; from which if 1 be subtracted, there remains the fourth term 3. It is plain, therefore, that, especially where large numbers are concerned, operations by arithmetical must be much more easily performed than operations by geometrical proportion; for in the one case you have only to add and subtract, while in the

other you have to go through the greatly more laborious processes of multiplication and division.

Now it occurred to Napier, reflecting upon this important distinction, that a method of abbreviating the calculation of a *geometrical* proportion might perhaps be found, by substituting, upon certain fixed principles, for its known terms, others in *arithmetical* proportion, and then finding, in the quantity which should result from the addition and subtraction of these last, an indication of that which would have resulted from the multiplication and division of the original figures. It had been remarked before this, by more than one writer, that if the series of numbers, 1, 2, 4, 8, &c., that proceed in geometrical progression, that is, by a continuation of geometrical ratios, were placed under, or alongside of the series 0, 1, 2, 3, &c., which are in arithmetical progression, the addition of any two terms of the latter series would give a sum, which would stand opposite to a number in the former series indicating the product of the two terms in that series, which corresponded in place to the two in the arithmetical series first taken. Thus, in the two lines,

1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256,
0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,

the first of which consists of numbers in geometrical, and the second of numbers in arithmetical progression; if any two terms, such as 2 and 4, be taken from the latter, their sum 6, in the same line, will stand opposite to 64, in the other, which is the product of 4 multiplied by 16, the two terms of the geometrical series which stand opposite to the 2 and 4 of the arithmetical. It is also true, and follows directly from this, that if any three terms, as, for instance, 2, 4, 6, be taken in the arithmetical series, the sum of the second and third, diminished by the subtraction of the first, which makes 8, will stand opposite to a number (256) in the geometrical series which is equal to the product of 16 and 64 (the opposites of 4 and 6); divided by 4 (the opposite of 2).

Here, then, is, to a certain extent, exactly such an arrangement, or table, as Napier wanted. Having any geometrical proportion to calculate, the known terms of which were to be found in the first line or its continuation, he could substitute for them at once, by reference to such a table, the terms of an arithmetical proportion which, wrought in the usual simple manner, would give him a result that would point out or indicate the unknown term of the geometrical proportion. But unfortunately there were many numbers which did not occur in the upper line at

all, as it here appears. Thus, there were not to be found in it either 3, or 5, or 6, or 7, or 9, or 10, or any other numbers, indeed except the few that happen to result from the multiplication of any of its terms by 2. Between 128 and 256, for example, there were 127 numbers wanting; and between 256 and the next term (512) there would be 255 not to be found.

We cannot attempt to explain the methods by which Napier's ingenuity succeeded in filling up these chasms, but must refer the reader for full information upon this subject, to the professedly scientific works, which treat of the history and construction of logarithms. Suffice it to say, that he devised a mode by which he could calculate the proper number to be placed in the table over against any number whatever, whether integral or fractional. The new numerical expressions thus found, he called *Logarithms*, a term of Greek etymology, which signifies the ratios of numbers. The table, however, which he published, in his "*Mirificæ Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio*," which appeared at Edinburgh in 1614, contained only the logarithms of the sines of angles for every degree and minute in the quadrant, which shews that he chiefly contemplated, by his invention, facilitating the calculations of trigonometry. These logarithms differed also from those that are now in use, in consequence of Napier having chosen, originally, a different geometrical series from that which has since been adopted. He afterwards fixed upon the progression, 1, 10, 100, 1000, &c., or that which results from continued multiplication by 10, and which is the same according to which the present tables are constructed. This improvement, which possesses many advantages, had suggested itself about the same time to the learned Henry Briggs, then Professor of Geometry in Gresham College,—one of the persons who had the merit of first appreciating the value of Napier's invention, and who certainly did more than any other to spread the knowledge of it, and also to contribute to its perfection. Lilly, the astrologer, gives us, in his *Memoirs*, a curious account of the intercourse between Briggs and Napier, to which the publication of the logarithmic calculus led. "I will acquaint you," he writes, with one memorable story, related unto me by John Marr, an excellent mathematician and geometrician, whom I conceive you remember. He was servant to King James and Charles the First. At first, when the Lord Napier, or Marchiston, made public his logarithms, Mr. Briggs, then reader of the Astronomy Lectures at Gresham College, in London, was so surprised with

admiration of them, that he could have no quietness in himself until he had seen that noble person, the Lord Marchiston, whose only invention they were; he acquaints John Marr herewith, who went into Scotland before Mr. Briggs, purposely to be there when these two so learned persons should meet. Mr. Briggs appoints a certain day when to meet at Edinburgh; but failing thereof, the Lord Napier was doubtful he would not come. It happened one day, as John Marr and the Lord Napier were speaking of Mr. Briggs; 'Ah, John,' said Marchiston, 'Mr. Briggs will not now come.' At the very instant one knocks at the gate; John Marr hastened down, and it proved Mr. Briggs, to his great contentment. He brings Mr. Briggs up into my lord's chamber, where almost one quarter of an hour was spent, each beholding other, almost with admiration, before one word was spoke. At last Mr. Briggs began: 'My lord, I have undertaken this long journey purposely to see your person, and to know by what engine of wit or ingenuity you came first to think of this most excellent help to astronomy, viz. the logarithms; but, my lord, being by you found out, I wonder nobody else found it out before, when now known it is so easy.' He was nobly entertained by the Lord Napier; and every summer after that, during the lord's being alive, this venerable man, Mr. Briggs, went purposely into Scotland to visit him."

Napier's discovery was very soon known over Europe, and every where hailed with admiration by men of science. The great Kepler, in particular, honoured the author by the highest commendation, and dedicated to him his *Ephemerides* for 1617. This illustrious astronomer, also, some years afterwards, rendered a most important service to the new calculus, by first demonstrating its principle on purely geometrical considerations. Napier's own demonstration, it is to be observed, though exceedingly ingenious, had failed to satisfy many of the mathematicians of that age, in consequence of its proceeding upon the supposition of the movement of a point along a line—a view analogous, as has been remarked, to that which Newton afterwards adopted in the exposition of his doctrine of fluxions, but one of which no trace is to be found in the methods of the ancient geometers.

Napier did not expound the process by which he constructed his logarithms in his first publication. This appeared only in a second work, published at Edinburgh in 1619, after the death of the author, by his third son, Robert. In this work also the logarithmic tables appeared in the improved form in which, however, they had

previously been published at London, by Mr. Briggs, in 1617. They have since then been printed in numberless editions, in every country of Europe. Nay, in the year 1721, a magnificent edition of them, in their most complete form, issued from the imperial press of Pekin, in China, in three volumes, folio, in the Chinese language and character. As to the invention itself, its usefulness and value have grown with the progress of science; and, in addition to serving still as the grand instrument for the abridgment of calculation in almost every department in which figures are employed, it is now found to be applicable to several important cases which could not be managed at all without its assistance. Some of the greatest names in the history of science, we may also remark, since Napier's time have occupied themselves with the subject of the theory and construction of logarithms; and the labours of Newton, James Gregory, Halley, and Eüler, have especially contributed to simplify and improve the methods for their investigation.

Napier, however, did not live long to enjoy the reputation of his discovery, having died at Merchiston on the 3rd of April, 1617, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. That same year he had published at Edinburgh a small treatise in Latin, of about one hundred and fifty pages, which he entitled, "*Rabdologie seu Numerationis per Virgulas Libri Duo.*" It contained an account of a method of performing the operations of multiplication and division, by means of a number of small rods, having the digits inscribed upon them according to such an arrangement that, when placed alongside of each other in the manner directed, in order, for instance, to multiply any two lines of figures, the several lines of the product presented themselves, and had only to be transcribed and added up to give the proper result. This was not, however, nearly so convenient a contrivance as that of logarithms, even for multiplication, and it was still less useful in division; on which account it has been supposed that, although given to the world so late, it was probably an expedient which had suggested itself to Napier for the abridgment of calculation before his great invention. It has been thought too, of so little practical utility, as, in all likelihood, never to have been actually employed for the purposes of calculation.

It was principally, as we have seen, with a view to the simplification of operations in trigonometry, that Napier proposed the logarithmic calculus. This was not the only improvement which he contributed to that branch of science. Among

others, it owes to him a formula of great elegance and convenience, by which the solution of all the cases of spherical trigonometry is comprehended under a single rule.

But his ingenious and contriving mind did not confine itself merely to speculative science, if we may believe the very curious statements which he makes with regard to some of his other inventions, in a paper with his signature, which is preserved among the manuscript collections of Anthony Bacon (the brother of the Lord Chancellor Bacon), in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth. This paper, which has of late years been several times printed, is entitled, "*Secret Inventions, profitable and necessary in these days for the defence of this island, and withstanding of strangers, enemies to God's truth and religion.*" Of these, the first is stated to be "a burning mirror for burning ships by the sun's beams," of which the author professes himself able to give to the world the "invention, proof, and perfect demonstration; geometrical and algebraical, with an evident demonstration of their error who affirm this to be made a parabolic section." The second is a mirror for producing the same effect by the beams of a material fire. The third is a piece of artillery, contrived so as to send forth its shot, not in a single straight line, but in all directions, in such a manner as to destroy every thing in its neighbourhood. Of this the writer asserts that he can give "the invention and visible demonstration." The fourth and last of these formidable machines is described to be "a round chariot in metal," constructed so as both to secure the complete safety of those within it, and, moving about in all directions, to break the enemy's array, "by continual charges and shot of the arquebuse through small holes." "These inventions," the paper concludes, "besides devices of sailing under the water, and divers other devices and stratagems for harrassing of the enemies, by the grace of God and work of expert craftsmen, I hope to perform. John Napier, of Merchiston, anno dom. 1596, June 2."

From this date it would appear that Napier's head had been occupied with the contrivances here spoken of, long before he made himself known by those scientific labours by which he is now chiefly remembered; and, indeed, we might perhaps have inferred, even from the general nature of the inventions, and the object which the author avows he had in view by them, that they were the produce of that part of his life in which his apprehensions of the encroachments of popery contributed to animate his studies.

Some of the announcements are certainly very extraordinary, and would almost lead us to suppose that the writer in this paper rather intended to state what he conceived to be possible, than what he had himself actually performed. Yet several of his expressions will not bear this interpretation; and there are not wanting other attestations which go to confirm what he asserts as to his having really constructed some of the machines he speaks of. There is a passage in a strange work, entitled "The Jewel," written by Sir Thomas Urquhart, and first published in 1652, which seems manifestly to allude to the third invention here enumerated. Sir Thomas, although certainly not the most veracious of authorities, would scarcely, one should think, have ventured to publish what we are now going to quote, only five and thirty years after Napier's death, if there had not been some foundation for his statement. His description may be sufficiently overcharged (for he writes, it will be observed, in an extravagantly bombastic and hyperbolical strain), without being altogether a fiction. After eulogizing Napier's mathematical learning in very high-sounding terms, Sir Thomas proceeds to remark, that he deems him especially entitled to remembrance on account of an almost incomprehensible device, which, being in the mouths of the most of Scotland, and yet unknown to any that ever was in the world but himself, deserveth very well to be taken notice of in this place:—"and," he adds, "it is this; he had the skill (as is commonly reported) to frame an engine (for invention not much unlike that of Archytas's dove), which by virtue of some secret springs, inward resorts, with other implements and materials fit for the purpose, inclosed within the bowels thereof, had the power, if proportionable in bulk to the action required, of it (for he could have made it of all sizes), to clear a field of four miles circumference, of all the living creatures exceeding a foot of height that should be found thereon, how near-soever they might be to one another; by which means he made it appear that he was able, with the help of this machine alone, to kill 30,000 Turks, without the hazard of one Christian. Of this it is said that (upon a wager) he gave proof upon a large plain in Scotland, to the destruction of a great many heads of cattle and flocks of sheep; whereof some were distant from other half a mile on all sides, and some a whole mile."

It were to have been desired, certainly, that our author had been a little more particular in his description of the scene of this devastating exploit among the

cattle—"a large plain in Scotland," being rather an unsatisfactory form of expression, even in reference to a country where there are not a great many large plains; but this indefinite mode of writing is only Sir Thomas's usual style. We are not inclined, indeed, to put much faith in the rumour here recorded that Napier actually put the power of his machine to the proof in the manner described; but the whole statement, taken in conjunction, with what we have found the alleged inventor asserting under his own hand; seems to put it beyond doubt that he had at least imagined some such contrivance as that alluded to in the above passage, and even that his having done so was matter of general notoriety in his own day, and for some time after. Sir Thomas Urquhart was born in 1613, some years before Napier's death, and his "Jewel" was first published in 1652. Napier, he informs us, when requested on his deathbed to reveal the secret of this engine of such extraordinary potency in the destruction of cattle, sheep, and Turks, refused to do so, on the score of there being too many instruments of mischief in the world already for it to be the business of any good man to add to their number. This will remind the reader of the story told respecting a machine of somewhat similar pretensions constructed at a later period by the celebrated James Gregory, of which Sir Isaac Newton, when it was shown to him, is said to have expressed his disapprobation on the same ground which Napier is here made to take. But the truth is, as has been often remarked, that the introduction of machines capable of producing the tremendous effects ascribed to those in question, would, in all probability, very soon put an end to war,—which has not become more destructive, but the reverse, since the invention of a more formidable artillery than that anciently in use; and which, waged with such contrivances as those of Napier and Gregory, would certainly never be resorted to by nations as a mode of settling their differences, until they had become literally insane. Another consideration, however, which might suggest itself to a man of very scrupulous feelings on such a matter, is, that it would be unfair for him to put even his native country in possession of an instrument which would, in fact, give her an advantage in her disputes with the rest of the world, against which there would be no possibility of contending. If it put an end to war, which is one great evil, it would do so by enabling a single nation to triumph over the prostration of the rest.

There appeared, some years ago, in

one of our periodical works, a very able and learned commentary on Napier's "Secret Inventions," the writer of which has collected with great industry, whatever notices the annals of science afford of achievements similar to those which the Scottish mathematician is asserted to have performed. In regard to the mirror for setting objects on fire at a great distance by the reflected rays of the sun, he adduces the well-known story of the destruction of the fleet of Marcellus, at Syracuse, by the burning-glasses of Archimedes, and the other (not so often noticed) which the historian Zouaras records, of Proclus having consumed by a similar apparatus the ships of the Scythian leader Vitalian, when he besieged Constantinople in the beginning of the sixth century†. The possibility of such feats as these was long disbelieved; but may be considered as having been fully demonstrated by the experiments of modern times. Buffon, in particular, in the year 1747, by means of four hundred plane mirrors, actually melted lead and tin at a distance of fifty yards, and set fire to wood at a still greater. This, too, was in the months of March and April. With summer heat it was calculated that the same effects might have been produced at four hundred yards distance—or more than ten times that to which, in all probability, Archimedes had to send his reflected rays. It may be concluded, therefore, that there is nothing absolutely incredible in the account Napier gives in his first invention. His second announcement, however, is a good deal more startling; inasmuch as he here professes to have succeeded in an attempt in which nobody else is recorded to have made any approach to success. Gunpowder has been lighted by heat from charcoal collected by one concave mirror and reflected from another; but no such effect has ever been produced by a single reflection of artificial heat. It is not very easy to comprehend the nature of the chariot mentioned by Napier as his fourth invention; but it seems to bear some resemblance, this writer remarks, to one of the famous Marquis of Worcester's contrivances. As for the device for sailing under water, noticed in the last paragraph of the paper, that exploit was performed in Napier's own day, by the Dutch chemist Cornelius Drebbel, who is reported to have constructed a vessel for king James I., which he rowed under the water on the Thames. It carried twelve rowers, besides several passengers, the air breathed by whom, it

is said, was made again respirable by means of a certain liquor, the composition of which Boyle asserts in one of his publications that he knew, having been informed of it by the only person to whom it had been communicated by Drebbel. Bishop Wilkins, also, who lived very near the time at which it was performed, expressly mentions Drebbel's experiment, in his *Mathematical Magic*. Various successful essays in subaqueous navigation have also been made in more recent times.

It is to be lamented that the only one of Napier's inventions, the secret of which was solicited from him by his friends when he was leaving the world, should have been that which his conscience would not allow him to reveal, for the reason that has been stated. Had they asked him to explain to them his method of sailing under the water, for example, or even the construction of his burning mirrors, he probably would have had no excuse for withholding the information. But they seem to have been so anxious to get possession of the machine for destroying the thirty-thousand Turks, that they had not a thought to spare for any of the other contrivances. The circumstance, however, of some of these inventions not having been re-discovered by any one else since Napier's time, ought not of itself to be taken as conclusive evidence that his pretensions to a knowledge of them were mere dreams. Extraordinary as is the progress that science has made within the last two centuries, during which period the conquests she has effected have been more numerous and wonderful than had been witnessed by all the previous centuries that had elapsed from the beginning of the world there can be no doubt that some of her apparently new inventions have been only the forgotten discoveries of a preceding age revived, and also that there were some things known in former times which modern ingenuity has not yet recovered from oblivion. Such machines as those which Napier professes to have constructed are exactly of the description least likely, for very obvious reasons, to occur to a modern speculator.

In that curious record, Birrell's Diary, which was published in Edinburgh some years ago, we find, under date of the 23rd October, 1598, the following notice: "Ane proclamation of the Laird of Merkestoun, that he tak upon hand to make the land mair profitable nor it was before, be the sawing of salt upon it." There can be little doubt, we think, that this was another scheme of the inventor of the logarithms; although the patent for the new mode of manuring appears to have been taken out in the name of his eldest son,

† Malala, another old chronicler, however, says that Proclus operated, on this occasion, not by burning-glasses, but by burning sulphur showered upon the ships from machines.

Archibald, who had been infest in the fee of the barony by his father about a year before. The patent, or gift of office, as it is called, was granted upon condition that the patentee should publish an account of his method in print, which he did accordingly shortly afterwards, under the title of "The new order of gooding and manuring all sorts of field land with common salt." This tract is now probably lost; but the facts that have been mentioned are interesting as establishing Napier's claim to an agricultural improvement which has been revived in our own day and considered of great value. The profits of the invention were probably given up to his son, who was at this time a young man of only twenty-five years of age, from the same disinterested feeling which had led his father previously to enfeoff him in his estate. Devoted to his books, Napier appears to have been very indifferent about money; and one of his contemporaries, even goes so far as to assert, that he dissipated his fortune by his experiments. Of this, however, there is no evidence; and the truth, in all likelihood, is merely that he bestowed but little attention upon his pecuniary concerns, occupied as his whole mind was about other matters. But if he suggested this method of manuring with salt, he must be allowed to have directed his speculations occasionally to the improvements of the arts of common life, as well as to that of the abstract sciences.

Napier died on the 3rd of April, 1617. He was twice married, and had twelve children, of whom Archibald, the eldest, mentioned above, was raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Napier, in 1627. A small volume of Memoirs of this person, written by himself, was published in 1793. The second part of Napier's explanation of his Logarithms was published by his third son, Robert, from his father's papers, in 1619. There are said to be still in the possession of the family some productions of their distinguished ancestor on scientific subjects, which have not been printed, especially a treatise, in English, on Arithmetic and Algebra, and another, on Algebra, in Latin.

Napier, by his great and fortunate discovery, has made the science of all succeeding times his debtor, and constituted himself the benefactor of every generation of posterity. For fame, which our very nature has made dear to us, this philosopher found in his closet of meditation. Even in his own day his renown was spread abroad over Europe, and he was greeted with the publicly expressed admiration of some of the most distinguished of his contemporaries; and the time that

has since elapsed has only served to throw an increasing light around his name, which is now sure to retain its distinction so long as the sciences which he loved shall continue to be cultivated among men.

A GLANCE AT TETUAN.†

THE bashaw of Tetuan is only visible to those who are disposed to pay for the indulgence, and will at any time gratify the curiosity of strangers for a few leaves of sugar, or a few pounds of tea or coffee. In this respect he may be compared to some strange beast kept for exhibition; nor is his appearance likely to dispel the idea, being dreadfully afflicted with the elephantiasis in both legs, so that he is confined to the range of his own garden.†

The town of Tetuan is extensive, and contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. From situation, it is the most advantageous spot in the empire of Morocco for extending our commerce with Barbary; but that perpetual obstacle in these kingdoms—the sand-bars at the mouths of the river—does not allow any vessel to enter that of Tetuan of above eighty tons burden. Tetuan is in the vicinity of the beautiful mountains of Rif, whose miserable half-clad inhabitants are the terror of the town.

The view southward of Tetuan reaches along a ridge of the lower Atlas mountains. At sight of this mighty chain, the heart throbs to trace the links whose delightful dyes vie with the bright hues of heaven. The broad expanse over which the eye runs is intersected with vineyard-valleys embosomed between the hills;—in the distance, the mountains shoot their heads into the skies, and close the extent of horizon.

To the lover of field sports, this part of Barbary is a most delightful country; for it is impossible to stir a step without starting game of some species. The Moors have no idea of shooting birds flying, and generally take partridges by hunting them

† From the Monthly Magazine.—No. LXI.

‡ An observation which the bashaw lately made in conversing on the fall of Algiers will, perhaps, not be considered unamusing. At first, hearing that this city had surrendered, he declared it was nothing but "*mala forma*—evil report; that the Moors were much superior to the French in point of valour." On the subsequent confirmation of the news, and the dethronement of Charles the Tenth, he, however, exclaimed—"Ah, *Dios es grande!* whilst the French took Algiers, Mahomet was asleep; but, on awaking, he became angry at what had been done, and in revenge drove the king of France from his kingdom."

down till they are exhausted. There is no obstacle to sporting here all the year round, save the respect naturally paid by sportsmen to the breeding season; but the great quantity of eggs eaten and exported annually, show that the Moors have no consideration of this sort. The wild boar, which Mussulmans are not allowed to eat, are here most numerous.

Higher up the coast, towards Oran, the wild antelope and gazelle become plentiful; the latter are not easily domesticated; they never live long when taken from their native woodlands; the beautiful eye and symmetrical form, the jet black tongue and spicy smell of this delicate little animal, has induced many to endeavour to transplant it, but without effect. Except in a state of nature, it is not choice of its food, and generally dies of indiscriminate feeding.

The force of the Mahomedan religion is perhaps in no instance so clearly seen, as in the number of votaries it leads to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. From the peasant to the prince, all are filled with the same hope, the same wish of performing that pilgrimage which is to smooth their path to the grave, to absolve them from their sins in this world, and to be the means of their salvation in the next. The name of *hadjee* is to them a title of nobility or reverence, which all are anxious to acquire, and to attain which they will employ the savings of whole years of toil.

The general equipage which serves them throughout their long pilgrimage (which with the visit to Medina and Jerusalem, lasts a year), is seldom more than the carpets on which they sleep. Those who cannot afford a *marquée*, sling one of these carpets across a pole, like a gipsy's tent. A leathern scrip and a small bundle contains the remainder of their necessities.

They are generally under the command of a *schérif*, who regulates the march of the party when they land. Their method of cooking meat is such as to dispense with the use of many utensils. An oblong square hole is dug in the ground, in which a wood fire is lighted; a stick is then cut of sufficient length to reach across the cavity, upon which the meat is stuck as on a spit, one end of which is twirled by the hand until the joint is well roasted.

A great number of stragglers always join the troop of *hadjies* on their route to the port of embarkation, and await the moment of the vessel's departure to surround and forcibly cling to its sides or rigging, imploring their countrymen, for the love of the holy prophet, not to hinder their pious intention of doing penance for their sins at his tomb. Too late to re-

monstrate—the vessel is perhaps already under weigh—the poor wretches must either be plunged into the waves or admitted.

The return of the pilgrims is an event dreaded by all the European consuls in Barbary, who cannot persuade the Moors of the propriety of putting their vessels into quarantine. Neglect of this precaution has frequently introduced the oriental plague into Barbary, which has often depopulated the country, and about fifteen years ago, carried off a great number of the inhabitants of this part of the coast. Amongst any other people but Mahomedans, the ravages of the plague might be easily averted; but the Moors think it a sin to avoid any such evil. "Allah Aikbar!—God's will be done!" is always their cry; and this they repeat whilst they steal the pestiferous clothes from the dead bodies.

PROFESSOR WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.†

I HAD heard much in Edinburgh of the famous Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy. Passing the College where he was to lecture one morning, and finding strangers were admitted, I entered. A considerable part of the class had assembled, but the Professor had not made his appearance; and taking my seat, I amused myself by examining the students. They were of all ages, from that on whose head the frost of Time has fallen thick and white, to the untouched day of youth, where all is expansion. There were lines of feature too, and shapes of head, sufficient to have puzzled the whole host of those who either read man's soul by his nose, or, judging of the kernel by the shell, feel the human mind through the manifold bumps of the cranium. The extraordinary differences of formation observable in the heads of an European multitude strike one the more strongly, after having been long with nations, where scarcely a change of feature is to be seen amongst the individuals of each cast; as if Nature formed their faces by the score, and the only variety was produced by the shaking of the mould. In a few minutes, the Professor entered the room, and during the bustle of the class hurrying to its appointed place, I had time to observe the features and demeanour of the lecturer. He is a well-

† From the New Monthly Magazine.—No. LXXI.

formed muscular man, of about six feet high, of a fair complexion, with light brown hair, approaching to yellow, but not to red, which hangs in long dishevelled locks over his ears. His dress was careless, and his whole appearance gave one the idea of a man, whose thorough contempt for every thing like foppery is carried perhaps into the other extreme. His countenance is fine but stern—nay, at times fierce, with a high forehead, and eyebrows which, though not strongly marked, give a keen severity to the expression of his face by their frequent depression, and by their contraction, till they almost cover the piercing grey eye which shines out beneath, like that of an eagle.

With a quick step he took his place at his desk, laid down his watch beside him, and spread out a roll of papers, over which he glanced till every thing was still. Then leaning forward, he bent his brows, and began his lecture in a full, clear, distinct voice. Accent he has very little, and what there is, I should have judged to be Irish rather than Scotch. The part of his subject under immediate consideration was Sympathy, not considered as a mere transient effervescence of feeling, but with Smith's more extended view, as the great agent by which our moral perceptions are guided and regulated. In the first instance, he confined himself to giving a clear, distinct, and logical analysis of Smith's system; and never did I hear so lucid and tangible an explanation of an abstruse and difficult subject. It required no intense attention—no laborious effort of thought—no complicated manœuvre of the brain, to follow him from position to position; but all was easy and clear; and, if the mind did not always coincide in the conclusions of the author whose system was discussed, it could never for a moment doubt what the lecturer meant. Between each sentence he paused for two or three minutes, to allow his hearers to grasp his argument, and fixed a keen and enquiring eye upon them, as if to read in their countenances whether they did or did not fully comprehend. When he thought there was the least doubt, he repeated what he had said, with some slight variation in form; and then proceeded to another part of his subject. At first—though as a cold philosophical inquiry nothing could be more satisfactory than Professor Wilson's elucidation of his subject—yet I confess I did not find what I had expected. The language of his lecture was strong, applicable, elegant. No tautology was heard, no loose change of person, no mixed or imperfect figure; but I missed at first, the wild poetical genius, the daring talent of the "Isle of Palms," or the

"City of the Plague." But as the lecture proceeded, its character began to change; the logical establishment of particular principles being accomplished, more room was left for the poet and the orator, and a new spirit seemed to animate the speaker. He reasoned on the nature and the power of conscience, and showed how, by judging of others, we learned to judge ourselves. He spoke of the "Phantom Censor" we raise up in our own bosoms, to examine and reprove our actions; and as he did so, the fulness of his tone increased, his brow expanded, his eye flashed, and he painted the "inexorable judge within us, who may sleep but cannot die," in a burst of the most powerful and enthusiastic eloquence.

A murmur of approbation and pleasure followed from the whole class, joined to a certain shuffling of the feet, which I find is in Edinburgh the usual and somewhat indecorous mark of applause with which the students honour their Professors on any occasion of peculiar brilliancy. Shortly after, the lecturer finished, and all the motley crowd tumbled out to hear some other theme discussed, perhaps as different from that which they had just heard as the range of human intellect will permit.

THE FRENCH AT ALGIERS.†

In taking Algiers, the French have conquered a kingdom as large as Spain, with as fine a climate, and commanding the entrance to that land of terrors and treasures—the central region of Africa. The French are just the people to make something of those savages. They are going on *à la Française* in all points. They teach the Moors to dance, curl their moustaches, and lounge in opera-boxes. They have compelled the Moors to clean their streets, and do not despair of making them wash their shirts and faces in time. They have run up a central avenue through Algiers, and ventilated the town. They have slain the mongrels that infested the streets, and reduced an establishment of dung-hills as venerable as Mahomet. They have built an opera-house, ordering the wealthy Moors to put down their names on the box-list, and subscribe, as becomes patrons of the fine arts. They have arranged a circle of private boxes in this theatre, to which the ladies of the several harems have keys, and where they listen to Italian songs, learn to be delighted with the romantic loves of Europe, and turn over a leaf in human nature, which no Algerine

† From the Monthly Magazine.—No. LXI.

Houri ever turned before. A detachment of dancing-masters has been brigaded for the service, and *modistes* "from Paris" are rapidly opening shops in the "Grande Rue Royale." The ladies are, as might be expected, in raptures with the change, and go out shopping with the air of an *élégante* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Galignani daily communicates to the Algerine coffee-houses the news of a world of which they hitherto knew no more than of the news of the dog-star. All is gaiety, gesticulation, and the march of intellect. If a great three-tailed bashaw feels disposed to express the slightest dislike of the new regime, they order him to be shayed, dispossess him of his turban, pipe, and scymetar, and send him to learn the manual exercise under one of their sergeants. The remedy is infallible. In twelve hours a revolution is effected in all his opinions; he learns the French art of looking delighted under all circumstances, and returns from the drill a changed man. The offended Mauritanian is disciplined out of him, and the parade has inducted him into the march of mind for the rest of his days. The French are distilling brandy from sea-weed; are teaching buffaloes to draw their cabriolets; have already formed a subscription pack of tiger-hounds; and, except that they are scorched to a cinder, with the more serious evils that they must wait a week for the Paris news, and have not yet been able to prevail on Potier and Mademoiselle Du Fay to join their theatre, are as happy as sultans.

ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MADAME VESTRIS,
AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

[The following is the Address spoken by Madame Vestris at the Olympic Theatre, on the first night of her spirited undertaking to adventure on the rule and management of its affairs. It is neat and pointed.]

NOBLE and gentle! Matrons!—Patrons!—Friends!
Before you here a venturesome woman bend!
A warrior woman that in strife embarks!
The first of all dramatic Joan of Arcs,
Cheer on the enterprise thus dared by me!
The first that ever led a company!

What though, until this very hour and age,
A Lessee Lady never own'd a stage—
I'm that *Belle Sauvage*—only rather quieter—
Like Mrs. Nelson, turn'd a stage proprietor!
Welcome each early and each late arrival—
This is my Omnibus, and I'm the driver!

Sure is my venture, for all honest folk,
Who love a tune, or can enjoy a joke,
Will know, where'er they have an hour of leisure,
Wych Street is best to come to for their pleasure.
The laughter and the lamps with equal share
Shall make this house a light-house against care.
This is our home! 'Tis yours as well as mine:
Here Joy may pay her homage at Mirth's shrine!

Song, Whim, and Fancy, jocund rounds shall dance,
And lure for you the light Vaudeville from France.
Humour and Wit encourage my intent;
And Music means to help to pay my rent.
'Tis not mere promise—I appeal to facts;
Henceforward judge me only by my acts!

In this my purpose, stand I not alone—
All women wish for houses of their own;
And I was weary of perpetual dodging
From house to house, in search of board and lodging!
Faint were my heart—but with Pandora's scope
I fud in every box a lurking hope:
My dancing spirits know of no decline—
Here's the first *tier* you've ever seen of mine.

Oh, my kind friends! befriend me still, as you
Have in the bygone times been wont to do.
Make me your Ward, against each ill designer,
And prove Lord Chancellors to a female Minor.
Cheer on my comrades, too, in their career;
Some of your favourites are around me here;
Give them—give me—the smiles of approbation:
Still aid the petticoat on old kind principles,
And make me yet a Captain of Invincibles.

PROVISION AGAINST FIRE IN
THEATRES AND OTHER PUBLIC
BUILDINGS.†

To provide security from fire in theatres and other public buildings is a matter of very especial importance. Where such a calamity happens, the effects are tremendous; the loss of property and life in the confusion which necessarily ensues is always very great. Such calamities have very frequently occurred in this metropolis, and may always be considered a probable occurrence from the combustibility of the materials with which great part of the contents of the theatres are constructed, as well as the nature of the substances used to illustrate some of the scenery.

At the time of re-constructing the theatre L'Odéon, in Paris, after its destruction by fire, it became a question whether a metallic screen should not be interposed at the proscenium, between the public part and the stage, for the purpose of preventing the rapid communication of the combustion of the parts behind the scene, or upon the stage, to the body of the theatre. M. d'Arceet strongly opposed the use of an impermeable screen, but recommended one of wire, and founded his opinion on the

† From the Scientific Gazette.—No. III,

following fact, which if generally known, might tend to give a degree of self-possession to the public in a theatre, which would be of advantage if ever they should be placed in such a critical situation. This philosopher had an opportunity of witnessing accurately the first destruction of L'Odéon by fire, in the year 1799. He then remarked that the fire spread rapidly behind the scenes, but without any smoke appearing in the body of the theatre, and he was able to remain for a long time in one of the second tier of boxes on the left side, without being inconvenienced by the heat, and having nothing as a protection but the powerful current of air which passed through the theatre, and proceeded to invigorate the combustion of the scenery and wood-work upon the stage. Nearly the whole of that part of the theatre was on fire, but the public portion was quite untouched, when a piece of inflamed wood fell on the left side of the centre, rebounded over the balustrade, fell into the orchestra, and then set fire to one of the benches in the pit. The combustion of that part thus commenced; but the current of air towards the stage was so rapid, that the smoke passed nearly horizontally towards it, and the fire made but slow progress in the pit. He witnessed this effect for more than half an hour, and beheld the orchestra and nearly the whole of the pit in flames, without there being any sensible portion of smoke in the body of the theatre above the first tier of boxes. He was then obliged to work at a pump, and prevented from observing any longer the progress of the fire.

M. d'Arcet, reasoning from his own observations, thus justly considers that a metallic screen would, in any such case, have done more harm than good. Supposing it strong enough to withstand the pressure of the air upon it, it would soon become red-hot, and causing the ascent of a column of heated air on its side towards the body of the theatre, would in every way tend to inflame that part of the building. It would also confine the air there, and in a few minutes render it unfit for respiration. On the contrary, an open metallic screen with large meshes would appear to present great advantage; the air would pass freely, and consequently exert no great degree of pressure upon it; the screen itself would be preserved cool by the rapid current going through it; inflamed pieces of wood when falling would be retained on the side already in flames; the firemen could throw water through it upon the burning places on the opposite side, and none of the inconveniences would be occasioned by it which so evidently belong to an impermeable iron screen.

In Paris, the architect is obliged by law to construct a thick wall across the theatre between the audience part and the stage with all behind or belonging to it. The following are the directions which M. d'Arcet gives, in case a fire occurs at such a theatre, when the stage opening can be shut at pleasure by a metallic screen consisting of wire sixteen-hundredths of an inch in thickness, and with square intervals about two inches in width. Supposing the fire to commence with the decorations upon the stage, the immediate help which may always be at hand should be applied, and the firemen sent for; all means should be taken to quell the flames, until the hope of extinguishing the fire is gone. The system should then be changed; the ventilators over the body of the theatre are to be closed, the screen lowered, all the doors into the lower part of the body of the theatre opened to admit air; the ventilating flue over the stage is to be opened, and the glass of the sky-lights and upper windows of that part broken by stones, or otherwise: a powerful current of air will then be established, which entering by the vestibule will pass into the theatre through the screen, carry the flames and smoke towards the back of the theatre, and out at the upper apertures on that side. That done every means possible must be taken to throw the inflamed wood-work towards the bottom of the theatre, to prevent the calcination of the large wall. The firemen in the pit should water the wires of the metallic screen and extinguish the flames near to it. Some of them with long poles should be ready to thrust any machinery or inflamed wood which may fall on the screen backwards; whilst others should watch the body of the theatre, to extinguish small portions of fire, that might accidentally pass the screen. The fire thus confined to the back of the theatre would be more readily extinguished by the ordinary means; or, if the fire happened on the other side of the screen, then a similar system should be pursued, always considering that part in which the fire is strongly established, as a furnace, and removing all burning portions as fast as possible from the part to be preserved towards the place where combustion is allowed.

Were the above copious and excellent directions of the French philosopher attended to, it is impossible to predict the advantage which would arise both in security of life and property, in those cases in which so unhappy a calamity takes place. The construction of public buildings, store-houses, and manufactures, in such a manner as to prevent the progress

of fire, has been latterly much attended to in this country; and many buildings are erected in which not only are the roofs, but also the girders, joists, doors, sashes, and frames, made of cast iron. The new store-house, in Plymouth dock-yard, has its floors of Yorkshire stone; and the staircase, which is a geometrical one, is of moor-stone. The iron screen, suggested by M. d'Arcet, is a most important additional security in any case where a large aperture is of necessity left.

FLITTING.†

Let no man have two houses with one set of furniture. Home's deepest delight is undisturbance. Some people think no articles fixtures but grates. But sofas, and ottomans, and chairs, and footstools, and screens—and above all beds—all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognositive and sensitive of the blessings of this life. Each has its own place assigned to it by the taste, tact, and feeling, of the master or mistress of the mansion, where order and elegance minister to comfort, and comfort is but a homely word for happiness. In various modes we vary their arrangement—nor is even the easiest of all easy chairs secure for life against being gently pushed on its wheels from chimney-nook to window-corner, when the sunshine may have extinguished the fire, and the blue sky tempts the Paterfamilias, to lie back, with half-shut eyes, and gaze upon the cheerful purity, even like a shepherd on the hill. But these little occasional disarrangements serve but to preserve the spirit of permanent arrangement, without which the very virtue of domesticity dies. What sacrilege, therefore, against the Larcs and Penates, to turn a whole house topsyturvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May flowers deck the zone of the year! Why, a Turkey, or a Persian, or even a Wilton, or a Kidderminster carpet, is as much the garb of the wooden floor inside, as the grass is of the earthen floor outside of your house. Would you lift and lay down the greensward? But without further illustration—be assured the cases are kindred—and so too with sofas and shrubs, tent-beds and trees. Independently, however, of these analogies, and fanciful but lying deep in the nature of things, the inside of one's tabernacle, in town and country, ought ever to be sacred, from all radical revolutionary move-

ments, and to lie for ever in a waking dream of graceful repose. All our affections towards lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignificant is missing or removed. We say not a word about children, for even they, if brought up Christians, are no dissenters from this creed, and however ractory in the nursery, in an orderly kept parlour or drawing-room how like so many pretty little white mice do they glide cannily along the floor! Let no such horror then as a *flitting* ever befall us or our friends! O mercy! only look at a long huge train of waggons, heaped up to the windows of the first floors, moving along the dust-driving or mire-choked streets with furniture from a gutted town-house towards one standing in the rural shades with an empty stomach! All is dimmed or destroyed—chairs crushed on the tableland, and four-posted beds lying helplessly with their astonished feet up to heaven—a sight that might make the angels weep!

VARIETIES.

Tu for Tut.—The king was repeatedly at Weymouth, for the benefit of sea air. One morning he was taking his usual walk, which he often did alone, and about the palace, very early, when he came into contact with two sentinels, and was challenged by one of them, as being on forbidden ground, with "I say *old one*, you have no business there." The king's dress, the morning being cold, was a great coat, which concealed his person and made the new recruit mistake him for a country farmer. Both sentinels belonged to a regiment which had marched in, only the evening before. One of them only knew the king, but was prevented checking the bluntness of his companion by the king going up to the challenger and keeping up his disguise. The sentinel and the king had a few words together, when the latter gave him a *crown*, in true kingly style, knowing that the man only did his duty and meant no harm, and that strangers were forbidden entrance into that part of the premises. On the king retiring, and before he was out of hearing, the challenger went up to the other sentinel and shaking the money in his hand, said, "I have done the *old one* out of five shillings," when he was thunder-struck, by his com-

† From Blackwood's Magazine.

panion saying "Why—do you know that was the king!" The king heard it and passed away, leaving the poor sentinel ready to shrink his head to the very soles of the shoes. The king loved a merry thing, and remembered the transaction; for, two years after, he was going into the house of peers, at the meeting of parliament, and in passing between two files of soldiers from the carriage to the door, he recognized the gentleman recruit who had so politely accosted him at Weymouth, and turning round, suddenly addressed him with, "I say, have you done another old one out of five shillings since I saw you last?" The king went smiling into the house of peers and left the soldier wishing to sink into the earth.—*Gazette of Education.*

Count Gondomar's opinion of Queen Elizabeth and the Reformers.—In the castle of Simancas, in Spain, where the ancient records of the Spanish monarchy are kept, there are some letters written by the Count of Gondomar, a Spanish nobleman, who was with Philip II. in England, to his first cousin the Archbishop of Seville. Amongst them there is an answer to one from that prelate, in which, as it would appear, he had asked if the count was of opinion that Protestantism would again prevail in England after Queen Mary's death. The count answered, "About what you ask, whether our religion will prevail after our queen's death, I'll tell you, that if God helps the thing, it will be possible, because to him everything is possible; but I assure you that only the Almighty can do it. In the first place, the nobility are sighing for the property of the convents, of which they were very justly deprived by our queen, and I firmly believe that to possess it again they would turn Jews, if that were necessary. As for the middle classes, they are so fond of reading the bible, that no good, you know, can be expected from them; and as to the lower orders, they have found out that it is considerably cheaper to be Protestants, and they consider the thing quite in a trading point of view. It is possible that they might go on as before, if the new queen were like her late sister; but no two people were ever less alike. I was acquainted with Elizabeth in England, and either I am very much mistaken, or she will never be ruled by anybody; she will not be a Catholic, if it were only to prevent our Holy Father from commanding her; she looks as she were born to rule not only states but churches; and I am sure that, were she not a Protestant already, she would become one, that she might be the head of everything in the kingdom."

Kindness of Wilkie the Painter.—A young man—now a painter of eminence—when the fit of art fell upon him, came to London, resolved to commence painter at once. He had a letter of introduction to a member of the Royal Academy, a distinguished one—he was received with politeness, and was emboldened to request some information concerning the mode of making up a palette and employing colours. "Young man," said this person, "there are mysteries in my art, these are of them, which are not to be told, and must be discovered by long study—I wish you a good morning." Thus repulsed, said our informant, I resolved to be more wary with Wilkie, to whom I had a letter also—I saw him, was received kindly, and as soon as possible I began to hunt for the information I wanted as ingeniously as I could. Wilkie turned sharply round, and said, "O you want to know how to prepare your palette, and commence on canvases? had you said so at first, it would have saved going round the bush—come with me." He took me into his painting-room, and would not let me go away, till he saw that I had mastered the difficulty, to a certain extent. As we parted, he said, smiling, "Come back, if I can help you further—come back at any rate."—*Athenæum.*

The Ettrick Shepherd's and Professor Wilson's Portcullis Tills.—The Ettrick Shepherd and Professor Wilson were at one time in the habit of tilting verses against each other. The following account is given in one of the commentaries to Mr Hogg's songs. "The song, 'O weel besea the maiden gay,' was written at Ellery, Mr. Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr. Wilson and I had a Queen's Wake every wet day—a fair set to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner; and, if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr. Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but perfectly ludicrous. Wilson at that period composed all his poetry by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine fox-hound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations they weak-

ened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, 'gude faith its a' over wi' me for this day!' When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but he never would tell me."

Cockneys.—Why a man should be despised because he has passed the principal part of his life in a great capital, the seat of government, the centre of civilization, the abode or resort of every thing curious, beautiful, and great, we cannot precisely understand; nevertheless, it is a legitimate cause of laughter amongst Englishmen; and the native of the most insignificant village, or the inhabitant of any second or third rate town, glories in his superiority over the cockney. The very name has alone put to flight a school of poets, and would, if adroitly applied and ably followed up at this moment, crash in its cradle any work of imagination, whatever might be its claims to attention. It is different in France, where the epithet *Parisian* has hitherto perhaps had too much influence as a stamp of approbation.—

Foreign Quarterly Review,

A. von Kotzebue.—Among the dramatic writers of the last hundred years, hardly one, we fancy, could be named in Europe to compare with Kotzebue in fertility. The number of his dramatic pieces alone is two hundred and nineteen, in four hundred and eighty-nine acts, viz. fifteen tragedies, in forty-nine acts; sixty dramas (*schauspiele*), in one hundred and seventy-four acts; seventy-three comedies, in one hundred and fifty-three acts; thirty farces, in fifty-three acts; forty-one parodies, preludes, afterpieces, operas, melodramas, &c., in sixty acts. They are specified in "Büchner's Manual of German Dramatic Literature," since 1761. The number of Kotzebue's prose works, consisting of novels, histories, travels, periodicals, &c., is estimated at thirty volumes octavo, on the most moderate calculation.

Forcers.—The King's Theatre commenced for the season on the 18th of December with Mozart's comic opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," in which Madame Bellocchi sang admirably. The house that night was remarkably thin; indeed the most numerous part of the audience were the *forcers*, viz. those dependants of the principal singers who are admitted with orders to set the applause and the encores going. These people, however, are sometimes necessary, as the following fact will show: At Covent Garden Theatre, some few years back, John Kemble, then stage-manager, had got up one of the Roman plays of Shakspeare, the first representa-

tion of which he came into the orchestra, to witness, and sat next to me. Although the language was beautiful, and admirably delivered, yet the apathy of the audience was such, that the actors could not obtain a sign of approbation. This, he observed, was intolerable; therefore to a succeeding speech he gently tapped his stick on the floor, which was followed by the hands of a few of the audience. This he repeated occasionally, increasing the force each time, till the audience at length gave the actors loud and general applause. "There, Mr. Parke," said he to me, "you see the use of a forcer."—*Parke's Memoirs.*

How far the Russian Empire exceeds the Terra Firma in the Moon.—In one of the foreign scientific journals there is a calculation, according to which the Russian empire exceeds the terra firma in the moon by one hundred and twenty-three thousand eight hundred and eighty-five square leagues. The diameter of the moon is eight hundred and ninety-three leagues, consequently the surface two million five hundred and five thousand two hundred and sixty one square leagues. If in the moon, as in our earth, the fluid part, which we call sea, covers two-thirds of the surface, only eight hundred and thirty-five thousand and eighty-seven square miles remain for the terra firma. Now, according to the calculations made in the year 1818, the Russian empire extends over a surface of nine-hundred and fifty-eight thousand nine-hundred and seventy-two square leagues, the possessions in America included, consequently the excess remains as above stated. According to another calculation, the Russian Empire extends over one-hundred and seventy-four deg. of longitude, and thirty-six and a half deg. of lat. It contains about two-nineteenth parts of the terra firma, the fourteenth part of our hemisphere and the twenty-eighth part of our earth. Its population is about forty-five millions two hundred and seventy-one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine souls; one million of savages, and three hundred and forty thousand noblemen, not included.

Increase of the Members in the University of Cambridge.—There has been an extraordinary increase in the members of the University of Cambridge, since the middle of the last century, as is shown by the subsequent table:—

1748	.	.	1500
1813	.	.	2805
1825	.	.	4700
1830	.	.	5263

Athenæum.

LORD BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS†.

WE have given the second volume of Mr. More's "Life of Lord Byron" attentive examination; and the jewels contained in it, we shall forthwith present to our readers. The letters principally forming it, are addressed to Messrs. Moore and Murray. The rare and racy observations, reflections, and biting severities which pervade Lord Byron's correspondence, are all more or less characteristic of his magnificent but wayward mind. So glorious a gift as his genius would have been too much for mortal without some alloy. He was every Juvenal on the follies of friends—a sort of savage Shakespeare on the common casualties, deceits, and occurrences of life. The rude germs of many of his finest thoughts are traceable to his letters. Several of his noblest and loveliest statues, which "now enchant the world;" may be seen in rough and unhewn masses in his epistles—nay, hewn in the rough with all the form without the finish. The material—the marble—is there before it is carved into poetry. The extracts, we shall give, will show the wit, the melancholy, the enthusiasm, the grandeur, the kindness of Lord Byron. The present volume takes up his Lordship's life at the time when he had separated from Lady Byron, and was quitting this country. It shows him in his dissipation, in his solitude, and in his restlessness at Venice. It details the particulars of his two attachments to two Venetians, and marks the growth of his poetry. It carries his Lordship to Greece, and to his death in glory. Our extracts will be necessarily miscellaneous. We shall commence them with the Juan-like picture of his first Venetian lady.

"The reasons of this [her ascendancy] were, firstly, her person;—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two and twenty years old. She was besides a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters,—except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazza, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great

regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untamable. I was the only person that could at all keep her in any order, and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight), she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her fazziole, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful; but, alas! she longed for a hat and feathers; and all I could say or do (and I said much) could not prevent this travestie. I put the first into the fire; but I got tired of burning them before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure—for they did not at all become her.

"Then she would have her gowns with a tail—like a lady, forsooth; nothing would serve her but '*l'abita colla coda*,' or *cua*, (that is the Venetian for '*la cola*,' the tail or train), and as her cursed pronunciation of the word made me laugh, there was an end of all controversy, and she dragged this diabolical tail after her everywhere. In the meantime, she beat the women and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape whether they were feminine or no; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose (as she declared) to open all letters addressed to me and read their contents. I must not omit to do justice to her house-keeping qualities. After she came into my house as '*donna di governo*,' the expenses were reduced to less than half, and every body did their duty better—the apartments were kept in order, and everything and everybody else, except herself. That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one. In the autumn, one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—hats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and the long dark hair which was streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and

† Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. II. London, 1831. Murray.

the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightening flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea alighted from her chariot, or the Sybil of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me—'Ah! can, della Madonna, xe esto il tempo per andar, al' Lido?' (Ah! dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido?) ran into the house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the 'temporale.' I am told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out into the harbour in such a moment, and that then she sat down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs."

"I rejoice to hear of your forthcoming in February—though I tremble for the 'magnificence' which you attribute to the new *Child Harold*. I am glad you like it; it is a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation, and my favorite. I was half mad during the time of its composition, between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love unextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the share of my own delinquencies. I should many a good day, have blown my brains out, but for the recollection that it would have given pleasure to my mother-in-law; and, even then, if I could have been certain to haunt her—but I won't dwell upon these trifling family matters.

"If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, would puzzle the philosopher of all ages. But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, exercised it most devilishly.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Liodati, near Geneva; July 22d, 1816.

"I wrote to you a few weeks ago, and Dr. Polidori received your letter, but the packet has not made its appearance, nor the epistle, of which you gave notice

therein. I enclose you an advertisement,† which was copied by Dr. Polidori, and which appears to be about the most impudent imposition that ever issued from Grub Street. I need hardly say that I know nothing of all this trash, nor whence it may spring.—'Odes to St. Helena,'—'Farewells to England,' &c. &c.—and if it can be disavowed, or is worth disavowing, you have full authority to do so. I never wrote, nor conceived, a line on anything of the kind, any more than of the two other things with which I was saddled—something about 'Gaul,' and another about 'Mrs. La Valette,' and as to the 'Lily of France, I should as soon think of celebrating a turnip. On the morning of my daughter's birth, I had other things to think of than verses; and should never have dreamed of such an invention, till Mr. Johnston and his pamphlet's advertisement broke in upon me with a new light on the crafts and subtleties of the demon of printing—or rather publishing.

"I did hope that some succeeding lie would have superseded the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter. I can forgive whatever may be said of or against me, but not what they make me say or sing for myself. It is enough to answer for what I have written; but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that When the Arab Patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page. I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves, and more than I should be if I had not a headache.

"Of Glenarvon, Madame de Staël told me (ten days ago, at Copet) marvellous and grievous things; but I have seen nothing of it but the motto, which promises, amiably 'for us and for our tragedy.' If such be the posy, what should the ring be?—'a name to all succeeding,' &c. The generous moment selected for its publication is truly its kindest accompaniment and—truth to say—the time was well chosen. I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I have heard.

† The following was the advertisement enclosed:

"Nearly printed and hot-pressed, 2s 6d
"Lord Byron's Farewell to England, with Three other Poems—Ode to St. Helena, to my Daughter on her Birthday, and 'to the Lily of France.

"Printed by J. Johnston, Cheapside, 335; Oxford, 9.

"The above beautiful Poems will be read with the most lively interest, as it is probable they will be the last of the author's that will appear in England."

‡ The motto is—

"He left a name to all succeeding times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

"I ought to be ashamed of the egotism of this letter. It is not my fault altogether, and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me.

"I am in tolerable plight, and in my last letter told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme. I trust that you prosper, and that your authors are in good condition. I should suppose your stud. has received some increase by what I hear. Bertram must be a good horse; does he run next meeting? I hope you will beat the Row."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"*Dindati, Sept. 30th, 1816.*

"I answered your obliging letters yesterday: to-day the Monody † arrived with its title-page, which is, I presume, a separate publication. The request of a friend:—

"Obliged by hunger and request of friends."

I will request you to expunge that same, unless you please to add, 'by a person of quality,' or 'of wit and honour about town.' Merely say, 'written to be spoken at Drury-lane.' To-morrow I dine at Copet. Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This evening, on the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse, the pole which sustains the mainsail slipped in tacking, and struck me so violently on one of my legs (the worst, luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing, viz. to faint—a downright swoon: the thing must have jarred some nerve or other, for the bone is not injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since), and cost Mr. Hobhouse much sprinkling of water to recover me. The sensation was a very odd one: I never had but two such before, once from a cut on the head by a stone, several years ago, and once (long ago also) in falling into a great wreath of snow;—a sort of gray giddiness first, then nothingness, and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover. The last part is not disagreeable, if one did not find it again.

"You want the original MSS. Mr. Davies has the first fair copy in my own hand, and I have the rough composition here, and will send or save it for you, since you wish it.

"With regard to your new literary project, if any thing falls in the way which will, to the best of my judgment, suit you, I will send you what I can. At present I must lay by a little, having pretty well exhausted myself in what I have sent you. Italy or Dalmatia and another summer

may, or may not, set me off again. I have no plans, and am nearly as indifferent what may come as where I go. I shall take Felicia Hemans's Restoration, &c. with me; it is a good poem—very.

"Pray repeat my best thanks and remembrances to Mr. Gifford for all his trouble and good-nature towards me.

"Do not fancy me laid up, from the beginning of this scrawl. I tell you the accident for want of better to say; but it is over, and I am only wondering what the deuce was the matter with me.

"I have lately been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes. I think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than Chamouni, which I visited some time before. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it: of this tour I kept a short journal for my sister, which I sent yesterday in three letters. It is not all for perusal; but if you like to hear about the romantic part, she will, I dare say, show you what touches upon the rocks, &c.

"Christabel—I won't have any one sneer at Christabel: it is a fine wild poem.

"Madame de Stael wishes to see the Antiquary, and I am going to take it to her to-morrow. She has made Copet as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth.

"Yours ever,
"N."

From the Journal mentioned in the above letter, we extract the following:—

September 19th.

"Rose at five. Crossed the mountains to Monthovon on horseback, and on mules, and, by dint of scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful as a dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I am so tired;—for, though healthy, I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago. At Monthovon we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent, dismounted; tumbled down; cut a finger open; the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till stopped by a large tree; recovered baggage; horse tired and drooping; mounted mule. At the approach of the summit of Dent Jument dismounted again with Hobhouse and all the party. Arrived at a lake in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadrupeds with a shepherd, and ascended farther; came to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards.

† A Monody on the death of Sheridan, which was spoken at Drury Lane Theatre.

Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle; I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the cliff). In coming down, the guide tumbled three times; I fell a laughing, and tumbled too—the descent luckily soft, though steep and slippery: Hobhouse also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the mountains superb. I saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Monthovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. Hobhouse went to fish—caught one. Our carriage not come: our horses, &c. knocked up; ourselves fatigued.

“Passed the boundaries, out of Vaud and into Berne canton; French exchanged for bad German; the district famous for cheese, liberty, property, and no taxes. Hobhouse went to fish—caught none. Strolled to the river—saw boy and kid—kid followed him like a dog—kid could not get over a fence, and bleated piteously—tried myself to help kid, but nearly overset both self and kid into the river. Arrived here about six in the evening. Nine o'clock—going to bed; not tired to-day, but hope to sleep, nevertheless.”

“September 22.

“Left Thonn in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine. Rocks down to the water's edge. Landed at Néhause—passed Interlachen, entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description, or previous conception. Passed a rock; inscription—two brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock. Arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden)—glaciers—torrents; one of these torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent. Lodged at the curate's. Set out to see the valley—heard an avalanche fall, like thunder—glaciers enormous—storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail—all in perfection and beautiful. I was on horseback: guide wanted to carry my cane: I was going to give it him, when I recollected that it was a sword-stick, and I thought the lightning might be attracted towards him; kept it myself; a good deal encumbered with it, as it was too heavy for a whip, and the horse was stupid, and stood with every other peal. Got in, not very wet, the cloak being stanch. Hobhouse wet through; Hobhouse took refuge in cottage; sent man, umbrella, and cloak (from the curate's when I arrived) after him. Swiss curate's house very good indeed—much better than most English vicarages. It is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in

shape curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the “pale horse” on which death is mounted in the Apocalypse.† It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives a wave or curve, a spreading here, or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable.

“September 23.

“Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent (seven in the morning) again; the sun upon it, forming a rainbow of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw anything like this; it is only in the sunshine. Ascended the Wengen mountain; at noon reached a valley on the summit; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit, seven thousand feet (English feet) above the level of the sea, and about five thousand above the valley we left in the morning. On one side, our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant (the Kleine Eiger); and the Great Giant (the Grosse Eiger), and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of the Jungfrau is thirteen thousand feet above the sea, eleven thousand above the valley: she is the highest of this range. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. From whence we stood, on the Wengen Alp, we had all these in view on one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring tide—it was white and solitary, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was, of course, not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular). Staid a quarter of an hour—began to descend—quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snow-ball and pelted Hobhouse with it.

“Got down to our horses again; eat

† It is interesting to observe the use to which he afterwards converted these hasty memorandums in his sublime drama of Manfred:—

‘It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And sing its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.’

something; remounted: heard the avalanches still: came to a morass; Hobhouse dismounted to get over well; I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up to the chin, and of course he and I were in the mud together; bemired, but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Arrived at the Grindenwald; dined, mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier—like a *frozen hurricane*.† Starlight, beautiful; but a devil of a path! Never mind got safe in a little lightning, but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed *whole woods of withered pines, all withered; trunks stripped and lifeless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter.*‡

Shelley and Byron, first met at Geneva. Mr. Moore says:—

"There was no want of disposition towards acquaintance on either side, and an intimacy almost immediately sprung up between them. Among the tastes common to both, that for boating was not the least strong; and in this beautiful region they had more than ordinary temptations to indulge in it. Every evening, during their residence under the same roof at Secheron, they embarked, accompanied by the ladies and Polidori, on the Lake; and to the feelings and fancies inspired by these excursions, which were not unfrequently prolonged into the hour of moonlight, we are indebted for some of those enchanting stanzas§ in which the poet has given way to his passionate love of nature so fervidly.

"There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the grass
Drips the light drop of the suspended air."

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the lill,
But that is fancy—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

"A person who was of these parties has thus described to me one of their evenings. 'When the *bise* or north-east wind blows, the waters of the Lake are driven towards the town, and, with the stream of the Rhone, which sets strongly in the same direction, combine to make a very rapid current towards the harbour. Carelessly, one evening, we had yielded to its course, till we found ourselves almost

driven on the piles; and it required all our rowers' strength to master the tide. The waves were high and insipiting—we were all animated by our contest with the elements. "I will sing you an Albanian song," cried Lord Byron; "now, be sentimental, and give me all your attention." It was a strange, wild howl that he gave forth; but such as, he declared, was an exact imitation of the savage Albanian mode—laughing, the while, at our disappointment, who had expected a wild Eastern melody.' Sometimes the party landed, for a walk upon the shore, and on such occasions, Lord Byron would loiter behind the rest, lazily trailing his sword-stick along, and moulding, as he went his thronging thoughts into shape. Often too, when in the boat, he would lean abstractedly over the side, and surrender himself up, in silence, to the absorbing task.

"The conversation of Mr. Shelley, from the extent of his poetic reading, and the strange, mystic speculations into which his system of philosophy led him, was of a nature strongly to arrest and interest the attention of Lord Byron, and to turn him away from worldly associations and topics into more abstract and uprodden ways of thought. As far as contrast, indeed, is an enlivening ingredient of such intercourse, it would be difficult to find two persons more formed to whet each other's faculties by discussion, as on a few points of common interest between them did their opinions agree; and that this difference had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering labyrinth of Mr. Shelley's pages to assure us.

Dr. Polidori cuts a poor figure in Mr. Moore's Notices. "A few anecdotes of this young man, while in the service of Lord Byron, may, as throwing light upon the character of the latter, be not inappropriately introduced. While the whole party were one day out boating, Polidori by some accident in rowing struck Lord Byron violently on the knee-pan with his oar; and the latter, without speaking, turned his face away to hide the pain. After a moment he said, 'Be so kind, Polidori, another time, to take more care, for you hurt me very much.'—'I am glad of it,' answered the other, 'I am glad to see you can suffer pain.' In a calm, suppressed tone, Lord Byron replied, 'Let me advise you, Polidori, when you another time hurt any one, not to express your satisfaction. People don't like to be told that those who give them pain are glad of it; and they cannot always command their anger. It was with some difficulty that I refrained from throwing you into the

† O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam
Frozen in a moment.—MANFRED.

‡ Like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless.
MANFRED.

§ Childe Harold, Canto III.

water, and, but for Mrs. Shelley's presence, I should have done some such rash thing.' This was said without ill-temper, and the cloud soon passed away.

"Another time, when the lady just mentioned was, after a shower of rain, walking up the hill to Diodati, Lord Byron, who saw her from his balcony where he was standing with Polidori, said to the latter, 'Now, you who wish to be gallant ought to jump down this small height and offer your arm.' Polidori chose the easiest part of the declivity, and leaped; but, the ground being wet, his foot slipped, and he sprained his ankle. Lord Byron instantly helped to carry him in and procure cold water for the foot; and, after he was laid on the sofa, perceiving that he was uneasy, went up stairs himself (an exertion which his lameness made painful and disagreeable) to fetch a pillow for him. 'Well, I did not believe you had so much feeling,' was Polidori's gracious remark, which, it may be supposed, not a little clouded the noble poet's brow.

"Polidori had become jealous of the growing intimacy of his patron with Shelley; and the plan which he now understood them to have formed of making a tour of the Lake without him, completed his mortification. In the soreness of his feelings on this subject, he indulged in some intemperate remonstrances, which Lord Byron indignantly resented; and the usual bounds of courtesy being passed on both sides, the dismissal of Polidori appeared, even to himself, inevitable. With this prospect, which he considered nothing less than ruin, before his eyes, the poor young man was, it seems, on the point of committing that fatal act which, two or three years afterwards, he actually did perpetrate. Retiring to his own room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine-chest, and was pausing to consider whether he should write a letter before he took it, when Lord Byron (without, however, the least suspicion of his intention) tapped at the door and entered, with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears; and, in relating all the circumstances of the occurrence afterwards, he declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron, in soothing his mind; and restoring him to composure.

"A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between them, during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. 'After all,' said the physician, 'what is there you can do that I cannot?'—'Why, since you force

me to say, answered the other, 'I think there are three things I can do which you cannot.' Polidori defied him to name them. 'I can,' said Lord Byron, 'swim across that river—I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot, at the distance of twenty paces—and I have written a poem of which fourteen thousand copies were sold in one day.'

"You seem to think that I could not have written the 'Vision,' &c. under the influence of low spirits; but I think there you err. A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod."

"TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, June 17, 1819.

"I have been picture-gazing this morning at the famous Dominichino and Guido, both of which are superlative. I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna. Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

'Martini Luigi
Implora pace!
'Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*! There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and death-like prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pacet'—I hope whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido within the fortrees, by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more put over me. I trust, they won't think of picking, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall! I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death-bed; could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my car-

† Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was sometimes led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind, much less repetition in his correspondence than in that, perhaps, of any other multifarious letter writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches, both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting;—what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

pass back to your soil. I would not feed your worms if I could help it.

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you your late, and Mr. Hobhouse's sheets of Juan. Do not wait for further answers from me, but address yours to Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr. Hoppner very well. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features; she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady . . .

I probably must return for business, or in my way to America. Pray did you get a letter for Mr. Hobhouse, who will have told you the contents? I understand that the Venezuelan commissioners had orders to treat with emigrants; now I want to go there. I should not make a bad South American planter, and I should take my natural daughter with me and settle. I wrote at length to Hobhouse, to get information from Perry, who, I suppose, is the best topographer and trumpeter of the new republic. Pray write . . .

"The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi, whom I know) is, without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my idea of human execution.

"In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature could, but would not, do,
And Beauty and Canova can!
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the bard's defeated art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the Helen of the heart!

"Talking of the 'heart' reminds me that I have fallen in love—fathomless love; but lest you should make some splendid mistake, and envy me the possession of some of those princesses or countesses with whose affections your English voyagers are apt to invest themselves, I beg leave to tell you that my goddess is only the wife of a merchant of Venice; [the Countess Giuccioli] but then she is pretty as an antelope, has the large, black, oriental eyes, with the Italian countenance, and dark glossy hair, of the curl and colour of Lady J * * *. Then she has the voice of a lute, and the song of a seraph (though not quite so sacred), besides a long portfolio of graces, virtues, and accomplishments, enough to furnish out a new chapter for Solomon's Song. But her great merit is hiding out mine—there is nothing so amiable as discernment."

The following touching and beautiful letter he wrote in the Countess Giuccioli's copy of Corinne.

"My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and others will not understand them,—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognise the hand-writing of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to what purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had staid there, with all my heart,—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state. But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me—at least, you say so, and act as if you did so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But I more than love you, and cannot cease to love you. Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us;—but they never will, unless you wish it. BYRON.

Bologna, Aug. 25, 1819."

Of this attachment Mr. Moore thus speaks:—

"From the excesses to which he abandoned himself on his first arrival at Venice, the timely warning of disgust soon rescued him; and the connection with Madame Giuccioli which followed, and which, however, much to be reprehended, had in it all of marriage that his real marriage wanted, seemed to place, at length, within reach of his affectionate spirit, that union and sympathy for which, through life, it had thirsted. But the treasure came too late—the pure poetry of the feeling had vanished, and those tears he shed so passionately in the garden at Bologna, flowed less, perhaps, from the love which he felt at that moment, than from the saddening consciousness, how differently he could have felt formerly. It was, indeed, wholly beyond the power, even of an imagination like his, to go on investing with its own ideal glories a sentiment which—more from daring and vanity than from any other impulse—he had taken such pains to tarnish and debase in his own eyes."

In 1819, Mr. Moore, passing through Italy, paid a hurried visit to his friend, who was then residing at a villa with the

Countess Guiccioli, in the temporary absence of her husband. Here is an account of the meeting.

"Having parted, at Milan, with Lord John Russell, whom I had accompanied from England, and whom I was to rejoin, after a short visit to Rome, at Genoa I made purchase of a small and (as it soon proved) crazy travelling carriage, and proceeded alone on my way to Venice. My time being limited, I stopped no longer at the intervening places than was sufficient to hurry over their respective wonders, and leaving Padua at noon on the 8th of October, I found myself, about two o'clock, at the door of my friend's villa, at La Mira. He was but just up, and in his bath; but the servant having announced my arrival, he returned a message that, if I would wait till he was dressed, he would accompany me to Venice. The interval I employed in conversing with my old acquaintance, Fletcher, and in viewing, under his guidance, some of the apartments of the villa.

"It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance, and the delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, any idea of what it could be under the influence of such pleasurable excitement as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

"I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change—having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a "faccia di musico," as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap—all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features may have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humour

which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvedere Apollo had become still more striking.

"His breakfast which I found he rarely took before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily dispatched—his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time, living under the same room with him at La Mira; and, who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first short interview of intelligence and amiableness such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm."

The gift of the precious memoranda of Lord Byron's life, upon which it will be recollected, Moore for some reason or other turned incendiary, was presented to him in Italy.

"I found my noble host waiting to receive me, and, in passing with him through the hall, saw his little *Allegria*, who with her nursery-maid, was standing there, as if just returned from a walk. To the perverse fancy he had for falsifying his own character, and even imputing to himself faults the most alien to his nature, I have already frequently adverted, and had, on this occasion, a striking instance of it. After I had spoken a little, in passing, to the child, and made some remark on its beauty, he said to me—'Have you any notion—but I suppose you have—of what they call the parental feeling? For myself, I have not the least.' And yet, when that child died, in a year or two afterwards, he who now uttered this artificial speech was so overwhelmed by the event, that those who were about him at the time actually trembled for his reason! A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. 'Look here,' he said, holding it up—'this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it.'—'What is it?' I asked. 'My Life and Adventures,' he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,' he continued, 'that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it if you like—there, do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and

thanking him most warmly, I added, 'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.' He then added, 'You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it;' and this is, nearly word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject."

Lord Byron had a strange propensity for uttering stigmas of himself. Mr. Moore alludes to it, and observes:—"To such a perverse length, indeed, did he carry this fancy for self-defamation, that if (as sometimes, in his moments of gloom, he persuaded himself) there was any tendency to derangement in his mental conformation, on this point alone could it be pronounced to have manifested itself. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, when he most gave way to his humour—for it was observable afterwards, when the world joined in his own opinion of himself, he rather shrunk from the echo—I have known him more than once, as we have sat together after dinner, and he was, at the time, perhaps a little under the influence of wine, to fall seriously into this sort of dark and self-accusing mood, and throw out hints of his past life with an air of gloom and mystery designed evidently to awaken curiosity and interest. He was, however, too promptly alive to the least approaches of ridicule not to perceive, on these occasions, that the gravity of his hearer was only prevented from being disturbed by an effort of politeness, and he accordingly never again tried this romantic mystification upon me. From what I have known, however, of his experiments upon more inexpressible listeners, I have little doubt that, to produce effect at the moment, there is hardly any crime so dark or desperate of which, in the excitement of thus acting upon the imaginations of others, he would not have hinted that he had been guilty: and it has sometimes occurred to me that the occult cause of his lady's separation from him, round which herself and her legal adviser have thrown such formidable mystery, may have been nothing more, after all, than some imposture of this kind, some dimly hinted confession of undefined horrors, which, though intended by the relater but to mystify and surprise, the hearer so little understood him as to take in sober seriousness."

"Yours of the 15th, came yesterday, I am sorry that you do not mention a large letter addressed to *your care* for Lady Byron, from me, at Bologna, two months ago. Pray tell me, was this letter received and forwarded? You say nothing of the vice-consulate for the Ravenna patrician; from which it is to be inferred that the

thing will not be done. I had written about a hundred stanzas of a 'Third Canto to 'Don Juan,' but the reception of the two first is no encouragement to you nor me to proceed. I had also written about six hundred lines of a poem, the *Vision* (or *Prophecy*) of Dante, the subject a view of Italy in the ages down to the present—supposing Dante to speak in his own person, previous to his death, and embracing all topics in the way of prophecy, like Lycophron's *Cassandra*; but this and the other are both at a stand-still for the present. I gave Moore, who is gone to Rome, my *Life* in MS., in seventy-eight folio sheets, brought down to 1816. But this I put into his hands for his care, as he has some other MSS. of mine—a *Journal* kept in 1814, &c. Neither are for publication during my life, and when I am cold, you may do what you please. In the meantime, if you like to read them you may, and show them to any body you like—I care not. The *Life* is *Memoranda* and not *Confessions*. I have left out all my *loves* (except in a general way), and many other of the most important things (because I must not compromise other people) so that it is like the play of Hamlet—"the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire." But you will find many opinions, and some fun, with a detailed account of my marriage and its consequences as true as a party concerned can make such account, for I suppose we are all prejudiced. I have never read over this life since it was written, so that, I know not exactly what it may repeat or contain. Moore and I passed some merry days together. . . .

"I have never heard anything of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ. . . . But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen — shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my hearth, and destruction on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary . . .) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have re-

formed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave, and

"You offer fifteen hundred guineas for the new Canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of one hundred and forty-four stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr. Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable, and who, I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact that *he*, Mr. Hobhouse has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this Canto than the preceding.—No: but if Mr. Eustace was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education, if Mr. Moore is to have three thousand for Lalla, &c.; if Mr. Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose on poetry—I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen in their labours—but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably *longer*; very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen mine, and ask less. You shall submit the MS. to Mr. Gifford, and any other two gentlemen to be named by you (Mr. Frere, or Mr. Croker, or whomever you please, except such fellows as your —s and —s), and if they pronounce this Canto to be inferior as a *whole* to the preceding, I will not appeal from their award, but burn the manuscript, and leave things as they are.

"You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right, Hobhouse is right—you are all right, and I am all wrong; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my 'disiecti membra poetæ,' like those of the Levite's concubine; make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels; but don't ask me to alter, for I won't:—I am obstinate and lazy—and there's the truth. But, nevertheless, I will answer your friend P—, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gravity, as if in that case the gravity did not (in intention at least), heighten the fun. His metaphor is, that 'we are never scorched and drenched at the same time.' Blessings on his experience! Ask him these questions about 'scorching and drenching.' Did he never play at cricket,

or walk a mile in hot weather? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, d—ning his eyes and his valet? Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and set in his wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, afterwards 'scorched and drenched,' like a true sportsman? 'Oh for breath to utter!'—but make him my compliments; he is a clever fellow for all that—a very clever fellow.

"What is all this about Tom Moore? but why do I ask? since the state of my own affairs would not permit me to be of use to him, though they are greatly improved since 1816, and may, with some more luck and a little prudence, become quite clear. It seems his claimants are American merchants? *There goes Nemesis!* Moore abused America. It is always thus in the long run:—Time, the Avenger. You have seen every trampler down in turn, from Buonaparte to the simplest individuals. You saw how some were avenged even upon my insignificance, and how in turn . . . paid for his atrocity. It is an old world; but the watch has its main-spring, after all."

Ravenna, May 20th, 1820.

"Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his poets: Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide characters are taken from Smollett: 'Tis impossible:—the Guide was published in 1766, and Humphrey Clinker in 1771—*dunque* 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey. Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who 'built a church to God, and then blasphemed his name': it was 'Deo crexit Voltaire' to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakespear, 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily,' &c.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.

"Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct: for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rained it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

Your's, &c."

The following interesting account of

Lord Byron's visit to Ravenna, is given by the Countess Guiccioli herself.

"On my departure from Venice, he had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine wood, the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came, in fact, in the month of June, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini; while I, attacked by a consumptive complaint, which had its origin from the moment of my quitting Venice, appeared on the point of death. The arrival of a distinguished foreigner at Ravenna, a town so remote from the routes ordinarily followed by travellers, was an event which gave rise to a good deal of conversation. His motives for such a visit became the subject of discussion, and these he himself afterwards involuntarily divulged; for having made some inquiries with a view to paying me a visit, and being told that it was unlikely that he would ever see me again, as I was at the point of death, he replied, if such were the case, he hoped that he should die also; which circumstance, being repeated, revealed the object of his journey. Count Guiccioli, having been acquainted with Lord Byron at Venice, went to visit him now, and in the hope that his presence might amuse, and be of some use to me in the state in which I then found myself, invited him to call upon me. He came the day following. It is impossible to describe the anxiety he showed,—the delicate attentions that he paid me. For a long time he had perpetually medical books in his hands; and not trusting my physicians, he obtained permission from Count Guiccioli to send for a very clever physician, a friend of his, in whom he placed great confidence. The attentions of the Professor Aglietti (for so this celebrated Italian was called), together with the tranquillity, and the inexpressible happiness which I experienced in Lord Byron's society, had so good an effect on my health, that only two months afterwards I was able to accompany my husband in a tour he was obliged to make to visit his various estates."

TO MR HOPFNER,

"Ravenna, June 20, 1820.

"I wrote to you from Padua, and from Bologna, and since from Ravenna, I find my situation very agreeable, but want my horses very much, there being good riding in the environs. I can fix no time for my return to Venice—it may be soon or late—or not at all—it all depends on the Donna,

whom I found very seriously in bed with a cough and spitting of blood, &c. all of which has subsided. I found all the people here firmly persuaded that she would never recover;—they were mistaken, however. My letters were useful as far as I employed them: and I like both the place and people, though I don't trouble the latter more than I can help. *She* manages very well— . . . but if I come away with a stiletto in my gizzard some fine afternoon, I shall not be astonished. I can't make *him* out at all—he visits me frequently, and takes me out (like Whittington, the Lord Mayor) in a coach and six horses. The fact appears to be, that he is completely governed by her—for that matter, so am I†. The people here don't know what to make of us, as he had the character of jealousy with all his wives—this is the third. He is the richest of the Ravennese, by their own account, but is not popular among them.

Now do, pray, send off Augustine, and carriage and cattle, to Bologna, without fail or delay, or I shall lose my remaining shred of senses. Don't forget this. My coming, going, and everything, depend upon *HER* entirely, just as Mrs. Hoppner (to whom I remit my reverences) said in the true spirit of female prophecy. You are but a shabby fellow not to have written before.

"And I am truly yours, &c."

In the following letter written at Ravenna, reference is made to the same parties; and to one other, in a spirit of bitterness that seems to have awakened all his energies, and justifies the opinion of Goethe, that he was inspired by the Genius of Pain.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, June 29th, 1820.

"The letters have been forwarded from Venice, but I trust that you will not have waited for further alterations—I will make none. You ask me to spare . . . —ask the worms. His dust *can* suffer

† That this task of "governing" him was one of more ease than, from the ordinary view of his character, might be concluded, I have more than once, in these pages, expressed my opinion, and shall here quote, in corroboration of it, the remark of his own servant (founded on an observation of more than twenty years), in speaking of his master's matrimonial fate:—"It is very odd, but I never yet knew a lady that could not manage my lord, *except* my lady."

"More knowledge," says Johnson, "may be gained of a man's real character by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from the most formal and studied narrative."

nothing from the truth being spoken—and if it *could*, how did he behave to *me*? You may talk to the wind, which will carry the sound—and to the caves, which will echo you—but *not* to me, on the subject of a . . . who wronged me—whether dead or alive.

"I have no time to return you the proofs—publish without them. I am glad you think the poetry good; and as to 'thinking of the effect,' think *you* of 'the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you.

"I have been here (at Ravenna) these four weeks, having left Venice a month ago;—I came to see my 'Amica, the Countess Guiccioli, who has been, and still continues, very unwell.

She is only twenty years old, but not of a strong constitution. She has a perpetual cough and an intermittent fever, but bears up most gallantly in every sense of the word. Her husband (this is his third wife) is the richest noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna; he is also *not* the youngest, being upwards of threescore, but in good preservation. All this will appear strange to you, who do not understand the meridian morality, nor our way of life in such respects, and I cannot at present expound the difference;—but you would find it much the same in these parts. At Faenza there is Lord — with an opera girl; and at the inn in the same town is a Neapolitan Prince, who serves the wife of the Gonfaloniere of that city. I am on duty here—so you see "Cosi fan tutti e tutte." I have my horses here, saddle as well as carriage, and ride or drive every day in the forest, the *Pineta*, the scene of Boccaccio's novel, and Dryden's fable of Honoria, &c. &c.; and I see my *Dama* every day . . . ; but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her, I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account, and whom I have every reason to love—but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I *should* do if she died, but I ought to blow my brains out—and I hope that I should. Her husband is a very polite personage, but I wish he would not carry me out in his coach and six, like Whittington and his cat."

Speaking of the separation he had caused between the countess and her husband, he says:

"Your apprehensions (arising from Scott's) were unfounded. There are no *damages* in this country, but there will probably be a separation between them; as her family, which is a principal one, by

its connexions, are very much against *him*, for the whole of his conduct; and he is old and obstinate, and she is young and a woman, determined to sacrifice every thing to her affections. I have given her the best advice, viz. to stay with him,—pointing out the state of a separated woman (for the priests won't let lovers live openly together, unless the husband sanctions it), and making the most exquisite moral reflections,—but to no purpose. She says, 'I will stay with him, if he will let you remain with me. It is hard that I should be the only woman in Romagna who is not to have her amico; but, if not, I will not live with him, and as for the consequences, love, &c. &c.'—you know how females reason on such occasions. He says he has let it go on, till he can do so no longer. But he wants her to stay, and dismiss me; for he doesn't like to pay back her dowry and to make an alimony. Her relations are rather for the separation, as they detest him,—indeed, so does every body. The populace and the women are, as usual, all for those who are in the wrong, viz. the lady and her lover. I should have retreated, but honour, and an erysipelas which has attacked her, prevent me,—to say nothing of love, for I love her most entirely, though not enough to persuade her to sacrifice every thing to a frenzy. 'I see how it will end; she will be the sixteenth Mrs. Shuffleton.'"

Again, alluding to a party, whither he accompanies her:—

"The G.'s object appeared to be to parade her foreign lover as much as possible, and faith, if she seemed to glory in the scandal, it was not for me to be ashamed of it. Nobody seemed surprised;—all the women, on the contrary, were, as it were, delighted with the excellent example. The vice-legat; and all the other vices, were as polite as could be;—and I, who acted on the reserve, was fairly obliged to take the lady under my arm, and look as much like a cicisbeo as I could on so short a notice."

In a familiar journal he kept in 1821, Lord Byron makes these reflections upon his own temperament:—

"What is the reason that I have been, all my life-time, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if any thing, I am rather less so now that I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume that it is constitutional—as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a long time together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did; when under their immediate

influence—it is odd, but—I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed spirits.

"A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless*; for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if ever I reach near to old age, like Swift, 'I shall die at top' first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses."

From the same journal we extract the following account of his mode of life while he lived at Ravenna, after the Guiccioli was divorced from her husband, and while she lived with her father the Count Gamba.

"*Ravenna, January 4, 1821.*

"A sudden thought strikes me. Let me begin a Journal once more. The last I kept was in Switzerland, in record of a tour made in the Bernese Alps, which I made to send to my sister in 1816, and I suppose that she has it still, for she wrote to me that she was pleased with it. Another, and longer, I kept in 1813-1814, which I gave to Thomas Moore in the same year.

"This morning I got me up late, as usual—weather bad—bad as England—worse. The snow of last week melting to the sirocco of to-day, so that there were two d—d things at once. Could not even get to ride on horseback in the forest. Staid at home all the morning—looked at the fire—wondered when the post would come. Post came at the Ave Maria, instead of half-past nine o'clock as it ought. Galliani's Messengers, six in number—a letter from Faenza, but none from England. Very sulky in consequence (for there ought to have been letters), and ate in consequence a copious dinner; for when I am vexed, it makes me swallow quicker—but drank very little.

"I was out of spirits—read the papers—thought what *fun* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that 'Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gypsey woman accused. He had

on his counter (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the 'Life of Pamela,' which he was *tearing for waste paper*, &c. &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf of Pamela wrapt round the bacon*.' What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (i. e. while alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophecy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets)—what would he have said could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilets (see Boswell's Johnson) to the grocer's counter and the gipsy murderer's bacon!!!

"What would he have said? what can any body say, save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's—grocer, or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship.

"Wrote five letters in about half an hour, short and savage, to all my rascally correspondents. Carriage came. Heard the news of three murders at Faenza and Forlì—a carabinier, a smuggler, and an attorney—all last night. The first two in a quarrel, the latter by premeditation.

"Came home at eleven, or rather before. If the road and weather are conformable, mean to ride to-morrow. High time—almost a week at this work—snow, sirocco, one day—frost and snow the other—sad climate for Italy. But the two seasons, last and present, are extraordinary. Read a 'Life of Leonardo da Vinci,' by Rossi—wrote this much, and will go to bed.

"*January 5th, 1821.*

"Rose late—dull and droop...—the weather dripping and dense. Snow on the ground, and sirocco above in the sky, like yesterday. Roads up to the horse's belly, so that riding (at least for pleasure) is not very feasible. Added a postscript to my letter to Murray. Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth time (I have read all Sir W. Scott's novels at least fifty times), of the third series of 'Tales of my Landlord'—grand work—Scotch Fielding, as well as great English poet—wonderful man! I long to get drunk with him.

"Dined versus six o' the clock. Forgot that there was a plum-pudding (I have added, lately, *eating* to my 'family of vices'), and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits—probably spirits of wine; for, what they call brandy, rum, &c. &c. here, is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured

accordingly. Did *not* eat two apples, which were placed, by way of dessert. Fed the two cats, the hawk, and the tame (but *not tamed*) crow. Read Mitford's 'History of Greece'—Xenophon's 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand.' Up to this present moment writing, six minutes before eight o'clock—French hours not Italian.

"Eleven o' the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Contessa G. Nata G. G. Found her beginning my letter of answer to the thanks of Alessio del Pinto of Rome for assisting his brother to the late commandant in his last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply for the purer Italian, being an ultra-montane, little skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany. Cut short the letter—finish it another day. Talked of Italy, patriotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany, and other branches of learning.

"Mem.—Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock in this afternoon) to copy out seven or eight apophthegms of Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a schoolboy might detect, rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or mistatements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

"January 6th, 1821.

"Mist—thaw—slop—rain. No stirring out on horseback. Read Spence's 'Anecdotes.' Pope a fine fellow—always thought him so. Corrected blunders in nine apophthegms of Bacon—all historical, and red Mitford's 'Greece.' Wrote an epigram. Turned to a passage in Guinguené—ditto, in Lord Holland's 'Lope de Vega.' Wrote a note on 'Don Juan.'

"At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music—like music. Talked with Count Pietro G. of the Italian comedian Vestris, who is now at Rome—have seen him often act in Venice—a good actor, very. Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He has made me frequently laugh and cry, neither of which is now a very easy matter, at least, for a player to produce in me.

"Sketched the outline and Drams. Pers. of an intended tragedy of 'Sardanapalus,' which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus—I know the history of 'Sardanapalus,' and have known it since I was twelve years old—and read over a passage in the ninth vol octavo of Mitford's Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.

"Dined—news come—the Powers mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be

beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

"I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer's 'Sappho,' which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into 'Sardanapalus' than I intended. I speak, of course, if the times will allow me leisure. That if will hardly be a peacemaker.

"January 14, 1821.

"Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of Sardanapalus. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy.

"Read 'Diodorus Siculus'—turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don't like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day's diary.

"The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

"January 15, 1821.

"Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Received visit. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford's 'Greece'—wrote part of a scene of 'Sardanapalus.' Went out—heard some music—heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

"I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore—the poet *par excellence*, and he deserves it—and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs. Murray, the mag-

nificent—the illustrious publisher of that name—had just sent me a ‘Java Gazette,’ I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute—the said ‘Java Gazette’—on Moore’s merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But there is *fame* for you at six-and-twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java. It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest *pleasure*, at least to be *with* him; and, surely an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line. Well, the same evening I met Lawrence the painter, and heard one of Earl Grey’s daughters a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician thorough-bred* look of her father, which I dote upon play on the harp, so modestly and ingeniously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence who talked delightfully, and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

“Read S—. Of Dante, he says, that ‘at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen.’ ‘Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not a favourite!* Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.

“In the same style this German talks of Condolas on the Arno—a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!

“He says also that Dante’s chief defect is ‘a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!’—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father’s feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and ‘La Pia!’ Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness: when he is tender. It is true that treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who *but* Dante could have introduced any ‘gentleness’ at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton’s? No—and Dante’s Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.

one o’clock.

“I have found out, however, where the German is right—it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. ‘Of all romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape

in which romance can appear), the Vicar of Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite.’ He thinks!—he might be sure. But it is very well for a S—. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

“Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.”

“What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift—‘dying at top.’ I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

“Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz, which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing.”

“I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her), who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poetry for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply N. N. A. and has not a word of ‘cant’ of preachment in it upon any opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to burn her letter—which, by the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter, in such circumstances, as better than a diploma from Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in *Norway* (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on the same score of congratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe oneself a poet. But if I must believe that, and such fellows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps.”

It is stated that Lord Byron never was made aware of the cause of his wife’s separation from him. As an evidence of his feelings on that subject, Mr. Moore publishes the following letter, which his Lordship addressed to Lady Byron, in 1821, and observes upon it, that there are few of his readers who will not agree with him in thinking “that if its author had not *right* on his side, he had, at least, most of those good feelings which are found generally to accompany it.”

Pisa, November 17th, 1821.

“I have to acknowledge the receipt of

"Ada's hair," which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why; I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters are returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word "Household" written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying point, as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation,—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of re-union seems to me, at least, a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are

colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that if you have injured me in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have injured you, it is something more; still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three."

Your's ever,

NOEL BYRON.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, December, 10th, 1821.

"This day and this hour (one of the clock), my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, if ever I shall see her at all.

"I have remarked a curious coincidence; which almost looks like a fatality.

"My mother, my wife, my daughter, my half-sister, my sister's mother, my natural daughter (as far at least as I am concerned) and myself, are only children.

"My father, by his marriage with Lady Conyers (an only child), had only my sister; and by second marriage with an only child, an only child again. Lord Byron, as you know, was one also, and so is my daughter, &c.

"Is this not rather odd such a complication of only children? By the way, send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of her complexion.

"Yours, &c. B."

"Pisa, April 22, 1822.

"You will regret to hear that I have received intelligence of the death of my daughter Allegra of a fever, in the convent of Bagno Cavallo, where she was placed for the last year, to commence her education. It is a heavy blow for many reasons, but must be borne, with time."

"The body is embarked, in what ship I know not, neither could I enter into the details; but the Countess G. G. has had the goodness to give the necessary orders to Mr. Dunn, who superintends the embarkation, and will write to you. I wish it to be buried in Harrow church.

"There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill

looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church. Near the door, on the left hand as you enter, there is a monument with a tablet containing these words:

'When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred dust,
Our tears become us, and our grief is just;
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
This last and tribute of her love and praise.'

I recollect them (after seventeen years), not from any thing remarkable in them, but because from my seat in the gallery I had generally my eyes turned towards that monument. As near it as convenient I could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a marble placed, with these words:

In Memory of
Allegra,
Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
who died at Bagna Cavallo,
in Italy, April 30th, 1822,
aged five years and three months.

'I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'
3d Samuel, xii, 28.

"The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent with decency; and I could hope that Henry Drury will, perhaps, read the service over her. If he should decline it, it can be done by the usual minister for the time being. I do not know that I need add more just now.

In the following letter to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron alludes to a proposed bargain with Galignani, the Parisian publisher.

"Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except so far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English booksellers; and I desire no interest out of that country. Now that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, *mieo caro Moray*, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet Street about you now and then—a crumb of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.

"With regard to the price I fixed none, but left it to Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Shelly, and yourself to arrange. Of course they would do their best; and as to yourself, I know you would make no difficulties. But

I agree with Mr. Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding five hundred should be only conditional; and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, that number to be fixed by yourself. I hope this is fair. In every thing of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

"So you and Mr. Foscolo, &c. want me to undertake what you call a 'great work?'—an epic poem, I suppose, or some such pyramid. I'll try no such thing—I hate tasks. And then 'seven or eight years!' God send us all well this day three months, let alone years. If one's years cannot be better employed than in sweating poesy, a man had better be a ditcher. And works, too!—is Childe Harold nothing? You have so many *divine* poems, is it nothing to have written a *human* one? without any of your worn-out machinery. Why, man, I could have spun the thoughts of the four cantos of that poem into twenty, had I wanted to book-make; and its passion into as many modern tragedies. Since you want *length*, you shall have enough of Juan—for I'll make fifty cantos.

"Now to business; I say unto you, verily it is not so; or, as the foreigner said to the waiter, after asking him to bring a glass of water, to which the man answered, 'I will, sir,'—'You will!—G—d d d—n,—I say, you *must*!' And I will submit this to the decision of any person or persons, to be appointed by both, on a fair examination of the circumstances of this as compared with the preceding publications. So, there's for you. There is always some row or other previously to all our publications: it should seem that, on approximating, we can never quite get over the natural antipathy of author and bookseller, and that more particularly the ferine nature of the latter must break forth.

"I once wrote from the fullness of my mind and the love of fame (not as an *end*, but as a *means*, to obtain that influence over men's minds which is power in itself and in its consequences); and now from habit and from avarice; so that the effect may probably be as different as the inspiration. I have the same facility, and indeed necessity, of composition, to avoid idleness (though idleness in a hot country is a pleasure), but a much greater indifference to what is to become of it, after it has served my immediate purpose. How-

ever, I should on no account like to— but I won't go on, like the Archbishop of Granada, as I am very sure that you dread the fate of Gil Blas, and with good reason.
Yours, &c."

Lord Byron had a sensitive dread of ridicule.

"In writing thus to him," says Mr. Moore, "I had more particularly in recollection a fancy of this kind respecting myself, which he had not long before my present visit to him at Venice, taken into his head. In a ludicrous, and now perhaps forgotten, publication of mine, giving an account of the adventures of an English family in Paris, there had occurred the following description of the chief hero of the tale :

A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man, With mustachios which gave (what we read of so oft)

The dear Corinair expression, half savage, half soft— As hyenas in love may be fancied to look, or A something between Abelard and old Blucher."

On seeing this doggerel, my noble friend, —as I might, indeed, with a little more thought, have anticipated,—conceived the notion that I meant to throw ridicule on his whole race of poetic heroes; and accordingly, as I learned from persons then in frequent intercourse with him, flew out into one of his fits of half-humorous rage against me. This he now confessed himself; and, in laughing over the circumstance with me, owned that he had even gone so far as, in his first moments of wrath, to contemplate some little retaliation for this perfidious hit at his heroes. "But when I recollected," said he, "what pleasure it would give the whole tribe of blockheads and Blues to see you and me turning out against each other, I gave up the idea." He was, indeed, a striking instance of what may be almost invariably observed, that they who best know how to wield the weapon of ridicule themselves, are the most alive to its power in the hands of others. I remember one day, —in the year 1813, I think, —as we were conversing together about critics, and their influence on the public, "For my part," he exclaimed, "I don't care what they say of me, so they don't quiz me." "Oh, you need not fear that," I answered, with something, perhaps, of a half-suppressed smile on my features, "nobody could quiz you." "You could," you villain!! he replied, clenching his hand at me; and looking, at the same time, with comic earnestness into my face.

"On the day preceding that of my departure from Venice, my noble host; on arriving from La Mira to dinner, told me, with all the glee of a schoolboy who had

been just granted a holiday, that, as this was my last evening, the contessa had given him leave to 'make a night of it'; and that accordingly he would not only accompany me to the opera, but that we should sup together at some *café* (as in the olden times) afterwards. Observing a volume in his gondola, with a number of paper marks between the leaves, I inquired of him what it was? "Only a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do wherever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an original poet." On taking it up and looking into it, I exclaimed, "Ah, my old friend, Agathon!" "What?" he cried, archly, "you have been beforehand with me there, have you?" Though in thus imputing to himself premeditated plagiarisms, he was, of course, but jesting; it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite his vein by the perusal of others, on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source. In the present instance, the inspiration he sought was of no very elevating nature; the antipathetic doctrines of the sophist in this romance being what chiefly, I suspect, attracted his attention to its pages, as not unlikely to supply him with fresh argument and sarcasm for those deprecating views of human nature and its destiny, which he was now, with all the wantonness of unbowed genius, enforcing in "Don Juan."

The following is an odd expression of Byron's taste:—

"I wish you good night, with a Venetian benediction, '*Benedetto te, o la terra che ti fara!*'—'May you be blessed; and the earth which you will make—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier, if you had heard it, as I did, two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina's, and the figure of a Juno; tall and energetic as a Pythoress; with eyes flashing; and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight—one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her—and into me if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed."

The following is a spirited pen and ink portrait of Lord Byron.

The personal appearance of Lord Byron has been so frequently described,

both by pen and pencil, that were it not the bounden duty of the biographer to attempt some sketch, the task would seem superfluous. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features with the most varied and interesting expression. The same facility, indeed, of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. Of this latter passion, I had once an opportunity of seeing what fiery interpreters they could be, on my telling him, thoughtlessly, enough, that a friend of mine had said to me 'Beware of Lord Byron; he will, some day or other, do something very wicked.' 'Was it man or woman said so?' he exclaimed, suddenly turning round upon me with a look of such intense anger as, though it lasted not an instant, could not easily be forgot; and of which no better idea can be given than in the words of one who, speaking of Chatterton's eyes, says that 'fire rolled at the bottom of them.' But it was in the mirth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his face contained lay. 'Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.' It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. 'This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly. I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness-kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity, & had almost said, as if to satisfy yourself, that this looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of men.' His head was remarkably small—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead though a little too narrow,

was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features. In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and, according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth, aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trousers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest."

Mr. Murray put a request to Lord Byron to write a work on Italy. His reasons for not writing it, and a summary of all he knew of Italy, are contained in the following extract from one of his letters: "You ask me for a volume of manners, &c. on Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to know more of them than most Englishmen, because I have lived among the natives, and in parts of the country where Englishmen never resided before; but there are many reasons why I do not chuse to treat in print on such a subject. I have lived in their houses, and in the heart of their families, sometimes merely as '*amico di casa*', and sometimes as '*amico di cuore*', of the Dams, and in neither case do I feel myself authorised in making a book of them. Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you would not understand it: it is not English or French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventional education, the cavalierservitude, the habits of thought and living are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once sudden and durable (what you find in no other nation), and who

actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies; they have no real comedy, not even in Goldini, and that it is because they have no society to draw it from.

"Their conversazioni are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The women sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary faro, or 'lotto reale,' for small sums. Their academie are concerts like our own, with better music and more form. Their best things are the carnival balls and masquerades, when every body runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers they make extempore verses, and buffoon one another; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into, ye of the north.

"In their houses it is better. I should know something of the matter, having had a pretty general experience among their women, from the fisherman's wife up to the Nobil Dama, whom I serve. Their system has its rules, and its fitness, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations, unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry, if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can. In short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and strike the not out of that commandment. The reason is, that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have here noted. It is to be observed that while they do all this, the greatest outward respect is to be paid to the husband, not only by the ladies, but by their Serventi—particularly if the husband serves no one himself (which is not often the case, however); so that you would often suppose them relations, the Serventi making the figure of one adopted into the family. Sometimes the ladies run a little restive and elope, or divide, or make a scene; but this is at starting, generally, when they know no better, or when they fall in love with a foreigner, or some such anomaly, and is always reckoned unnecessary and extravagant."

Of Leigh Hunt Lord Byron writes:

"Now, do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness?—

actually cement a sort of connection which you strove to prevent, and which, had the Hunts prospered, would not, in all probability have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*. My original motives I already explained (in the letter which you thought proper to show): they are the true ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told Leigh Hunt, when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help that, I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth: and I confess I did not see any thing in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was 'a bore,' which I don't remember. Had their journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them, after my safe pilotage off a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't and would not, if I could, leave them among the breakers. As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but none of them like his Keats and kangaroo terra incognita. Alas! poor Shelly! how we would have laughed had he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then at various things which are grave in the suburbs!"

"Of Hunt I see little—once a month or so, and then on his own business, generally. You may easily suppose that I know too little of Hampstead and his satellites to have much communion or community with him. My whole present relation to him arose from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you? and as to the other plan you mention, you forget how it would annihilate him—that his writings should be supposed to be dead weight! Think a moment—he is perhaps the vainest man on earth at least his own friends say so pretty loudly; and if he were in other circumstances I might be tempted to take him down a peg; but not now; it would be cruel. It is a cursed business; but neither the motive nor the means rest upon my conscience."

Leigh Hunt is also condemned out of the mouth of Mr. Shelley. We quote the letter because it shows that Boy-Philosopher and Poet of Mystery in a most amiable light.

February 15, 1823.

"My Dear Lord Byron,

"I enclose you a letter from Hunt, which annoys me on more than one account. You will observe the postscript, and you know me well enough to feel how painful a task is set me in commenting upon it. Hunt had urged me more than once to ask you to lend him this money. My answer consisted in sending him all I could spare, which I have now literally done. Your kindness in fitting up a part of your own house for his accommodation I sensibly felt, and willingly accepted from you on his part, but, believe me without the slightest intention of imposing, or, if I could help it, allowing to be imposed, any heavier task on your purse. As it has come to this, in spite of my exertions, I will not conceal from you the low ebb of my own money affairs in the present moment,—that is, my absolute incapacity of assisting Hunt farther. I do not think poor Hunt's promise to pay in a given time is worth much; but mine is less subject to uncertainty, and I should be happy to be responsible for any engagement he may have proposed to you. I am so much annoyed by this subject, that I hardly know what to write, and much less what to say: and I have need of all your indulgence in judging both my feelings and expressions.

"I shall see you by and by,

Believe me,

"Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

The following passage in one of Lord Byron's letters, shows Mr. Hobhouse could have added much to the present volume:

"The papers to which I allude, in case of survivorship, are collections of letters, &c. since I was sixteen years old, contained in the trunks in the care of Mr. Hobhouse. This collection is at least doubled by those I have now here, all received since my last ostracism. To these I should wish the editor to have access, not for the purpose of *abusing confidences*, nor of *hurting* the feelings of correspondents living, nor the memories of the dead; but there are things which would do neither, that I have left unnoticed or unexplained, and which (like all such things) time only can permit to be noticed or explained, though some are to my credit. The task will of course require delicacy; but that will not be wanting, if Mr. Moore and Hobhouse survive me; and, I may add, yourself; and that you may all three do so is, I assure, you, my very sincere wish. I am not sure that long life is desirable for one of my temper, and constitutional de-

pression of spirits, which of course I suppress in society, but which breaks out when alone, and in my writings, in spite of myself. It has been deepened perhaps, by some long-past events (I do not allude to my marriage, &c.—on the contrary, *that* raised them by the persecution giving a filip to my spirits); but I call it constitutional, as I have reason to think it. You know, or you do not know, that my maternal grandfather (a very clever man, and amiable, I am told), was strongly suspected of suicide (he was found drowned in the Avon at Bath), and that another very near relative of the same branch took poison, and was merely saved by antidotes."

Of that mirror of the poet's own nature, "Don Juan," Mr. Moore thus speaks:—

"It was at this time, as the features, indeed, of the progeny itself would but too plainly indicate, that he conceived, and wrote some part of, his poem of "Don Juan;"—and never did pages more faithfully and in many respects, lamentably, reflect every variety of feeling, and whim, and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them. Nothing less, indeed, than that singular combination of attributes, which existed and were in full activity in his mind at this moment, could have suggested, or been capable of, the execution of such a work. The cool shrewdness of age, with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth—the wit of a Voltaire with the sensibility of a Rousseau—the minute practical knowledge of the man of society, with the abstract, and self-contemplative spirit of the poet—a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human virtue, with a deep, withering experience of all that is most fatal to it—the two extremes, in short, of man's mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now breathing of heaven—such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have sprung this extraordinary poem—the most powerful, and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore.

The following are some hasty opinions, and miscellaneous scraps, collected from his letters:

"If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say that it is only to be defined by *examples*—of those who have it, and those who have it not. In *life*, I should say that most *military* men have it, and few *nautic*; that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers;

that it is more frequent among authors than divines (when they are not pedants); that *fencing-masters* have more of it than dancing-masters, and singers than players; and that (if it be not an *Irishism* to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for any thing without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism*; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, 'signifying nothing.' It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both;—but is he ever *vulgar*? No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject,—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar the higher his subject; as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidcock's was wont to say, 'This, gentlemen, is the *Eagle of the Sun*, from Archangel in Russia: the *otterer* it is, the *igherer* he flies.'

"Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure,—worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious,—does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow—a fear of what is to come—a doubt of what is—a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? (The best of prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this? or these? I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling, except from a precipice—the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least, *Hope* is; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as Hope? and, if it were not for Hope, where would the Future be?—in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in memory?—*Hope baffled*. Ergo, in all human affairs, it is Hope—Hope—Hope."

"I have been thinking over, the other day, on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals, English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately,—for I have made it a rule latterly never to *search* for any thing of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal, if presented by chance. To begin, then, I have seen myself compared, personally or poetically, in English, French, *German* (as interpreted to me),

Italian and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Aretine, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, 'an alabaster vase, lighted up within,' Satan, Shakspeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, the Clown, Sternhold and Hopkins, to the phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chénier, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas (the schoolboy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a *petit-maitre*, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the count in Beppo, to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to 'oft have I heard of thee, my Lord Byron,' in Shakspeare, to Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, &c. &c.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind, I went over the Constitution (the Commodore's flag-ship), and saw among other things worthy of remark, a little boy born on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him, 'Constitution Jones.' I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, 'Ah, sir, if he turns out but half so good as his name.'

"Your first note was queer enough; but your two other letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recess* any thing. I am like the tiger, if I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing.

"With regard to what you say of retouching the Juana and the Hints, it is all very well; but I can't furbish. I am like the tiger (in poesy), if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my jungle. There is no second; I can't correct, I can't and I won't. Nobody ever succeeds in it, great or small.

"I recollect, however, that having been much hurt by Romilly's conduct (he having a general retainer for me, had acted as adviser to the adversary, alleging, on being reminded of his retainer, that he had forgotten it, as his clerk had so many), I observed that some of those who were now eagerly laying the axe to my roof-tree, might see their own shaken, and feel a portion of what they had inflicted.—His fall, and crushed him."

"I am aware of what you say of Otway: and am a very great admirer of his,—all except of that maudlin b—h of chaste lewdness and blubbery curiosity, Belvidera, whom I utterly despise, abhor, and detest. But the story of Marino Faliero is different, and I think, so much finer, that I wish Otway had taken it instead: the head conspiring against the body for refusal of redress for a real injury—jealousy,—treason,—with the more fixed and

invetrate passions (mixed with policy) of an old or elderly man...the devil himself could not have a finer subject, and he is your only tragic dramatist.

"Madame de Stael was a good woman at heart, and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's, you wished her gone, and in her own again.

"As to Madame de Stael, I am by no means bound to be her headman; she was always more civil to me in person than during my absence. Our dear defunct friend, Monk Lewis, who was too great a bore ever to lie, assured me, upon his tiresome word of honour, that, at Florence, the said Madame de S—, was open-mouthed against me; and when asked, in *Switzerland*, why she had changed her opinion, replied with laudable sincerity, that I had named her in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. &c. and that she could not help it, through decency. Now, I have not forgotten this; but I have been generous—as mine acquaintance, the late Captain Whitby, of the navy, used to say to his seamen (when 'married to the gunner's daughter')... 'two dozen, and let you off easy.' The 'two dozen' were with the cat-o'-nine-tails; the 'let you off easy' was rather his own opinion than that of the patient.

"Six-and-twenty years ago Col. —, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa —, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England to serve, not his country, for that's Ireland, but England, which is a different thing; and she—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col. —, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame —, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The colonel cried, 'What, don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c. &c.; tilt at length the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *pogero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word) and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Ab-diel of absence.

"There's an amiable *chanson* for you—all impromptu. I have written it principally to shock your neighbour . . . , who is all clergy and loyalty, mirth and innocence, milk and water.

But the Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore,
The Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore,
Mocking and humming,
Flinging and drumming,
Guitaring and strumming,
Oh Thomas Moore.

"The other night I saw a new play—and the author. The subject was the sacrifice of Isaac. The play succeeded, and they called for the author—according to continental custom—and he presented himself, a noble Venetian, Mali, or Malipiero, by name. Mala was his name, and *passima* his production, at least, I thought so, and I ought to know, having read more or less of five hundred Drury Lane offerings, daring my coadjutorship with the sub-and-super committee.

"In the weather for this tour (of 13 days), I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.) fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased: I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this, the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me.

"The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation—one Saint Carlo Borromeo, at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti, at Monza—both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the *Isola bella*), there is a large laurel, the largest known, on which Bonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word 'Battaglia.' I saw the letters, now half worn out, and partly erased."

"There are a few snatches of poetical description in Lord Byron's letters, which bring the scenes or the effects described

at once before the eye and heart. Two letters close with such coloured sketches as the following:—

"Have you seen —'s book of poesy? and, if you have seen it, are you not delighted with it? And have you—I really cannot go on. There is a pair of great black eyes looking over my shoulder, like the angel leaning over St. Matthew's, in the old frontispieces to the Evangelists—so that I must turn and answer them instead of you."

"Good night or, rather, morning. It is four, and the dawn gleams over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto. I must to bed; up all night; but, as George Philpot says, 'it's life, though, damme, it's life!'"

"Ever yours,
"B."

There are some exquisite pieces of poetry scattered in this second volume. We shall gather the choicest in our pages:—

TO AUGUSTA.

'My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grand sire's fate of yore—
He had no rest at sea nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

† "Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest; He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of 'Foul-weather Jack.'"

'But though it were tempest tost,
Still his bark could not be lost.'

He returned safely from the wreck of the *Wager* (in Anson's Voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear),
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood—trees, and flowers, and
brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwell
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A food for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me,—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret:
There may be others which I less may show;
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
By the old hall which may be mine no more,
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Ere havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they
are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest, even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have
slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions who have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the piec
Of ceaseless vigils, for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the future which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankful—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And, for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement, to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

TO THE COUNTESS OF B——

You have ask'd for a verse—the request
In a rhyme 'twere strange to deny,
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (the fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as gray as my head.

My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

THE SCRAPE BOOK OF AN UN- FORTUNATE MAN.†

SOME men seem born to be lucky. Happier than kings, fortune's wheel has for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold—their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance they have no chance; but, what is better, a certainty. They hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as legacies. Prizes turn up for them in lotteries. On the turf, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They enjoy a whole season of benefits. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves,

they dive on some treasure undiscovered since the Spanish Armada: or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a hoard in the ceiling. That's their luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck: so ill, that you hope it will die;—but it don't. That's my luck.

Other people keep scrap-books; but I, a scrape-book. It is theirs to insert bon-mots; riddles, anecdotes, caricatures, facetiæ of all kinds;—mine to record mischances, failures, accidents, disappointments: in short, as the betters say, I have always a bad book. Witness a few extracts, bitter as extract of bark.

April 1st. Married on this day: in the first week of the honeymoon, tumbled over my father-in-law's beehives! He has two hundred and fifty-two bees; thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of the insects having an account against me, preferred to settle on my calf. Others awarred on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect humming-top! Two hundred and fifty-two stings—it should be "stings—and arrows of outrageous fortune!" But that's my luck. Rushed beeb-blind into the horse-pond, and *torn out* by Tiger, the house dog. Staggered incontinent into the pig-ty, and collared by the sow—sus, per coll, for kicking her sucklings; recommended oil for my wounds, and none but lamp ditto in the house; relieved of the stings at last—what luck! by two hundred and fifty-two operations.

9th. Gave my adored Belinda a black eye, in the open street, aiming at a lad who attempted to snatch her reticule. Belinda's part taken by a big rascal, as deaf as a post, who wanted to fight me "for striking a woman." My luck again.

12th. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, no animal could be quieter, except the leather one, formerly in the Show-room, at Exeter Change. Meant for the first time to ride with Belinda to the Park put my foot in the stirrup, and found myself on my own back instead of the mare's. Other men are thrown by their horses, but a saddle does it for me. Well nothing is so hard as my luck—unless it be the fourth flag or stone from the post at the north corner of Harley Street.

14th. Run down in a wherry by a coal-brig, off Greenwich, but providentially picked up by a steamer, that burst her boiler directly afterwards. Saved to be scalded! But misfortunes with me never came single, from my very childhood. I remember when my little brothers and sisters tumbled down stairs, they always hitched halfway at the angle. My luck invariably turned the corner. It could not bear to bate me a single bump.

† From Hood's Comic Annual for 1831.

17th. Had my eye picked out by a pavior who was *aring* his way, he didn't care where. Sent home in a hackney chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!

1st of May. My flat on fire. Not a sweep to be had for love or money! Lucky enough for me—the parish engine soon arrived, with all the charity school. Boys are fond of playing and indulged their propensity by playing into my best drawing-room. Every friend I had dropped in to dinner. Nothing but Lacedemonian black broth. Others have pot-luck, but I have not even pint-luck—at least of the right sort.

8th. Found, on getting up, that the kitchen garden had been stripped by thieves, but had the luck at night to catch some one in the garden, by walking into my own trap. Afraid to call out, for fear of being shot at by the gardener, who would have hit me to a dead certainty—for such is my luck!

10th. Agricultural distress is a treat to mine. My old friend Bill—I must henceforth call him Corn-Bill—has, this morning laid his unfeeling wooden leg on my tenderest toe, like a threshers. In spite of Dihdin, I don't believe that oak has any heart: or it would not be such a walking tread-mill!

12th. Two pieces of "my usual." First knocked down by a mad bull. Secondly, picked up by a pick-pocket. Any body but me would have found one honest humane man out of a whole crowd; but I am born to suffer, whether done by accident or done by design. Luckily for me and the pick-pocket, I was able to identify him, bound over to prosecute, and had the satisfaction of exporting him to Botany Bay. I suppose I performed well in a court of justice, for the next day—*"Encore un coup!"* I had a summons to serve with a Middlesex jury, at the Old Bailey, for a fortnight.

14th. My number in the lottery has come up a capital prize. Luck at last—if I had not lost the ticket!

sperm and four black whalers have been added to the list, making in all sixteen sail, measuring three thousand three hundred and four tons and navigated by four hundred and sixty four men, while arrangements are in progress forthwith to increase the sperm list by nine new vessels. Each vessel (both sperm and black-whale) is provided with four boats, and manned with twenty-five men, six men, five harpoons, three lances, and two whale lines of one hundred and twenty fathoms each, are furnished to every boat; also three drogues, to one of which a flag is attached from a hole through its centre. The drogues are simply square-floats of timber, serving as buoys to three of the boat harpoons, and are only used after the two line-harpoons have been stuck into whales; a line of eighty fathoms securing the harpoon to the drogue, which though pulled under water by the whale on diving quickly, bobs up again on the latter approaching the surface to blow, and thus points out the whale's position. Each whaler has two iron boilers on deck of two hundred and twenty gallons, and two copper coolers of three hundred and seventy-eight gallons, the oil being boiled in the iron boilers, and then drawn off into coolers to allow the sediment to settle previous to being put into the barrels. The fuel consists of the refuse of the blubber from the boiler, ninety gallons per hour being the average quantity of oil boiled, which is barrelled up hot, and rolled to the after part of the ship to cool. Every sperm vessel is victualled for fifteen months, about thirty months being the average of two voyages, (including stoppages in harbour to discharge or refresh) when no material repairs are required; and one hundred and eighty tons of oil the average fishing of each vessel for a single voyage. The following provisions constitute the fifteen months' supply for each vessel:—fifteen thousand pounds of beef, nine thousand pounds of pork, six tons of flour, six tons of biscuits, two hundred bushels of peas, two hundred and fifty gallons of rum, six hundred gallons of molasses, and twelve hundred weight of sugar. The crew have no wages, being paid by shares of the proceeds, called lays, after deducting rather more than two-thirds of the proceeds for the owner; the captain has a twelfth, the chief mate a twenty-eighth, the second mate a forty-eighth, the third mate an eightieth, the cooper and carpenter an eighty-fifth, and seamen, each, a hundredth lay. The largest whales seldom exceed sixty feet in length, or furnish more than eighty barrels of oil, and spermaceti of thirty-one and a half gallons each; the spermaceti, or head matter, as it is called,

WHALE FISHERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

An extraordinary impulse has of late been given to the sperm and black whale fisheries from the port of Sydney. Two years ago five sperm vessels constituted the whole of the shipping employed in that trade. Of these one had been lost, and another despatched to England; while nine new

averaging one third of the above quantity; eight barrels being a ton, consequently the largest whales seldom furnish more than ten tons of oil and head matter. The two principal sperm grounds are the coasts of Japan and the Solomon Islands; the fishing at the former commencing in April and ending in September, and the latter commencing in September and ending in April; so that when the ships commence at Japan, they conclude the voyage at the Solomons, and *vice versa*. The whales are all large on the Japan ground, few being under thirty barrels; whereas at the Solomons seldom more than two large whales are seen in a shoal, however numerous.

The black whales are taken in the bays of New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land, and also of New South Wales to the southward of Sidney, the vessels lying at anchor during the time, and boiling the oil like the sperm whalers. The black whale season commences in April and ends in September, the whales entering the bay at that period for the purpose of calving. Black oil sells only at about half the price of the sperm oil; but the fishery being so nigh, and consequently attended with so much less expense, is found to be a very profitable concern. Many boats indeed are employed in this fishery, both at New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, lowering their fish on shore, flensing them, and boiling the blubber there.

The twelve sperm vessels now from Sydney at one hundred and eighty tons of oil and spermaceti per vessel, thus realize in the gross two thousand one hundred and sixty tons, which at 70*l.* per ton, amounts to 151,200*l.* for each voyage; and when the nine others, now arranged for, are added, the proceeds of the whale fishery (including the black whalers) will reach to about 250,000*l.* per annum—a tolerable sum added to the exports of a colony, in the course of a few years, whose population, according to the last census, does not at present much exceed forty thousand souls.

DANIEL DEFOE.

It is our intention to say a few words on that prolific author Daniel Defoe, taking for our guide Mr. Walter Wilson's late able and elaborate biography.† Daniel Poc—or Defoe, as he chose to call himself—was the son of a butcher, and was

born in the City of London, A.D. 1661, in the Parish of St. Giles's Cripplegate. Both his parents were Non-conformists, and early in life imbued Daniel with those strict religious principles which gleam like a rainbow through the glooms and the clouds of his polemical writings. As a boy, Defoe displayed those light and buoyant spirits, that vivacity of humour, and cheerfulness of temper, which rendered him a favourite with his companions. It was during the period of his childhood that a circumstance occurred which strongly illustrates the character of Defoe, as also that of his age. During a certain portion of the reign of Charles II., when the nation was under alarm respecting the restoration of a Popish Government, young Defoe, apprehensive that the printed Bible would become rare, or be locked up in an unknown tongue, applied himself diligently, together with many other Non-conformists, night and day, to the task of copying it out in MS.; nor once halted in his exertions till he had fairly transcribed the whole book, a feat which at that early age he looked on with enthusiasm, as if thereby destined to be the ark of his religion's safety; and at a later period of life with satisfaction mixed with surprise, at the extent of his juvenile simplicity. Defoe was a universal genius,—a satirist—a pamphleteer—an essayist—a critic—a novelist—a polemic—a political economist—and (almost) a poet; at any rate an inditer of much and various verse—and he did not escape the fate of most universal geniuses; for about the year 1692 he figured in the Gazette as a bankrupt. No sooner, however, was the commission taken out, at the instigation of an angry creditor, than it was superseded, on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and who accepted a composition on his single bond. This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied diligence, but some of his creditors who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into distress themselves, Defoe voluntarily paid them their whole claims, being then in rising circumstances, from King William's favour. The annals of literature, though they abound in traits of eccentric, shewy, comprehensive generosity, yet seldom present us with an instance of such just principle and natural (not high-flown) liberality as this.

Defoe fled to Bristol, when circumstances compelled him to render himself invisible for a time to his creditors. There he used often to be seen walking about the streets, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a full-flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side. As his appearance in public was restricted to the sab-

† *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Daniel Defoe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 3 vols. Hunt, 1830.

Bath—bailiffs having no more power on that day than fiends of darkness at the hallowed season of Christmas—he soon became generally known by the name of the “Sunday Gent.,” and the inn, now an obscure pot-house, is still in existence, where he used occasionally to resort for the purposes of enjoying the pleasures of society, to which (though temperate and abstemious in his habits) he was fondly addicted.

Defoe visited Holland, Spain, and Portugal; he also made an excursion to France, and was much struck with the extent, number, and magnificence of the public buildings in Paris. He even penetrated (a rare occurrence with English authors in those days!) into Germany; but notwithstanding the vast range and variety of scenery that thus came under his observation, he has left it on record, that nothing on the continent was equal, in his opinion, to the various and luxuriant views of the river-side, from London to Richmond.

The year 1701 is a memorable one in the life of Defoe. At this period it was that he produced his “Account of the Stock-Jobbing Elections in Parliament,” and put forth certain notions on the subject of a reform in the House of Commons, which gained him ill-will exactly in proportion to their value and good sense. Alluding to the corruptions of Parliament, Defoe observes, that in his time there was a regular set of stock-jobbers in the city, who made it their business to buy and sell seats, and that the market price was a thousand guineas.

It was in the same year that Defoe made his first appearance in public as a poet, or rather, as a satirist, for, in his case, the two characters are materially different. The subject of his poem was “The True-born Englishman;” and its intention was to reproach his countrymen for abusing King William as a foreigner, and to humble their pride for despising some of the newly-created nobility upon the same account. Its success was prodigious, and brought down upon the author’s head a shower of praise and vituperation. No less than eighty thousand cheap copies were disposed of in the streets of London alone—a success before which even the “Waverly novels” must hide their diminished heads—and of editions, twenty-one were sold off within four years from the date of publication!

On the death of King William, Anne ascended the throne, at a period when the nation was convulsed with party-spirit, when the faction of whigs and tories raged with more violence than ever, and when high-church principles were carried to an extent wholly inconceivable in the present

day. Defoe, as the advocate of the dissenters, against whom the established church projected, and actually attempted to carry into execution, a war of extermination, resented with all the energy of which he was capable, this inquisitorial persecution, and, adopting the language of irony, exposed the bigotry of the high churchmen in a pamphlet entitled the “Shortest way with the Dissenters.” For this work he was eagerly pounced on by the House of Commons, brought to trial at the Old Bailey, convicted chiefly by the manœuvring of the attorney-general, and condemned, to the eternal disgrace of justice, to stand in the pillory. This sentence reflected shame only on those who inflicted it. To Defoe it was a triumph and season of rejoicing, “for he was guarded,” says his biographer, “to the pillory by the populace, as if he were about to be enthroned in a chair of state, and descended from it amidst the triumphant acclamations of the surrounding multitude, who, instead of pelting him, according to the orthodox fashion in such cases, protected him from the missiles of his enemies, drank his health, adorned the pillory with garlands, and when he descended from it, supplied him with all manner of refreshments.” But, notwithstanding this flattering testimonial to his public worth, his punishment, and the imprisonment and fine, which formed part of it, completely ruined Defoe, who lost upwards of three thousand five hundred pounds (a considerable sum in those days) and found himself at a mature age, with a wife and six children, with no other resource for their support than the chance product of his pen. In this desperate condition, the high tory party, who revered his abilities while they dreaded his power, endeavoured to enlist him in their service; but in vain, their victim was proof against temptation, and, wrapt up in the mantle of his integrity, bade defiance to the storms that howled around him.

We must now pass over a few busy years, during which Defoe took part with his pen in almost every great question that came before the public, and come to a curious feature in his literary life, which Sir Walter Scott has lately brought, in an amusing manner before the world. It seems that when Drelicourt’s book, entitled “Consolations against the Fear of Death,” first appeared in the English language, the publisher was disappointed in the sale, and it being a heavy work, he is said to have complained to Defoe of the injury he was likely to sustain by it. Our veteran author asked him if he had blended any marvels with his piety. The bibliopolist replied in the negative. “Indeed!”

said Defoe; "then attend to me, and I will put you in a way to dispose of the work, were it as heavy to move as Olympus." He then sat down, and composed a tract with the following title: "A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the Next Day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which Apparition Recommends the Perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death." This tract was immediately appended to the work in question (the public being then, as now, always agape for marvels) and has been appended to every subsequent edition, of which upwards of forty have now passed through the English press. Sir Walter Scott, who has recorded this anecdote, and from whom Mr. Wilson has gleaned it, observes that it is one of the most ingenious specimens of book-making which have ever come within his knowledge. It bespeaks, indeed, ineffable self-possession and ingenuity on the part of its author, for "who but a man gifted with the most consummate readiness, would have thought of summoning a ghost from the grave, to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity?" Who, indeed!

The persecutions Defoe had experienced made visible inroads on his health. Shortly after the ascensions of George the First, he was struck with apoplexy, from which his recovery was for a long time doubtful. On his restoration to health, Defoe embarked in a new career, and amused himself with the composition of those works of fiction, some of which will render his name immortal. Shortly after the marriage of one of his daughters, in 1729, he was arrested for some trivial debt, and confined in prison till the year 1730, which period was passed in sickness and acute mental anguish. As if to fill up the measure of his suffering, his very children rebelled against him, and on some mean pretext his son found means to deprive his aged and heart-broken father of what little remained to him of the world's wealth. This was too much for Defoe's fortitude. The principle of life within him, already severely tried, now quite gave way: he seldom spoke, was often seen in tears, or on his knees in prayer; and after some months of intense mental suffering, resigned himself without a struggle to his fate, on the 24th of April, 1731, at the mature age of seventy.

As a politician Defoe is now comparatively unknown, but as a novelist and writer of fiction he has the rare merit of having witched all Europe. His inimitable "Robinson Crusoe" has been translated into every continental language,

and has even kindled the enthusiasm of the Arabs, as they listened outside their tents to its incidents, rendered into the vernacular by the skill of the traveller Burkhardt. By more discriminating and fastidious judges it has been equally well received. It warmed the unsocial heart of Rousseau, and taught him to feel that there were other things in nature worthy consideration besides himself; relaxed the cynical frown of Johnson; delighted Blair and Beattie; and in our own days has received the unqualified commendation of such men as Scott, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Public opinion, split into a thousand nice distinctions on other literary topics, has been unanimous on the subject of "Robinson Crusoe." It has received the suffrages and interested the feelings of all ages and grades in society, of the school-boy and the man, of the peer and the peasant. The reason of this is obvious. Crusoe is nature herself speaking in her own language on her own most favourite and intelligible topics. Art is no where present, she is discarded for matters of higher and more general interest. While the poet and the scholar appeal to the select few, Defoe throws himself abroad on the sympathies of the world. His subject, he feels, will bear him out; the strongest instincts of humanity will plead trumpet-tongued in his favour. Despite the ordinary moral and intellectual changes that a new fashion of society, a new mode of writing and thinking, have wrought in England, "Robinson Crusoe" still retains (though partially dimmed) his reputation, and the reader who can unmoved peruse his adventures, may assure himself that the fault of such indifference lies with him; Defoe is wholly guiltless.

For ourselves, the bare recollection of this tale brings before our minds sympathies long since resigned, and which otherwise might be altogether forgotten. We remember, as though it were an event of yesterday, our first perusal of "Robinson Crusoe." We remember how we sat thrilled with wonder and a vague sense of horror, at the print of the unknown savage's feet on the deserted island, which the solitary mariner discovered in one of his early wanderings. We remember the strong social sympathies that sprung up within us—the birth, as it were, of a new and better existence—as we read how from being utterly desolate, Robinson Crusoe gradually found himself the companion of one or two associates, rude indeed, and uncultivated, but men like himself, and therefore the fittest mates of his solitude. We remember (and how few tales beloved in boyhood can bear the

severe scrutiny of the man!) the generous warmth with which we entered into the feelings of the sailor, as he saw his little colony—including the goats, who were grown so tame that they would approach at his call and suffer him to pen them at night in their fold—gradually augmenting round him, and at last (what an exquisite trait of nature!) following the course of nature, and springing up into a limited monarchy, of which he was the head. We remember too—for no gratification is without its alloy, so true is the exclamation of the poet—

"Inter saluberrima cult
Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ"—

we remember the acute regret we experienced when feuds and ambitious feelings began to spring up within the bosom of that colony, where *Astræa*, driven from all other parts of earth, should have taken up her abode, and peace sate throned as on a sepulchre. Will it be believed that this tale, so perfect in its descriptions—so affecting in its simplicity—so entirely and incorruptibly natural—was refused by almost every bookseller in the metropolis? Yet strange as it may seem, this was actually the fact. "Robinson Crusoe" was hawked about through the trade as a work of neither mark nor livelihood, and at last accepted, as a proof of especial condescension, by an obscure retail bookseller. It is singular, but not less true—and we leave our readers to draw their own inference from the fact—that almost every book of any pretensions to originality has been similarly neglected. "Paradise Lost" with difficulty found a publisher, while the whole trade vied with each other in their eagerness to procure the works of such dull mechanical writers as Blackmore and Glover; "Gulliver's Travels" lay ten years in MS. for want of due encouragement from the booksellers; and in our own times, and in a lighter branch of literature, the "Miseries of Hu nan Life," and the still more ingenious "Rejected Addresses," were refused by the trade with indifference, if not contempt. To crown the list of works thus misunderstood, Sir W. Scott has left it on record that "Waverley" was actually declined three several times by the acutest publisher of his day, and at last ushered into the world, after it had lain twelve years unnoticed in its author's desk, with doubt, hesitation, and indifference. *Credite posteri!*

Of Defoe's minor works, such, for instance, as his "Singleton"—"Moll Flanders"—"Colonel Jack," &c., we shall say nothing, as we have but an im-

perfect recollection of them, but we cannot prætermitt his "History of the Plague in London," to which Professor Wilson has been so largely indebted in his splendid, but somewhat verbose dramatic poem of "The City of the Plague." Defoe's narrative of this awful visitation is, from first to last, as impressive a piece of writing as any in the annals of literature. It is superior to the record, by Thucydides, of the same pestilence at Athens; because, though less a model of composition, less terse, less polished, less equable in its classical spirit, it has incomparably more nature, more feeling, a more rigid air of reality. Whoever has read this striking fiction (for fiction it really is) will allow that it is one never to be forgotten. The very opening, where Defoe tells us with an air of the most perfect unconcern, as if unconscious of what is to follow, that "towards the close of the summer of 1665, a report was spread throughout the parish that three men had died of some strange disorder in Long-Acre," excites curiosity, and rivets attention. But when he proceeds through the different phases of his narrative—when he glances at the grass growing in the street—at the strange prodigies that harbingered the visitation—at the death of the first man who was indubitably proved to have fallen a victim to the plague—at the sound of the dead-cart at night, and the houses marked by the fatal cross—and, above all, when he sketches, one or two individual portraits, such as those of the mother and daughter who were found dead in each others' arms, we feel the mastery of his genius, and acknowledge, with mingled awe and wonder, that we are indeed under the spell of the necromancer.

VARIETIES.

The Irish Union in 1800.—We extract from "Currie's Memoirs" just published, the following remarks on the Irish Union in 1800, addressed to an Irish member; had they had due weight, neither Ireland nor Great Britain could have been as they are now:—"Two countries have already been incorporated with England, Wales, and Scotland; and the effect of the union on the one and the other has been very different. Wales was united to England in the barbarous ages. Her own institutions, of whatever rude nature, were beaten down, and no others substituted. No means were used to instruct the people in the common language of the island, or to improve their habits in any respect.

Hence the peasantry of Wales are essentially different from the English, unfit to enter into competition with them, and, in fact, an inferior race. They are destitute in general of the first elements of knowledge, and in their habits and turn of mind, the same in a great many respects (some of which I will enumerate to you) as they were three hundred years ago. But I wish you to inquire into their condition personally, on your way to Liverpool, which, if you land at Holyhead, you may easily do; and it will be worth your while to devote a few days to the subject. During the period that Wales has been represented in the imperial parliament, not a single step has been taken for the civilization of the people. It happened that the Scottish parliament established a system for the education of all classes of society, particularly of the poor, during the days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The restoration of the Stuarts overturned this system, as well as the present church establishment. Both were recovered on the Revolution,—at least in the year 1696. In consequence, both were incorporated into the union, though neither was formed in contemplation of it. Had it not been for this circumstance, can it be supposed that Scotland would now possess a school establishment? Never. The high church prejudices of the English hierarchy would have prevented it. Yet it is by this institution that the Scotch have been civilised—by this, in a great measure, have they been enabled to receive any *positive* advantage from the union. Now you see what I would be at. Propose, for God's sake, some system of education for your poor in the first instance, and let it be incorporated with your union. You are going to incorporate your church establishment, which will entail many curses on the country. For mercy's sake, think of incorporating some system of instruction!"

Cowper and Gibbon.—Johnny of Norfolk, alias the Rev. Dr. Johnson, is a creature of extraordinary simplicity. He is not unlike Dalton the lecturer. He is, I believe, a man of great kindness and worth, and even of learning. We talked much of Cowper. The truth respecting that extraordinary genius is, that he was a lunatic of the melancholy kind, with occasional lucid intervals. Johnny said that Cowper firmly believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, and that the influence of the last generally prevailed. For the last five years of his life a perpetual gloom hung over him; he was never observed to smile. I asked Johnny whether he suspected the people about him of bad intentions (which seems to me the Shibboleth of insanity), and he told me

that he very often did. 'For instance,' observed he, 'he said there were two Johnnies; one the real man, the other an evil spirit in his shape; and when he came out of his room in the morning, he used to look me full in the face, inquiringly, and turn off with a look of benevolence or of anguish, as he thought me a man or a devil!' He had dreadful stomach complaints, and drank immense quantities of tea. He was indulged in every thing, even in his wildest imaginations. It would have been better if he had been regulated in all respects.—The life and death of the philosophic Gibbon, formed a singular contrast to those of this unhappy poet. Mrs. Holroyd describes him as a man of the most correct manners, and of the most equal temper—calm and rather dignified, and conversing with all the flow of his writings. He was devoted to all the comforts of life, and liked the elegancies and even delicacies of the table, but ate and drank sparingly. A few days before he died, he conversed on a future state with Mrs. Holroyd, of which he spoke as one having little or no hope; but professed that neither then, nor at any time, had he ever felt the horror which some express, of annihilation.—*Currie's Memoirs.*

The Body poisoned by its own Blood.—The experiment of Sir Humphrey Davy, in inhaling hydro-carbonate gas, is important, inasmuch as it proves that in cases of asphyxia, or suspended animation, there exists a period of danger after the respiration has been restored, and the circulation re-established, at which death may take place, when we are least prepared to expect it. Bichat has shown that when dark-coloured blood (venous) is injected into the vessels of the brain, by means of a syringe connected with the carotid artery, the functions of the brain become immediately disturbed, and in a short time entirely cease. The effect is precisely similar, whether the dark-coloured blood be transmitted to the brain by the syringe of the experimentalist, or by the heart itself. Thus, in the case of asphyxia, the dark-coloured blood which has been propelled through the vessels during the suspension, or imperfect performance, of respiration, acts like a narcotic poison on the brain; and no sooner, therefore, does it extend its malign influence on that organ, than deleterious effects are produced, and the animal, after apparent recovery, falls into a state of stupor, the pupils of the eyes become dilated, the respiration laborious, the muscles of the body convulsed, and it speedily dies—*poisoned by its own blood.* In the experiment which has given origin to these reflections, Davy distinctly states, that

after having recovered from the primary effects of the carburetted hydrogen gas, and taken a walk with his friend, he was again seized with giddiness, attended with nausea and loss of sensation. The imperfectly oxygenised or dark-coloured blood had evidently affected the brain, and his life, at this period, was probably in greater jeopardy than in any other stage of the experiment.—*Paris's Life of Davy.*

Unwholesomeness of Gas in the Interior of Houses.—Sir Humphrey Davy nearly lost his life in his daring experiment of inhaling the hydro-carbonate gas. "This gas," says Dr. Paris, in his *Life* of that distinguished chemist, "differs very little from the gas now so generally used to illuminate our streets and houses. We have just seen how deadly are its qualities, and that even in a state of extreme dilution, it will affect our sensations. The question, then, naturally suggests itself, how far this gas can be safely introduced into the interior of our apartments? Did we not possess any direct evidence upon the subject, the answer would be sufficiently obvious, since it is impossible so to conduct its combustion that a portion shall not escape unburnt. Such is the theory; but what is our experience on the subject? That pains in the head, nausea, and distressing languor, have been repeatedly experienced in our theatres and saloons, by persons inhaling the unburnt gas: that the atmosphere of a room, although spacious and empty, will, if lighted with gas, convey a sense of oppression to our organs of respiration, as if we were inhaling an air contaminated with the breath of a hundred persons."

Substitution of Potatoes for Soap.—M. Cadet de Vaux proposes to wash linen by the application of potatoes, only, three parts boiled instead of soap. The following is an experiment on this subject, made by M. Hericart de Thury, the report of which, signed by himself, has been published—The linen experimented on, consisted of the clothes of adults, and children's shirts, coverlids, table-linen, towels, brewer's aprons, hospital linen, &c. The whole was first thrown into a tub to soak in water for about one hour; it was next placed in a copper of hot water, from which pieces were taken separately to be thoroughly rubbed with the prepared potatoes as is usual with soap thus prepared; and after having been well rubbed, rolled, and wrung, it was a second time put into the copper, with a quantity of the prepared potatoes, and after boiling for half an hour, was taken out, turned, thoroughly rubbed, wrung, and again thrown in for some minutes; it was then well rinsed twice in a large quantity of water, was

put into cold water for half an hour, afterwards into a press to drain, and then hung up to dry. The whole process occupied was about two hours and a half; the linen was perfectly clean, free from all grease, and looked very white.—*Scientific Gazette.*

To preserve Nuts.—Dig a deep hole in a dry part of the garden, in which put a large earthenware pan, filled with nuts perfectly ripe; cover the pan with a flat piece of wood, on which put a heavy weight; then fill the hole up with earth. By this means nuts may be kept in a fresh state, till the weather for gathering them again returns.—*Ibid.*

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.†

CHARCOAL has frequently been known to ignite spontaneously. Two instances of this kind of combustion took place in the powder manufactory of Essones, in the years 1708, and 1709. The first time, the fire broke out in the box, employed for sifting the charcoal; and the second time, the charcoal repository took fire: on each occasion there were no data to which to ascribe the accidents, but to spontaneous inflammation. There are many vegetable substances, which by torrefaction acquire an increase of the property to ignite spontaneously, particularly in situations where they are exposed to the action of the atmosphere. Of this kind are saw-dust, the farina of gramineous, and the fruits of leguminous plants, such as beans, peas, lentils &c. Several instances are recorded of fire breaking out in stables, by a bag of torrefied bran, being applied to the neck of a diseased animal, which has inflamed spontaneously. Many persons in the country yet persist in employing a remedy always attended with danger from this cause, and for which others more advantageous and less dangerous, might be substituted. Malt, when taken hot from the kiln, and put into sacks, has sometimes inflamed, and occasioned fires in brewhouses, or other places in which it might be contained.

Many vegetable substances, when heaped together in a damp state, will heat, and then inflame. This phenomenon has been confirmed by Count Morozzo. In the year 1731, as the Jacob bound for Alexandria, with hides, coffee, and saffron, to Leghorn, lay off Monte Christo, the saffron, it is re-

† From the *Scientific Gazette*.—No. III.

lated, smothered in the hold, and on opening the hatches, the flames burst forth with great violence, and shortly consumed the ship and cargo. A ship also caught fire in the year 1776, in the port of Leghorn, by some saffron which it had on board heating in the hold. Count Morozzo states, that wet madder is liable to spontaneous inflammation. Vegetables boiled in oil or fat, and left to themselves, after being pressed, inflame in the open air. This inflammation always takes place when the vegetables retain a certain degree of humidity; if they are first thoroughly dried, they can be reduced to ashes, without the appearance of flame. Wool and woollen cloth are very liable to spontaneous inflammation. In June 1781, a fire occurred at a wool comber's, in Germany, where a heap of wool combings, piled up in a close warehouse, seldom aired, took fire of itself. This wool had been brought by degrees into the warehouse: and, for want of room was piled very high, and trodden down, that more might be added to it. That this combed wool, to which (as is well known) rape oil mixed with butter is used in the combing, burnt of itself, was sworn by several witnesses. One of these affirmed, that ten years before, a similar fire happened among the flocks of wool at a clothier's, who had put them into a cask where they were packed hard, for their easier conveyance. This wool burnt from within, outwards, and became quite a coal; it was very certain that neither fire nor light had been used at the packing, consequently, the above fires arose from similar causes.

In the same manner, according to Count Morozzo, several cloth workers have certified, that after they have brought wool that had become wet, and packed it close in their warehouse, this wool has burnt of itself, and where very serious consequences would have ensued, had they not been timely discovered.

The following case, of the combustion of woollen cloth, is contained in a paper by M. Cochiard, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Agriculture of Lyons for 1817. About twenty five pieces of cloth, each of which contained near thirty ells, were deposited upon wooden planks, in a cellar of Lyons, in order to conceal them from the armies which then over-ran France. In the manufacture of the cloth, twenty-five pounds of oil were used for a quintal of wool, and the cloth was quite greasy: each piece weighed from eighty to ninety pounds. The cellar had an opening to the north; which was carefully shut up with dung, and the door was concealed with bundles of vine props, which notwithstanding, freely admitted the air. On the morning of the 4th of August, an intoller-

able smell was emitted; and a person who then entered the cellar, was surrounded with a thick smoke, which he found it impossible to support. A short time afterwards, he re-entered with precaution, holding a stable lantern in his hand, when he was astonished to perceive a shapeless glutinous mass, apparently in a state of putrefaction. He then removed the dung from the opening, and as soon as a circulation of air was established, the cloth took fire. In another corner of the cellar lay a heap of stuffs, which had been ungreased and prepared for the fuller, but which had undergone no change.

Some years since, at Liverpool, a vessel which had just entered the dock from New Orleans, laden with cotton, was observed to be on fire. This at first excited some surprise, no fire being allowed on board any vessel whilst in the docks of this port; the cause of the conflagration was attributed to the spontaneous ignition of the cotton. This opinion was satisfactorily confirmed by the result of an enquiry, in which it was stated by one of the crew that he had, in packing the vessel, accidentally split the contents of a bottle of linseed oil on one of the bales, and which was absorbed by the cotton. Here it appears that, decomposition had been proceeding during the voyage, and the free access of air which was admitted by the uppermost bale being removed had supplied a sufficient current of oxygen to ignite the substances.

Some very interesting observations and cases of spontaneous combustion are given by M. Hanseemann, in a paper contained in the 48th volume of the "*Annales de Chimie*." His attention was then drawn to the subject, by an accidental circumstance occurring whilst in the prosecution of his experiments on dyeing the Adrianople red. He relates, that in order to see whether red cotton which was not sufficiently fixed, might be rendered so by impregnating it with a mixture of an alkaline solution of alumen and boiled linseed oil containing an excess of the oil, drying it and then boiling it very long in bran water he mixed the alkaline solution of alumen in the proportion of an eighth, a twelfth, and a sixteenth of boiled linseed oil. With this mixture he impregnated a few hanks of dyed cotton, which, after being left to dry a whole summer's day in the open air, were laid on a rush bottomed chair, that stood on the window of his closet. Finding himself indisposed that day, he retired to rest at seven o'clock. His children went into his closet for some papers, an hour after he had left it, and perceived no heat or smell in the cotton to indicate the commencement of burning. All the workmen had gone to bed, and were fast asleep

when one of the watchmen of the bleaching ground, seeing a great light in his closet gave the alarm of fire, and roused the inmates of the house, between twelve and one o'clock. His sons, aware that he was too indisposed to rise, and unwilling to lose time in searching for the key, broke open the door of the closet, which was in a detached uninhabited building. They went in, notwithstanding the thick smoke and insupportable smell of the oily combustion; and found the chair with the cotton upon it, burning so furiously that the flames rose to the top of the ceiling and had already cracked the glass, and set fire to the window frame. They at once presumed that the commencement of this fire could proceed only from the spontaneous inflammation of the cotton impregnated with boiled oil, as no one ever went into the closet with a lighted pipe or any thing else burning.

To ascertain the possibility of this occurrence, M. Haussemann impregnated a few dozen hanks of some old cotton, that had not been well dyed, in the same manner as he had done the cotton that was burned. These were set to dry in a similar manner in the open air, and as it threatened to rain were hung upon a line in the pent house. One of the watchmen was directed to examine this every quarter of an hour during the night, and throw it into a bucket of water as soon as it began to heat. This man, however, could not possibly believe in the cotton taking fire by itself, and walked through the manufactory without looking in at the pent house. At length he returned to lie down; and saw by a great light, that he had reason to repent of his negligence. Finding the cotton as well as the line was burned, he took the bucket of water to extinguish the posts which were then on fire.

In order to guard against the occurrence of these accidents, M. Haussemann relates, that he has pursued a series of experiments on spontaneous combustion, at a public house in which he lived fifteen years before. The substances which he was then satisfied that spontaneous combustion would take place, were roasted coffee, and chocolate nuts, fermented plants, ointments made with metallic oxides put hot into wooden barrels, bales of woollen yarn or cloth, or of raw cotton packed up warm, and even of linen clothes when ironed and put in drawers or presses yet hot, and lastly, substances of every kind impregnated with boiling oil. In all circumstances, he further observes, in which the oxygen of the atmosphere is rapidly attracted and absorbed by any cause, the caloric which serves as a base to the oxygen and gives it the property of a gas, is given

out in such abundance, that if the absorbing substance be capable of taking fire or is surrounded by inflammable matter, spontaneous combustion will take place. On this occasion amongst other experiments which he instituted, he shewed the reduction of roasted bran to an ignited coaly mass, merely by its being put into a coarse bag and exposed to the action of the atmospheric air.

We have the authority of Dr. Henry for stating, that combustion has often occurred in the waste cotton, employed to wipe the oil from the machinery, being suffered to accumulate in heaps upon the floor. By this means, this ingenious chemist supposes many fires have happened in cotton factories, for the origin of which no other adequate cause could be assigned.

The following singular case of spontaneous combustion is described by Mr. J. Gullan of Glasgow, in the seventh volume of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal: "Having sold a respectable dealer a parcel of sample bottles I sent them to him in an old basket, the bottom of which was much broken. To prevent the bottles from falling through, I put across the bottom of the basket a piece of old packing sheet which had lain long about a colour warehouse, and was besmeared with different kinds of vegetable oil. About six or eight weeks after the gentleman informed me, that my oily cloth and basket had almost set his warehouse on fire. The basket and cloth had been thrown behind some spirit casks pretty much confined from the air, and about mid-day he was alarmed with a smell of fire. Having moved away the casks in the direction where the smoke issued, he saw the basket and cloth in a blaze."

The eighty-fourth volume of the Philosophical transactions contains the following case, which happened at Bombay: "On going into the arsenal (observes the writer, I. Humphries Esq.), I found Mr. Goulding, the commissary of stores in the greatest uneasiness in consequence of the accident which had happened the preceding night. A bottle of linseed oil had been left on a table, close to which stood a chest of cotton cloth. In the course of the night the bottle of oil had been thrown down and broken on the chest (by rats most probably) and part of the oil ran into the chest and on the cloth; when the chest was opened in the morning, the cloth was found in a very strong degree of heat, and partly reduced to tinder, and the wood of the box was also discoloured, as by burning. After a most minute examination, no appearance of any other inflammable substance could be found and how the cloth could have been reduced to the condition in which it was found no one could conjecture. The idea

which occurred to, and made Mr. Goulding so uneasy was, that of an attempt to burn the arsenal. This matters were, when I joined him, and when he told me the story, and shewed me the remainder of the cloth. It luckily happened that in the course of some chemical amusements; I had occasion to consult Hopson's Chemistry a few days before, and there I met with a particular passage on spontaneous combustion, which I read with a determination to pursue the experiment at some future period, but which I had neglected to do. The moment I saw the cloth, the similarity of circumstances struck me so forcibly, that I sent for the book, and shewed it to Mr. Goulding who agreed with me that it appeared sufficient to account for the accident. To convince ourselves, however, we took a piece of the same kind of cloth, wetted it with linseed oil put in to a box which was locked and carried to his quarters. In about three hours, the box began to smoke, when on opening the box, the cloth was found in exactly the same condition as that which had given us such uneasiness in the morning, and opening the cloth and admitting the external air, it burst into fire. This was sufficiently convincing; but, to make it more certain, the experiment was tried three times, and with the same success.

TERRIBLE TIDINGS TO TERRESTRIAL TRANSGRESSORS.

BEING AN AL-LITERARY CURIOSITY
IN THE SHAPE OF A T PARTY.

THAT taste, those talents, that throw their triumphant tinge throughout this transitory terrestrial theatre,—terminate they totally there? Terrific, treasonable thought! That tender throb,—those trickling tears,—talk truly; they tacitly tell, that those treasures transmigrate to the tranquil territory that tabernacles this temporary tenement's translated tenant. Thus testifies, too, the translucent Tome that teacheth transcendent truth. Transporting, thrilling tidings! There they take their true tone,—their true tenison. This thorny time terrestrial, 'tis true, tries them,—tests them; those, therefore, that tarry to fend them to true things, to temper them thoroughly, transgress terribly! They that truly travail through this their trial-time, touch the tree-top.

Thou temporizing, time-thieving trifler, take thought! Tarriest thou to try this tempting toil? Tremble then: think that though *to-day* thou talkest tripping-

ly thy tasteless tattle, trollest titteringly thy tittering tune, twilest thy twisfed toes, trumpetest thy turgid transactions, tracest thy tortuous tricks, tincturest tastefully thy tint, *to-morrow* thy transitory time terminates! Truce, then, to this trash—to this turpitude! Thousands, tampering, trespassing thus, totters to their turfy tomb,—then tumble topsyturvy through Tartarus's trap, thus terminating their tragical tale. The thunder's touch tranfixes their tall though transient towers, that topple then; their twinkling tiaras, their tumid thrones—thrive they thereafter? That terrible tribunal tells their thin tenure? Terrific transition to transgressors thus tost to torment! Twig their trepidation!

Turn, therefore, timeously, trustingly, to thy tutelary teacher; take thyself timidly to the temple, that tells thee thy true, thy tangible treasure. Though terrors teem, though troubles thicken though temptations tantalize, though tumults toss, though turbid tempests thwart,—thirsten thereafter—try to travel thitherward! Though toilsome the tour—though threatening to the timorous the track, the throes turn tolerable through time; thus tells the Testament through thousand texts. Traditions, too transmitted through trackless time, tell this: thinkest thou that they traduce the truth? Transfuse their transparent tenor; transplant their teaching tendency!

Thou traitor to thyself transmute thy truant tactics; turn to the true track; transform thyself; throw to the torrent thy tinkling toys, thy tawdry tinsel, thy trivial trinkets, thy too trim trappings. Their tainting, tyrannical thralldom tangle thee; therefore, trample their trammels to tatters!

Turbulent tyr, too tenacious to thy treacherous tenets. Thinkest thou thy tutor too talkative, too, tedious? Tamest thou this theme trite, tiresome, teasing, [tautological?] The topic twinges thee then? Transcribe thankfully the totality thereof; try therewith to titillate thy tongue to tax thy thoughts; to thaw thy torpor transpierce thy twilight trance, to touch thy tough temperament, to tame thy tremendous temerity! Tie this talisman tightly to thee; twine this treatise to thy tablets!

The T treat terminates; the treated train tardily trail their toes to the tune "Turn-out!"

Trusty typographer! this trieth thy types' transferability—thy title to tittle-tattle throughout tea-time!—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

ANECDOTES OF SIR H. DAVY.

WHEN young Davy was placed at Mr. Bushell's preparatory seminary, he was so struck with the progress he made, that he urged his father to remove him to a superior school. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, that he would, at the age of about five years, turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were merely engaged in counting the number of leaves, or in hunting after pictures; and yet, on being questioned, he could generally give a very satisfactory account of the contents. I have been informed by Lady Davy, that the same faculty was retained by him through life, and that she has often been astonished beyond the power of expression at the rapidity with which he read a work, and the accuracy with which he remembered it. Mr. Children has also communicated to me an anecdote which he related in illustration of the same quality. Shortly after Dr. Murray had published his *System of Chemistry*, Davy accompanied Mr. Children in an excursion to Tunbridge, and the new work was placed in the carriage. During the occasional intervals in which their conversation was suspended, Davy was seen turning over the leaves of the book, but his companion did not believe it possible that he could have made himself acquainted with any part of its contents, until at the close of the journey he surprised him with a critical opinion of its merits.

Davy at the age of eight years, was a great lover of the marvellous, and amused himself and his school-fellows by composing stories of romance and tales of chivalry, with all the fluency of an Italian improvisatore; and joyfully would he have issued forth armed cap-a-pie, in search of adventures, and to free the world of dragons and giants.

At the age of sixteen, Davy was attitled to Mr. Borlase, a surgeon of Penzance. While with this gentleman it was his constant custom to walk in the evening to Merezion, to drink tea with an aunt, to whom he was greatly attached. Upon such occasions, his usual companion was a hammer, with which he procured specimens from the rocks on the beach. In short, it would appear that at this period he paid much more attention to philosophy than to physic; that he thought more of the bowels of the earth than of the stomachs of his patients; and that when he should have been bleeding the sick, he was opening veins in the granite. Instead of preparing medicines in the surgery, he was experimenting in Mr. Tonkin's garret,

which had now become the scene of his chemical operations; and on more than one occasion, it is said, that he produced an explosion which put the doctor and all his glass bottles into jeopardy. "This boy Humphry is incorrigible. Was there ever so idle a dog? He will blow us all into the air." Such were the constant exclamations of Mr. Tonkin; and then in a jocose strain he would speak of him as "the philosopher," and sometimes call him Sir Humphry, as if prophetic of his future renown.

It was Davy's great delight to ramble along the sea-shore, and often, like the orator of Athens, would he on such occasions declaim against the howling of the wind and waves, with a view to overcome a defect in his voice; which, although only slightly perceptible in his maturer age, was in the days of his boyhood exceedingly discordant. I may, perhaps, be allowed to observe, that the peculiar intonation he employed in his public addresses, and which rendered him obnoxious to the charge of affectation, was to be referred to a laborious effort to conceal this natural infirmity. It was also clear that he was deficient in that quality which is called "a good ear," and with which the modulation of the voice is generally acknowledged to have an obvious connexion. Those who knew him intimately will readily bear testimony to this fact. Whenever he was deeply absorbed in chemical research, it was his habit to hum some tune, if such it could be called, for it was impossible for any one to discover the air he intended to sing: indeed Davy's music became a subject of raillery amongst his friends; and Mr. Children informs me, that during an excursion, they attempted to teach him the air of God save the King; but their efforts were perfectly unavailing.

It may be a question, how far the following fact admits of explanation on the principle, of want of ear. On entering a volunteer infantry corps, commanded by a Captain Oensm, Davy could never emerge from the awkward squad; no pains could make him keep the step; and those who were so unfortunate as to stand before him in the ranks, ought to have been heroes invulnerable in the heel. This incapacity it may be readily supposed, occasioned him considerable annoyance; and he engaged a sergeant to give him private lessons; but all to no purpose. In the platoon exercise he was not more expert; and he whose electric battery was destined to triumph over the animosity of nations, could never be taught to shoulder a musket in his native town.—*Paris's Life of Davy*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.†.

THE genius of Walter Scott was perceived by Robert Burns. "I was a lad of fifteen," says the former, when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. I saw him accidentally at Professor Ferguson's; the only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burn's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms; underneath were some affecting lines: the whole touched Burns so deeply that he shed tears; turning round he inquired by whom the lines were written. I whispered to a friend they are by Langhorne; I was overheard by the poet, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure." Humility is an attribute of genius; one who was present at this fine scene thus completed the picture:—"Burns fixed his large glowing eyes on Scott, and striding up to him laid his hand on his head and said, 'Young man, it is no common spirit which has directed your mind into such a course of study;' and, turning half away, he said to the company, 'This boy will be heard of yet.'" He has since amply fulfilled the prediction of Burns and the intention of nature.

Scott was long known amongst his friends as a scholar and poet; but the first time that his name came to me it was brought by the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which stirred up the spirit of Scotland as effectually as a war-beacon would have done of old. In order either to mollify the severity of criticism,—the Edinburgh Review was then holding authors in order with its hangman's whip—or from a singular diffidence in the author, the work, previous to publication, was shown to many critical friends, and, amongst others, to Francis Jeffrey, who was pleased to nod approbation, and say, "Print it." Archibald Constable set his press to work, and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared early in the year 1805. The rapture with which I first read it, I had never before experienced in any work of genius,—a Borderer myself, I was familiar from my cradle with similar traditions, similar supernatural stories, and

similar acts of daring or heroism. But then the allurements of glowing verse gave such increase of glory to those rude legends, that they became with me resistless. I carried the poem to a quiet room, and, whether I am believed or not, I assert that I read it twice fairly through before I rose from my seat. The fame of the work spread far and wide—edition was added to edition—it was praised and read by peer and peasant, and critics hinted about the revival of the fire of Homer, and admonished the poet to refine, and polish, and prepare for a higher and more equal flight.

His second work was "Marmion." If the legend of the bookseller's shops be true, Scott had neglected to smooth the raven down of criticism till it smiled—in other words, the imprimatur of Jeffrey had not been obtained, and the "toothy critic" was displeased. He accordingly penned a criticism, sufficiently severe and captious, and with the proof-sheet in his pocket, sat down at the dinner-table of the poet, and laid his audacious article before his friend. Scott, it is said, nodded his head, saying in a low tone—"Very well—very well"—and was in the act of returning it to the critic, when Mrs. Scott—whom the courteous manner of her husband had not deceived—snatched it up, and running over the article, with a glowing face, said, as she threw it back—"I wonder at the hardihood which penned such a criticism, and more at the boldness of bringing it to this table." The criticism, though its tone was friendly in many places, did nothing like justice to the great merits of the poem, and dwelt with relentless severity upon passages, where haste or carelessness, real or imaginary, were perceived.

During the sittings of the Court of Session, where Scott by a severe servitude had secured the situation of chief-clerk, he lived in North Castle Street, in the New Town of Edinburgh; and during the recess of the court, he retired to a romantic house at Ashiesteel, on the Tweed, from which place the beautiful introductions prefixed to "Marmion" are dated. I have reason to remember his house in North Castle Street; for various pilgrimages I made before it with the hope of seeing the poet, and though I was gratified at last, I did not succeed till I had in a manner become familiarly acquainted with almost every stone which composed the front of the building. My wanderings, too, were attended with something like an adventure. I have said that the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" re-echoed my own border feelings. "Marmion" had a stronger influence

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still ; I resolved to see with my own eyes the man who had contributed so much to my happiness. I did not know a soul in Edinburgh who could introduce me, or rather I had such a sense of my own unworthiness, as compared to so great a poet, that I did not desire an introduction, but strove to see him and peruse his face without being put to the torture of conversation—I could have faced a battery sooner. On the second or third day of my pilgrimage, I had passed and repassed before the house several times, when, to my surprise, a lady looked out at a window in the adjoining house, and calling me by name, desired a servant to open the door and let me in. This was a person of some consideration in my native place, who was residing there with her family, and to whom I was slightly known. “I saw you,” she said, “walking up and down, and thought you might as well spend your time here as waste it in the street.”—“I was not exactly wasting it,” I answered: “I am come to Edinburgh to see Walter Scott, and as he lives here, I hope to see him as he goes into his own house.”—“This is an affair of poetry, then, I find,” said the lady with a smile! “I cannot help you in it, for I have not the honour of his acquaintance, though his neighbour; but you shall see him nevertheless, for this is about his time of coming home—and here he is!”—“What!” I said, “that tall, stalwart man, with the staff in his hand, and —?”—“The same, the same!” answered my friend, laying her hand on my arm: “speak softly. Why, I protest, he is coming here!” Scott passed his own door, and—the houses of Edinburgh, it must be borne in mind, are as like each other as bricks—walked up the steps of that in which I was, and announced himself with the knocker. He was instantly admitted. He was in some poetic reverie or other, and had made a mistake; he no sooner saw the bonnets of three or four boys on the pegs where he was about to hang his hat, than he said loud enough for us to hear him, “Hey-dey! here’s our money bairns’ bonnets for the house to be mine?” and apologizing to the servant, withdrew hastily.

I afterwards learned that he was busied at that time with the “Lady of the Lake,” one of the most regular, and equal and fascinating of his poems. This poem made its appearance in 1810, and was beyond all example successful.

Edition followed edition, criticism was either mute or laudatory—the man who could not quote the choicest passages was scarcely reckoned well-bred, and the booksellers envied Constable the pos-

session of a poet at once so popular and prolific. The only person who seems not to have believed in the altitude of the star of Scott was the poet himself. “As the celebrated John Wilkes,” observes the bard, in one of his latter prefaces, “is said to have explained to his majesty that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can with honest truth exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the height of fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful or superabundantly candid as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me which I could not have claimed from merit.” It is exceedingly difficult for an author to be the gauge of his own genius, and decide when he is popular to the point of his deservings. If Scott believes that his poetry is less popular than when it was first published, from the circumstance of the sale being less, he should consider that thirty or forty thousand copies have supplied the demand of many libraries—that, like a dexterous cook, he has appeased an enormous appetite, and cannot force the public to continue to eat, unless it were under a spell, such as affected Dominic Samson when Meg Merrilies presented her ladle-full of soup, crying “Gape sinner, and swallow!”

I suspect the eminent minstrel imagines himself a greater novelist than poet, and seeks to console himself for this eclipse of his muse by thinking of his works in prose. I mean neither to dispute his judgment, nor call in question the public taste, but I sincerely believe that a dozen writers might be found capable of approaching him in prose for one fit to cope with him in verse. It required higher qualities in my opinion, to write the last canto of “Marmion,” than to compose any two chapters in all the inimitable Waverley novels.

In those fine prefaces which Scott has lately prefixed to his poems, he says plainly that his popularity was at its height with the “Lady of the Lake,” and that it waned with “Rokeby” and the “Lord of the Isles.” This he attributes to a certain monotony of style in his works, and also to the appearance of a new candidate in the field of fame. A mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity—he alluded to Lord Byron,

and to the appearance of "Childe Harold." He imagined himself jostled from his popular station by the peer. "I declined," he said, "as a poet, to figure as a novelist."

His domestic history merits our notice as much as the history of his works; for no author has borne his fortunes more meekly, or displayed less of that intellectual pride, which is only more endurable than the pride of wealth from having the show of a reasonable foundation. He had been long a husband and a father—and a most affectionate one—and by a life of regularity and temperance had shown that he despised that wild power said to be claimed by genius, of dispensing with the courtesies of social intercourse and the soberer decencies of life. Poetry had aided, too, in another matter: a gentleman by birth; paternally allied to the noble house of Buccleugh, and maternally descended from that Sir Allan Swinton who slew the Duke of Clarence in the battle of Beaugne, his fortune was nevertheless but small: the dew, however, fell upon the Muses' fleece, and men and critics stared when the poet purchased some hundreds of acres of land on the pleasant banks of the Tweed, near Melrose, and began to build that singular house, since known far and near by the name of Abbotsford. For what he did and felt on this event, take his own account:—"With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent; the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget, what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader—I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerable large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against two.'" He still continued his residence in Castle-street, Edinburgh; and though he made an occasional tour to the Highlands—or presided at Selkirk, of which district he was made Sheriff,—or visited some romantic glen, such as Creehope, where John Balfour fought the Devil, he was generally to be found at home, and often in the midst of very charming company.

It would be superfluous to descant upon the prose works of this most voluminous writer. They are in all people's hands, and censure or praise would come equally late. Suffice it to say, he has triumphed over every difficulty of subject, place, or time,—exhibited characters humble and high, cowardly and brave, selfish and generous, vulgar and polished, and is at home in them all. I was present one evening, when Coleridge, in a long and eloquent harangue, accused the author of *Waverley* of treason against Nature, in not drawing his characters after the fashion of Shakspeare, but in a manner of his own. This, without being meant, was the highest praise Scott could well receive. Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid him, was at the time of the late coronation, I think. The streets were crowded so densely, that he could not make his way from Charing-cross down to Rose's in Abingdon-street, though he elbowed ever so stoutly. He applied for help to a serjeant of the Scotch Greys, whose regiment lined the streets. "Countryman," said the soldier, "I am sorry I cannot help you," and made no exertion. Scott whispered his name—the blood rushed to the soldier's brow—he raised his bridle hand, and exclaimed—"Then, by G—d, Sir, you shall go down—Corporal Gordon, here—see this gentleman safely into Abingdon-Street, come what will!" It is needless to say how well the order was obeyed.

I have related how I travelled to Edinburgh to see Scott, and how curiously my wishes were fulfilled; years rolled on, and when he came to London to be knighted, I was not so undistinguished as to be unknown to him by name, or to be thought unworthy of his acquaintance. I was given to understand, from what his own Allie Gourlay calls a sure hand, that a call from me was expected, and that I would be well received. I went to his lodgings in Piccadilly with much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson. I was welcomed with both hands, and such kind, and even complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike forsook me. When I saw him at Edinburgh, he was in the very pith and flush of life—even in my opinion a thought more fat than bard beseems; when I looked on him now, thirteen years had not passed over him and left no mark behind. His hair was growing thin and grey; the stamp of years and study was on his brow: he told me he had suffered much lately from ill-health, and that he once doubted of recovery. His eldest son, a tall, handsome youth—now a Major in the army—was with him.

From that time, till he left London, I was frequently in his company. He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and with feeling—of my little attempts in verse and prose with a knowledge that he had read them carefully—offered to help me to such information as I should require, and even mentioned a subject in which he thought I could appear to advantage. "If you try your hand on a story," he observed, "I would advise you to prepare a kind of skeleton, and when you have pleased yourself with the line of narrative, you may then leisurely clothe it with flesh and blood." Some years afterwards, I reminded him of this advice. "Did you you follow it?" he inquired. "I tried," I said; "but I had not gone far on the road till some confounded Will-o'-wisp came in and dazzled my sight, so that I deviated from the path and never found it again."—"It is the same way with myself," said he, smiling; "I form my plan, and then I deviate."—"Ay, ay," I replied, "I understand—we both deviate—but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity."

I have seen many distinguished poets. Burns, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, Wilson, Crabbe, and Coleridge; but, with the exception of Burns, Scott, for personal vigour, surpasses them all. Burns was, indeed, a powerful man, and Wilson is celebrated for feats of strength and agility; I think, however, the stalwart frame, the long nervous arms, and well-knit joints of Scott are worthy of the best days of the Border, and would have gained him distinction at the foray, which followed the feast of sports.

The mystery which hung so long over the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* was cleared up by a misfortune which all the world deplores, and which would have crushed any other spirit save that of Scott. This stroke of evil fortune did not, perhaps, come quite unexpected; it was, however, unavoidable, and it arose from no mismanagement or miscalculation of his own, unless I may consider—which I do not—his embarking in the hazards of a printing-house, a piece of miscalculation. It is said, that he received warnings: the paper of Constable the bookseller, or, to speak plainer, long money-bills were much in circulation; one of them, for a large sum, made its appearance in the Bank of Scotland, with Scott's name upon it, and a secretary sent for Sir Walter. "Do you know," said he, "that Constable has many such bills abroad—Sir Walter, I warn you."—"Well," answered Sir Walter, "it is, perhaps, as you say, and I thank you;

but (raising his voice) Archie Constable was a good friend to me when friends were rarer than now, and I will not see him balked for the sake of a few thousand pounds." The amount of the sum for which Scott, on the failure of Constable, became responsible, I have heard various accounts of—varying from 50,000*l.* to 70,000*l.* Some generous and wealthy person sent him a blank check, properly signed, upon the bank, desiring him to fill in the sum, and relieve himself; but he returned it, with proper acknowledgments. He took, as it were, the debt upon himself, as a loan, the whole payable, with interest, in ten years; and to work he went, with head, and heart, and hand, to amend his broken fortunes. I had several letters from him during these disastrous days; the language was cheerful, and there were no allusions to what had happened. It is true, there was no occasion for him to mention these occurrences to me; all that he said about them was, "I miss my daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, who used to sing to me—I have some need of her now." No general, after a bloody and disastrous battle, ever set about preparing himself for a more successful contest than did this distinguished man. Work succeeded work with unheard of rapidity. The present cheap and truly elegant edition of the works of the author of "*Waverley*," has, with its deservedly unrivalled sale, relieved the poet from his difficulties, and the cloud which hung so long over the towers of Abbotsford has given place to sunshine.

Of Abbotsford itself, the best description ever given, at least the briefest, was, "*A Romance in Stone and Lime*." It is a Gothic structure, of irregular form, with towers, and pinnacles, and battlements—plenty of variety without, and abundance of accommodation within—the fair Tweed running beside it: the magnificent ruins of Melrose rising at no great distance; while the Eildon hills, clove in three by the magic of Old Michael, are in the neighbourhood. All around, too, lie battle-fields, and hills, and streams, renowned in song and story. In the interior, there is a fine armoury, exhibiting all kinds of old Scottish mail and weapons; and a splendid library, of which one curious corner contains three or four hundred strange volumes on witchcraft and demonology. A marble bust, by Chantrey, of Scott himself—a present from the artist—stands in the library. All the nations of the earth are by this time acquainted with this fine work of art—two thousand were surreptitiously shipped to America, and fifteen hundred to the West Indies, during one year, and multitudes to other

parts of the world. It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together. I say living, because a menagerie might be formed out of birds and beasts, sent as presents from distant lands. A friend told me he was at Abbotsford one evening, when a servant announced, "A present from"—I forget what chieftain in the North. "Bring it in," said the poet. The sound of strange feet were soon heard, and in-came two beautiful Shetland ponies, with long manes and uncut tails, and so small, that they might have been sent to Elfdand to the Queen of the Fairies herself. One poor Scotsman, to show his gratitude for some kindness Scott, as sheriff, had shown him, sent two kangaroos from New Holland, and Washington Irving lately told me, that some Spaniard or other, having caught two young wild Andalusian boars, consulted him how he might have them sent to the author of "The Vision of Don Roderick."

This distinguished poet and novelist is now some sixty years old—bale, fresh, and vigorous, with his imagination as bright, and his conceptions as clear and graphic, as ever. I have now before me a dozen or fifteen volumes of his poetry, including his latest—"Halidon Hill," one of the most heroically-touching poems of modern times—and somewhere about eighty volumes of his prose: his letters, were they collected, would amount to fifty volumes more. Some authors—though not in this land—have been even more prolific; but their progeny were ill-formed at their birth, and could never walk alone; whereas the mental off-spring of our illustrious countryman came healthy and vigorous into the world, and promise long to continue. To vary the metaphor—the tree of some other men's fancy bears fruit at the rate of a pint of apples to a peck of crabs; whereas the tree of the great magician bears the sweetest fruit—large and red-checked—fair to look upon, and right pleasant to the taste.

BRUCE VINDICATED.†

It is well known that when Bruce's "Abyssinian Travels" first appeared they were universally disbelieved. After twelve years of absence, hardships, and perils in

penetrating, where European had never penetrated, he returned to have the facts of his experience treated as fabrications. The copies of the history of his arduous travels and singular discoveries were sold in Dublin for waste paper almost immediately after they appeared. Yet may it be confidently stated, that his travels do not contain one single statement, which, according to our present knowledge of the world, can even be termed improbable. Bruce has stated that men eat raw flesh in Abyssinia: we know that men in other countries eat raw fish-blubber, and even eat each other; we ourselves eat the flesh of oysters raw. Bruce's statement, therefore, is not and never was improbable.

Bruce has given a picture of the profligacy of the Abyssinians, which, from its disgusting features, we have purposely withheld (to a well-constituted mind such detail are only disgusting), yet it can very easily be shown that it is not at all *improbable*. In northern countries, a female possesses personal attractions at an age in which she is also endowed with mental accomplishments; she has judgment as well as beauty, ballast as well as sail, and, like the orange-tree, she thus bears fruit and flowers on the same stem: but, in the precocious climate of Abyssinia, this is not the case; and it surely need only be hinted, that there children of ten years of age are *women*, to explain what must be the sad effect of human passions working in such an uneducated, and, consequently, irrational state of society. There is no one of Bruce's assertions which may not, by similar reasoning, be supported; but the public, instead of judging, at once condemned him; his statements were only compared with the habits and customs of England—which, at that time, were as narrow and as harsh as the bed of the tyrant Procrustes; and because the scenes which Bruce described differed from those *chez nous*, they were most unreasonably and most unjustifiably discredited.

The witty suer of Peter Pindar, even more than the heavy cannonading of Johnson, was efficient in propagating slanders of Bruce's veracity.

"Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass."

This alludes to the following anecdote recorded in Bruce's travels:

"Not long after our losing sight of the ruins of this ancient capital of Abyssinia, we overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; they had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands, in other respects they were but thinly clothed; they appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not

† From Major Head's Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller. Murray, 1831.

seem to be fattened for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been stolen. This, however, was not our business, nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. We saw that our attendants attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers that were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after, we arrived at the hithermost bank of the river, where I thought we were to pitch our tent. The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her forefeet, while the third, who had a knife in his hand, to my very great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly before her hind-legs, and gave her a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock. From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, I had rejoiced, thinking, that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to us; and I was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say, that we were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where I intended. Upon my proposing they should bargain for part of the cow, my men answered what they had already learned in conversation, that they were not then to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and that they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity; I let my people go forward, and staid myself, till I saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef steaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done I cannot possibly say, because judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I saw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity: whatever way it was done, it surely was adroitly, and the two pieces were spread upon the outside of one of their shields. One of them still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This too was done not in an ordinary manner: the skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire, and flapped over the wound, and was fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers or pins. Whether they had put any thing under the skin, between that and the wounded flesh, I know not; but at the river side where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced

the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening."

Upon this fact Bruce himself makes the following remarks:—

"When first I mentioned this in England, as one of the singularities which prevailed in this barbarous country, I was told by my friends it was not believed. I asked the reason of this disbelief, and was answered, that people who had never been out of their own country, and others well acquainted with the manners of the world (for they had travelled as far as France), had agreed the thing was impossible, and therefore it was so. My friends counselled me further, that as these men were infallible, and had each the leading of a circle, I should by all means obliterate this from my journal, and not attempt to inculcate in the minds of my readers the belief of a thing, that men who had travelled pronounced to be impossible. They suggested to me, in the most friendly manner, how rudely a very learned and worthy traveller had been treated for daring to maintain that he had ate part of a lion. They said, that being convinced by these connoisseurs his having ate any part of a lion was impossible, he had abandoned this assertion altogether, and only mentioned it in an appendix; and this was the farthest I could possibly venture. Far from being a convert to such prudential reasons, I must for ever profess openly, that I think them unworthy of me. To represent as truth a thing I know to be a falsehood, not to avow a truth I ought to declare; the one is fraud, the other cowardice: I hope I am equally distant from them both; and I pledge myself never to retract the fact here advanced, that the Abyssinians do feed in common upon live flesh, and that I myself have, for several years, been partaker of that disagreeable and beastly diet. On the contrary, I have no doubt, when time shall be given to read this history to an end, there will be very few, if they have candour enough to own it, that will not be ashamed of ever having doubted."

Dr. Clarke, examining an Abyssinian dean whom he found at Cairo on this and other subjects, was told that it was the practice of soldiers, during their marauding expeditions, to maim cows after this manner, taking slices from their bodies without putting them to death at the time; and that during the banquets of the Abyssinians, raw meat, esteemed delicious through the country, is taken from an ox or a cow in such a state that the fibres are in motion, and that the attend-

ants continue to cut slices till the animal dies. Jerome Lobo, who visited Abyssinia one hundred and fifty years before Bruce, and whose work Dr. Johnson himself translated, says that—"When they want to feast a friend, they kill an ox, and set immediately a quarter of him raw upon the table. Raw beef is their nicest dish, and is eaten by them with the same appetite and pleasure as we eat the best partridges."

Captain Rudland, R.N., who accompanied Salt, says, "The skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of the flesh was brought immediately to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured."

Salt himself, who has absurdly joined Lord Valentia in depreciating Bruce, thus writes in the journal which he composed for Pearce, the English sailor, of whom there is a full account in Fuller's Travels, whose life is, we believe, about to be published:—"A soldier, attached to the party, proposed cutting a *shulde* from one of the cows they were driving before them, to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. This term Mr. Pearce did not at first understand, but he was not long left in doubt on the subject, for the others having assented, they laid hold of the animal by the horns, threw it down, and proceeded without further ceremony to the operation. This consisted of cutting out two pieces of flesh from the buttock near the tail, which, together, Mr. Pearce supposed might weigh a pound. As soon as they had taken these away, they sewed up the wounds, plaistered them over with cow-dung, and drove the animal forward while they divided among their party the reeking steaks."

Mr. Coffin, Lord Valentia's valet, who was left by him in Abyssinia, and who is now in England, has declared to the author of the life, that he has not only seen the operation performed, but that he has performed it himself, and that he did it at Cairo in the presence of an English nobleman of high character, whose name he referred to.

AN INSANE PHILOSOPHER.†

A GENTLEMAN of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged himself, some years ago, in speculations on the improvement of the human race, and the perfectibility of man. By

long, deep, and solitary meditation on these subjects, his mind became unsettled, and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy; and at length he became convinced that he had a right to that power. The consequence of this rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he was become perfectly calm: he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute; but the original hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this; and, after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and a project of an act of parliament for this purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which, if published, would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting the quarto edition of "Malthus's Essay" into his hands, to which I assented. It was given to him, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes upon it. But he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again, aloud, and finished this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in his airing-ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers, with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated, as I approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn. One afternoon he retired into his room, on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had "shuffled off this mortal coil." I have no doubt that he

† From Dr. Currie's Memoirs and Correspondence, 1831.

perceived the force of Malthus's argument to see the wreck of all his castle-building, and that this produced the melancholy catastrophe.

[Perhaps Malthus would be very glad to have his work prescribed universally; since, if it produce these effects, it would at once co-operate with his system by reducing population, and put a large fortune into his pocket by the sale of his "Principles."]

ANECDOTES, &c. FROM SIR JOHN SINCLAIR'S "CORRESPONDENCE."

[The Correspondence, &c., of Sir John Sinclair, from whence the subjoined extracts are taken, justifies the character given of him by the bishop of Blois, "as being the man of the greatest acquaintance in Europe." The mass of correspondence and reminiscences given in these volumes is almost, if not entirely, without a parallel in any similar publication. Classed under different heads, we have all sorts of correspondence and reminiscences—royal, noble, medical, statistical, political, and miscellaneous. By the way, too, we ought to state, that there is a highly curious and interesting collection of about two hundred autographs to illustrate the volumes, than which, we do not recollect to have seen any where a more complete and diversified set of fac-similes of the hand-writing of eminent individuals.]

AUDIENCE OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE, AND REMINISCENCES OF HER CHARACTER.

On the 25th August, 1786, I had the honour of being presented to this great sovereign. The court commenced about half past eleven. The rooms were filled with about four hundred courtiers. At twelve, the empress came from her private apartments to go to mass. A laue was made for her and her suite. She was preceded by the Princess Dashkow, and six or seven other ladies. The reason why there were no more present, was, that the ladies only came when the court was held in the evening, unless when they attended officially. Count Czernichev, vice-president of the admiralty, took me to the chapel to hear mass. It was a very poor building for such a ceremony; but the priests, with their long beards and rich vestments, made a striking and imposing appearance. The empress stood by herself, and went through all the ceremonies with great decorum. When the service was over, I went to the hall where strangers were introduced, and was presented to Prince Potemkin. He was tall, (about six feet two,) and distinguished, not only

by his height, but by the strength and manliness of his appearance. His countenance was not unpleasant, when he was disposed to be agreeable. He entered with great affability into conversation with me, which was uncommon at a first introduction. He spoke with much contempt of the King of Sweden. He afterwards talked of my intended journey to Poland, where he had great estates; and expressed a wish that I should give him some advice how to improve them. The return of the empress being announced, the foreign ministers, and those strangers who had been already presented, kissed her hand. I was then introduced by Count Osterman. She asked me how I came to Petersburg, —if I had a pleasant voyage?—and added, that she hoped I would find my stay in Russia agreeable. A Swedish officer, and some of her own subjects, were afterwards introduced; but she spoke to none of them. In short, I found that I had met with what was considered to be a most gracious reception, as she hardly spoke to any but persons of considerable distinction. The court had fallen off much from its ancient splendour. To check the spirit of luxury and expense, provincial, and even official uniforms had been introduced, and none but foreigners were richly habited. The mode of living adopted by the empress was extremely regular. She rose between six and seven, and dedicated the morning entirely to business. She dined about one, and after dinner retired to her cabinet. The evening was devoted to amusements of a general nature, either at the theatre, or in the palace, with a select company of her private friends. Her information, particularly in regard to political subjects, was very general and extensive. The instructions, *written by her own hands*, for drawing up a code of laws, is a most extraordinary performance for a woman; being, I believe, the only instance extant of female judicial legislation. I have seen her correspondence with the famous Buffon, which proves how well she was acquainted with philosophical subjects. She knew the French belles-lettres perfectly, and, in 1786, was reading Shakspeare in the German translation. She also wrote comedies herself; and in any part of the world would have been accounted in private life, a most accomplished woman. Her skill in government was great. In any progress through her dominions, she suffered the meanest peasant to address her; and they universally called her by the friendly and emphatic name of *matouskin*, or mother. To the army, and to the guards in particular, she was very attentive; and on certain fixed days dined at a table with the officers of

the different corps. Neither was the church neglected; for besides much attention to individuals of character and respect in that order, and a strict performance of all the outward forms of religion, she proved her zeal and devotion, by working, *with her own hands*, as the priests believed or asserted, the most magnificent vestments, for the use of the principal ecclesiastics of her empire, when they celebrated public worship on any important festival. She had a number of personal favorites, to whom she was very liberal. She was particularly attached to Landskoi, and attended him personally during his sickness, like a wife. She was, for some time, as inconsolable for him as Elizabeth of England was for Essex. It is said, that he was the handsomest man that could be seen; but naturally of so weak a constitution, that he was unable to support the life of a courtier. Potemkin made the quickest of all possible journeys from the Crimea, in order to console her. He came in a *kibicki*, or common cart, the whole way. Rushing into her apartment, he said, "What is the matter with my empress?" and when she answered that she was weeping for the death of Landskoi, he replied, "Why, he was a fool!"—"Ah!" said the empress, "but he had an honest heart." To her ministers she was very liberal, and in general followed their advice, except when she chose to let them feel, that there were times when she preferred being both her own and their mistress. When left entirely to herself, and compelled to determine on matters of importance, it is said that she was apt to betray some versatility and weakness. When I visited her court, she was puffed up, beyond all bounds, by the success of her reign, and the consideration in which she was held by every power in Europe. She certainly in her heart preferred the English to the French, and the Danes to the Swedes. In regard to the Germans, it was more from personal attachment to the emperor, and their joint views upon Turkey, than from a full conviction of the policy of the measure, that she preferred the Austrian to the Prussian alliance.

MADAME DE STAEL.

In January 1788, I took an excursion to Paris, and, in the employment of my time there, endeavoured to combine useful and agreeable occupations. With that view, I was accustomed to spend my mornings with the learned; to dine with the Count de Vergennes, M. Necker, and the other distinguished statesmen which France then possessed: and to dedicate the evening to

the society of the gay; Being a member of the British Parliament, and known, from my "History of the Revenue," as an author, I everywhere met with a most friendly reception. Having received an invitation to a family dinner with Monsieur Necker, I went early, and had the pleasure of finding the ladies occupied in a manner peculiarly gratifying to the national feelings of a Scotchman; for Madame Necker was reading "Blair's Sermons," and Mademoiselle Necker playing "Lochaber no more," on the piano. Monsieur Necker, overwhelmed by the pressure of public business, did not appear till immediately before dinner; and even before the cloth was removed, he received two or three letters, which he seemed to peruse with considerable interest. Madame Necker said, that they probably related to the great political contest, which he was then carrying on with Monsieur de Calonne, and which ultimately terminated in the removal of that minister from the helm.

When preparing for my return to London, I sent a note to Madame Necker, containing many grateful acknowledgments for the attention paid me by her family, and a promise, at the same time, to send her daughter (afterwards so celebrated as Madame de Stael) some Scotch music, the beauties of which, I hoped, would induce her to honour Scotland with a visit. Though young,† the answer she sent is expressed with that vivacity and elegance which distinguished her future writings.‡

Mademoiselle Necker to Sir John Sinclair.

"Je suis bien reconnoissante de l'aimable attention de Monsieur Sinclair, et je suis chargée de l'en remercier au nom de Maman et au mien. Je chanterai ces airs avec un intérêt nouveau. La patrie de Monsieur Sinclair me sera moins étrangère. Nous serons charmé de le voir. Mon père et ma mère n'ont aucune commission qu'ils puissent le prier d'exécuter; mais ils lui renouvelleront, avec plaisir, l'assurance des sentimens distingués qu'il leur a inspiré."

REMINISCENCES OF LORD MELVILLE.

Lord Melville began his political labours by inquiries into the affairs of the East India Company, to whom he performed the most important services. In 1784, he prevented the extinction of the Company

† She was born at Paris, on April the 22d, 1766, and consequently was then in the twentieth year of her age.

‡ Madame de Stael's works, when collected, amount to 18 vols. 8vo.

as an independent corporation. In the space of eighteen years, he raised the value of the stock from one hundred and eighteen and a half, to two hundred and fourteen, or ninety-three and a half of additional price per 100*l.* stock; and by his means some of the ablest and most distinguished characters in the kingdom were sent to India, under whose auspices the territorial possessions of the company became an immense empire, producing a great revenue, and containing above sixty millions of inhabitants. He also brought the affairs of the company into so high a degree of order, that he was enabled for the first time, to lay before parliament, "An Indian Budget." He was afterwards appointed Secretary of State for the War Department; and by his means a martial spirit was spread over the whole country, and a military force accumulated, which secured the nation from any risk of being conquered, should an invasion be attempted. His talents were next directed, first as Treasurer of the navy, and afterwards as first Lord of the Admiralty, to the improvement of our naval resources; and impartial observers have justly considered him as the best friend the navy ever had. If Lord Melville, however, had done nothing else but planned and executed the expedition to Egypt, his fame would have been established as one of the greatest benefactors to his country. Who can think of the battle of the Nile, or the victory of Alexandria, without gratitude to that great minister, by whom those achievements were planned, and without whose exertions and genius they could never have been successfully executed? These magnificent events first roused the different nations of Europe secretly to indulge the hope of emancipation from the yoke of France. They proved the immense resources of the British empire—the talents of those who governed the country—the valour of its sailors—and the superior skill and ability of those by whom they were commanded.

Lord Melville when he first became a member of the House of Commons, never thought of entering into the field of politics; he was considered merely as an able Scots lawyer. It appears, indeed, from the subjoined letter, that the ministers at the time had no idea of availing themselves of the great talents he possessed, as an orator and champion in the House.

Letter from the Lord Advocate Dundas to Sir John Sinclair.

"Edinburgh, 20th Nov. 1781.

"Dear Sir,—I have received yours of

the 11th. It is only your partiality which overvalues the importance of my presence in Parliament, for no person whatever has made any request to me to attend.

"Indeed it would be most disagreeable and inconvenient for me to come before Christmas; but I am so little accustomed to put my own convenience in competition with the wishes, or the interests, of my friends, that I volunteered in offering to come, if there was any anxiety about it; but there is none, for I have never received any answer to my letter. I am with great regard, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"HENRY DUNDAS.
"JOHN SINCLAIR, Esq."

But he whose presence in Parliament was not requested by the Minister, and for whose attendance no anxiety was felt by any one, soon afterwards burst forth a great political meteor, and became the chief prop of the party whose interests he had espoused. I have often heard him, however, lament his having abandoned his original profession as a Scotch lawyer. "Had I remained," he said, "at the Scotch bar, I must soon have reached one of the highest judicial offices in Scotland, and might have spent a life of comfort and independence. In the important capacity of a judge, I might have been of use to my native country; whereas, by entering on the career of politics, I have been exposed to much obloquy, and have latterly experienced the basest ingratitude."

My private intercourse with Lord Melville led to some events which it may be proper here to detail.

In December, 1801, I happened to meet with the noble Lord at St. James's, when he said to me, "It is a long time, Sir John since you have been at Wimbledon. Name any time when you can spend a day with us, and we shall be most happy to see you." By accident I fixed upon the last day of that year. Upon reaching Wimbledon to dinner, I found Mr. Pitt there. Lady Melville, and the beautiful Miss Duncan, (afterwards Lady Dalrymple Hamilton,) were the only ladies present. We spent the evening principally in conversation, but also played a short time at cards; and about eleven we went to bed. As soon as I got up next morning, I proceeded to Mr. Dundas's library, where I found him reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, to add to the security of our Indian possessions. I said to him on entering, "I come, Mr. Dundas, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of it." His answer I shall never forget; "I hope that this year will be happier than the last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one

happy day in the whole of it." On this remark, the following reflections naturally occurred: "Here I am living in the same house with the two men the most looked up to, and the most envied of any in this country. I have just heard the declaration of the one, and I am convinced that the feelings of the other are not materially different. Can any thing more strongly prove the miseries attending political pursuits?" After breakfast Mr. Pitt asked me to return to London in his carriage, when he immediately commenced a political conversation. He said, that the finances of the country were getting into a state of great disorder, from the enormous expenses of the war; and he was apprehensive that it would be extremely difficult to raise the necessary supplies for carrying it on much longer. He then added, "As you have attended so much to those subjects, and have written the history of our finances, I should be glad to have your opinion as to the measures that ought to be pursued at such a crisis." I suggested the idea of a loyalty loan, and that every individual should be called upon, in proportion to his income, to lend a sum of money to Government, at a fair interest, according to the rate at the time. He entered at once into the idea. It was subsequently carried into effect, and ultimately produced those taxes on income and property which enabled us to carry on the war, and to bring it to so happy a conclusion.

ANECDOTES OF LORD ERSKINE.

Lord Erskine was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom were remarkable for their wit and powers of conversation. The learned lord was particularly addicted to punning, of which I recollect the following instance: I happened accidentally to inform him, that a female relation of his was unwell. He asked me what was the nature of her complaint. My answer was "*Water in her chest.*"—"If that is the case," he replied, "she is not much to be pitied. It is very lucky, in these hard times, to have any thing in *one's chest.*"

Lord Erskine used frequently to compose short epigrams, which often contained much point and humour. As a specimen, may be mentioned four lines he wrote on hearing that the spurs of Napoleon had been found in the imperial carriage after the battle of Waterloo. Lord Erskine said, they ought to be presented to the prince Regent, with this inscription:—

"These Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind;
Needless to him when buckled on,
Wanting no spur but Wellington."

ANECDOTE OF LORD NORTH.

The following anecdote will give some idea of Lord North's happiness of allusion, and playfulness of mind. He was often lulled into a profound sleep by the somniferous oratory of some of the parliamentary speakers. Sir Grey Cooper (one of the secretaries of the Treasury) meanwhile took notes of the principal arguments of his opponents, which, by glancing his eye over the paper, Lord North was enabled immediately to answer. On a naval question, a member thought proper to give an historical detail of the origin and progress of ship-building, which he deduced from Noah's ark, and, in regular order, brought down to the Spanish Armada. Sir Grey inadvertently awoke his lordship at this period; who asked, to what era the honourable gentleman had arrived? Being told, "to the reign of Queen Elizabeth," he instantly replied, "Dear Sir Grey, why did you not let me sleep a century or two more?"

MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

There is no dramatist of modern times more distinguished for splendour of genius, or poetic powers, than Miss Joanna Baillie. In her style of composition, she often resembles Shakspeare. It was much to be lamented, therefore, that her plays, though fitted to make a powerful impression in the closet, were less adapted for representation on the stage; and that she had taken a particular prejudice against the London theatres, in consequence of a play written by her, though possessed of great merit, not having succeeded. From respect to her great talents, and desire to see them successfully employed, I took the liberty of suggesting to her the composition of a tragedy, more adapted for stage effect; and, as an inducement to undertake the task, proposed that she should dedicate the profits of the play to a specific charitable purpose. I had sketched out the plan of a tragedy, "*On the Fall of Darius,*" which seemed to me an excellent subject; and had sent the plan to Dr. Baillie, to be communicated to his sister. The following is the reply she sent to her brother to be forwarded to me:—

"Hampstead, October 19, 1805:

"My Dear Brother,—I have considered the proposal, contained in Sir John Sinclair's letter, and the ingenious sketch for a tragedy that accompanies it, with the attention they deserve; and very much regret it is not in my power to make the good use of them which he does me the honour to suppose I might, and which I

should have so much pleasure in attempting. You may well know I am so circumstanced, that I cannot possibly offer any play for representation to either Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, nor suffer one of my writings to be offered to either of those theatres through any medium whatever. To give up all idea, however, of being useful to a worthy family, on whom bad fortune has borne so hard, is very painful to me; and, therefore, though I cannot undertake what Sir John has pointed out, there is another way in which I might attempt to serve them; and if it should meet with his approbation, and be at the same time perfectly agreeable to Mr. — and his family, I shall set myself to work in it most cheerfully; that is, to write a tragedy upon some interesting, but more private and domestic story than that of *Darius*, which appears to me only fitted for the splendour of a large theatre, and to put it into Sir John's hands, to be offered to the Edinburgh theatre, or any theatre in the United Kingdom he may think proper, those of London excepted. If the piece should prove successful, though it might not bring in a large sum from representation, yet it might be published afterwards, in any way that should be thought most advantageous for Mr. — and his family, (whose property I should completely consider it as having become,) and produce something considerable.

"I beg you will communicate this proposal to Sir John Sinclair, along with my acknowledgments for the obliging expressions on my account contained in his letter, and for the pleasure I have received in reading his outline of a tragedy, which, if properly filled up, would no doubt make a striking spectacle in a grand theatre such as Drury Lane.

"When he has considered it, I hope he will have the goodness to let you know his opinion, without loss of time; and if it is favourable, no exertion in my power shall be wanting to complete the work."

The play having been composed, was represented on the Edinburgh stage. I was not present, but received from a correspondent there, the following account of the reception it met with:

"Miss Baillie's play went on with loud applause. The house was very full, and it is to be repeated every night this week. Henry Mackenzie furnished an excellent epilogue. Some of the critics here, think the inferior characters have too much to do, as they were very badly sustained here; but that objection would be obviated in a London theatre."

Upon sending this account of the reception her play had met with at Edinburgh, to Miss Baillie, I had the pleasure

of receiving the following communication from her:

"Miss J. Baillie presents her compliments and thanks to Sir John Sinclair, for the honour of his obliging note, and the extract of a letter which accompanied it. Nothing can be more highly gratifying to her, than the very favourable reception her Highland play has met with from her countrymen at Edinburgh, and the kind interest her friends every where have taken in its success; and it is an addition to her satisfaction to think, that it may still, in one way or other, be made of some small use to the family, for whose benefit it was originally designed, if such assistance should still be wanted.†

"*Hampstead, Feb. 7, 1810.*"

SINGULAR NAVAL ANECDOTE.

In the year 1807, I happened to pay a visit at Thoresby Park, in Nottinghamshire, the seat of my friend Lord Mansvers, who had been bred to the sea, and who recollected, when young, the following singular anecdote of Captain, afterwards Admiral Swanton:

"Captain Swanton happened to command a seventy gun ship, the *Vanguard*, (we had then no seventy-four's in our service); and was cruising with Admiral Hawke, off the coast of France, in the hope of intercepting a French Fleet from Louisburgh, when his ship was so damaged in a gale, that he was ordered home to refit; and in his way to Portsmouth, he most unfortunately came within sight of the very fleet that Hawke was in expectation of intercepting. The French, seeing an English ship of war so much disabled, and apparently quite alone, thought it would be an easy conquest; but to insure its immediate surrender, the Admiral, by a signal, detached an eighty gun ship, and a seventy-four to take possession. The officers of the *Vanguard*, knowing the state of their own vessel, and seeing such a superior force coming against them, gave themselves up for lost, and said to the Captain, 'It is impossible to stand against such fearful odds; we must make up our minds to see Brest.'—'No, gentlemen,' said Captain Swanton, 'a ship of this force must not be surrendered by a British

† In the *Scotch Magazine* for February, 1810, there is a critical analysis of Miss Baillie's play, to which she had given the name of "*The Family Legend*." Its appearance, it is said, ought to be considered as forming an era in the literary history of Edinburgh; for, since "*Douglas*," no tragedy had made its first appearance on the Edinburgh stage, or at least had attracted general attention. The beauties of the "*Family Legend*" indeed are such, as to establish its claim to be ranked as a popular and pleasing addition to our stock of acting plays.

crew, whilst there is any hope of safety. Go to your quarters, prepare for action, and let us fight it out to the last!" No situation could apparently be more completely desperate. The French eighty-gun ship came vapouring down, gave the Englishman a broadside, but was surprised to find, that instead of striking, it returned the fire with great spirit and effect. The seventy-four, when it approached, met with the same reception. This astonished not only those two ships, but the French Admiral, and his whole fleet. They began to conjecture, that the disabled ship was merely a decoy, and that Hawke must be near, otherwise no officer in his senses, would have made any resistance against so great a superiority: and apprehending, if the action continued, that their ships might receive so much injury as to be an easy prey, if Hawke actually should appear, the French Admiral was induced to recall the two ships, and Captain Swanton, by his spirited and judicious conduct, was thus enabled, after beating off so great a force, to rescue himself from his desperate situation, and to bring his ship triumphantly into Portsmouth."

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN!

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan—
Yet every miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set;
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!
I'm not a single man!

Once I was ask'd advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott!"
They then could bear to hear me read,
But if I now began,
How they would snub "my pretty page"—
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a flit;
I had more pusses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were bachelor!—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
In-stead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She dily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan;
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring;
And yet each miss to whom I come
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Heavey at his Tombs
From head to heel they make me feel
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine;
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;—
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

Hood's Comic Annual.

SKETCH OF EARL GREY.†

ALTHOUGH jealous of his rank, and resolved "to stand by his order;" the title Earl Grey bears is of very modern creation; for it, he is indebted to the bravery of his father in those wars, the commencement and continuance of which the present Noble Lord uniformly condemned.‡ In person, he is tall and commanding, his head is partly bald, and his countenance, although severe, is dignified and intellectual. Age does not seem to have injured his health, or weakened his constitution; his features are placid, but convey a haughty expression; he is remarkably thin, and his height increases in appearance the spare habit of his body; his action is not graceful, for he has acquired the practice of hiding one hand beneath his coat-kirt, as if standing near the fire, which is very unbecoming, but at times he extends his arms to their full length, and then his attitude is manly and imposing. He frequently, throughout his speech, advances from his seat towards the table, and retires again; but with him this is an easy movement, unlike the awkward motions of Sir Robert Peel, who paces at regular intervals, and with invariable sameness, between the table and the bench, poisoning one leg upon his toe, lifting up his hand and laying it down again with the regularity of a pendulum. The tones of Lord Grey's voice are clear, but not varied or harmonious, and his utterance is distinct and firm. Of his style of oratory I have next to speak. On this subject the writers of the day are loud in his praise—he is by them ranked amongst the most famous of the contemporaries of his youth, and is, as it were by one accord, placed at the head of all living orators. I must

(not, I hope, in a spirit of presumptuous criticism), deny his claims to the character of an orator. It is preposterous in the newspaper-men to say, that he is like Burke, Fox, or Sheridan; he is the direct opposite in every respect to any thing I have ever read or heard, or can conceive of these three immortal senators. Will any man, save a sycophant, venture to assert, that in any one speech Earl Grey ever delivered in the whole course of his life, he displayed the sublime philosophy of Burke, or breathed thoughts comparable with his glorious conceptions? or can his stately language be assimilated with the burning words which issued from the rich and boundless imaginations of his mighty rivals? A finished and classical education, like that which Earl Grey received, may accomplish much for the public speaker; yet, after all, his brightest efforts are but darkness, when matched against the light and splendour of heaven-born genius. With less justice still, could the imperious Premier be likened to the bold and impetuous Fox, either as to language or appearance; about him there was nothing cold or studied; he was vigorous, impassioned, and often indiscreet; he expressed himself in hurried sentences, in involuntary exclamations, by vehement gestures, by sudden starts, and bursts of passion. "Every thing," (said a celebrated political writer) showed the agitation of his mind; his tongue faltered, his voice became almost suffocated, and his face was bathed in tears. He was lost in the magnitude of his subject. He reeled and staggered under the load of feeling which oppressed him. He rolled like the sea, beaten by a tempest." We are told that Sheridan sat quaffing old port in Bellamy's, till he ascertained that "Charley's waistcoat was open," and then hastened to participate in the triumph of his friend. When was Earl Grey ever guilty of any of these glorious indiscretions? It would be undignified in him to evince deep emotion, or to suffer storms of passion, which should convulse vulgar souls only, to ruffle the serenity of his aristocratic temper. He was inferior to Fox, in every attribute necessary to the attainment of oratorical renown, or the management of a popular assembly. It would be a mockery to class Earl Grey with Sheridan—for Sheridan was a man of genius and a plebeian. Earl Grey would perish sooner than protest, with uplifted crutches, as did the dying Chatham, against the iniquity of injustice and oppression; but to his son, William Pitt, I should conceive the Noble Earl to bear a strong resemblance. William Pitt was an aristocrat by nature—like him,

† From the Dublin Magazine.—No. VII.

‡ Earl Grey is the eldest son of General, afterwards Sir Charles Grey, K. B. who was an aide-de-camp to Prince Ferdinand at the battle of Münden, and held a command during the American war. At the breaking out of the war with France, in 1793, he assisted at the relief of Ostend and Newport, and having been appointed commander-in-chief in the West Indies, succeeded in reducing Martinique, St. Lucia, and Gaudaloupe. In 1801, he was created Baron Grey de Howick, and in 1806, Viscount Howick and Earl Grey. He is descended from a very ancient family in the north of England. Sir Charles was the younger brother of Sir Henry Grey, Bart., who dying without issue his title and estates descended to the present Earl Grey, who was bred to the bar; but in consequence of the intention of his uncle, Sir Henry, to constitute him his heir, he ceased to devote himself to the practice of his profession; and becoming early in life a member of the House of Commons for the county of Northumberland, he rapidly attained eminence as a speaker in Parliament. He is somewhat older than the Duke of Wellington, being about sixty-six, the Duke being sixty-two in May, 1831.

Lord Grey, is a logician, addicted to the cold formalities of speech—and like him, stiff, unbending, bitter, and relentless. Whether as a minister of state he will display the same strength of mind, the same confidence in his own resources, and the same tenacity of purpose as Pitt, is yet to be proved. Great political experience, extensive research, and long practice, have made him an exact and argumentative speaker, but to the higher and nobler excellencies of the orator, he never can aspire. I believe Earl Grey to be a man of frigid disposition, of severe correctness of mind; his very elegance like that of the most finished works of the sculptor, has a certain coldness and hardness in it; while we admire his abilities, we cannot love the man. He seems to have as little of softness in his nature as Brougham, but he is without Brougham's impetuosity of passion, which shows that he has a heart in his bosom, although its gentle emotions are sometimes overmastered by the huge tide of stronger and darker feelings that flow from the same source. His oratory is clear, forcible, and elegant, but it produces neither enthusiasm nor tears; its fountains are the reason and memory. His paucityrics are elaborate and precise, and commonly rounded with a classical quotation for the sake of elegant effect; his philippics are carefully-wrought compositions of bitter and passionless severity; the arrows of his vengeance seem pointed with icicles. The intrepidity of Lord Grey is greatly mixed up with pride, and his temper is highly aristocratic; even when he is desirous to appear scornful, he seems to disdain the semblance of angry emotion; he knows that anger is a levelling and vulgar passion, while scorn is a feeling proper to a superior. Lord Grey is a friend to the diffusion of knowledge, and a patron of the London University. At the first distribution of prizes within the walls of that infant institution, his Lordship presided, and awarded the honours with stately dignity and aristocratical composure; his exhortation to the prizemen to persevere in their studies with unabated ardour, was eloquent and impressive; and he concluded his address by paying a compliment to Mr. Brougham, not less beautiful than it was deserved.

A TALE OF THE DARK MOOR.†

It was a gray, cold, silent morning when I left the little inn of Inverloich, and pur-

† From Leitch Ritchie's Tales and Confessions.

sued my solitary way along the North Road. The road after winding along pleasant hills, arrived at a wide open moor, black as night, except when here and there in the distance a faint glimmer showed some dangerous and mysterious bog reflecting the gray light of the dawn. As the dimness and obscurity gradually cleared from the mighty amphitheatre of mountains, enclosing the moor, my attention was irresistibly drawn towards one petty item in the scene. This was a ruin on the moor, about a stone-cast from the main road, the remains of a hut or cottage, such as the lonely shepherd sometimes builds upon the hills. While I stood gazing at it, an old man driving a cow before him approached the spot. He was going, he said, to the village of Lochmure, and I now learned that about a dozen huts bearing that name, were in the immediate neighbourhood, although concealed from my view by a hill. The old man was of a communicative garrulous disposition, and after some talking of indifferent things, observing me look so intently upon the remains of the ruined hut, he stuck his staff into the side of the dyke by the moor-side, and leaning upon it with both hands, while his cow, with a face of infinite sagacity, stood ruminating by his side, he began a relation, which, with the little knowledge of the southern tongue I have acquired in my journeyings, is here done into modern English.

That cottage, said he, or rather those blackened and scattered remains of what once was a human dwelling, formed the abiding place on the earth of William and Mary Lindsay. It was said by those who knew something of the matter, that William was a cadet of an honourable family, descended from a Scottish poet, the Lord Lion of Queen Mary's time, and that his relations discarded him for marrying a girl of low degree, and altogether without fortune. Too proud to make submission, and too young and bold to know fear, he removed with his bride to Edinburgh, and tried scheme after scheme for their support. Without a business or profession, however, without baseness to cringe or to flatter, he soon found it no easy task to supply his beloved Mary even with bread.

Unfit to associate with his gay companions, or supposed to be so, from the homeliness of her manners and ideas, and even from the broad Scotticisms of her speech, the latter, at length, became solitary in the crowded city; and William in scorn and indignation, put the seal to his fate, by abandoning the society of those who *might* eventually have served him, to share the solitude of his wife.

Malice could not long be passive under the imputation of cruelty and false refinement; and the revenge she took was summary. Stories began to be whispered of William Lindsay's new mode of life; low company, debauchery, vice of every form and hue—except the *genteel*—were imputed to him. When William at length driven to despair by the destitution in which he saw his poor Mary, had resolved to sacrifice his pride upon the altar of love, he found it was too late; every door was shut against him, every eye was averted as he passed. Even a young and fair cousin, whom he had loved with the love of a brother to a sister, either influenced by religion, or morality, or coldness of heart, or, by all three, dissolved without an apparent struggle the intimacy of years. Leaving a bitter curse upon the heartlessness which had sacrificed him to the malice of those whom she would not have believed on their oaths on an affair involving the destinies of a ball, William left Edinburgh with his wife, and wandered far into the country.

For no apparent reason, except that here they might lodge at free-cost, (for the winter season had set in, and Mary was far gone in pregnancy) they pitched their tent on that very spot before us, which forms the eastern angle of what is called the Dark Moor. Ashed built by some turf-cutters the season before to shelter them from the sun, was a temptation which the houseless, and now moneyless, pair could not withstand. William repaired it in the best manner he was able, and with the black mud of the bog, rendered it almost water tight. This was the work of only one day, and the villagers saw with surprise, and some with dismay, a family settled with the suddenness of magic on the borders of the Dark Moor. There was a fierce abruptness in the manner both of the man and wife, which offended some and scared others. In pity to their forlorn condition, we would have offered what assistance we could; but our advances were received with coldness, and by degrees, all connection ceased between the village and the hut. A little yard of potatoes and two or three rows of kail seemed to form the materials of their subsistence, assisted, no doubt, by an occasional hare or wild-bird caught in the springs which the turf-gatherers found spread upon the moor, with now and then a few little trouts caught by the hand in the many shallow rivelets with which this district abounds. As for the various small luxuries of life, become necessities by habit, they never to our knowledge crossed the threshold of the solitary hut.

Tea and sugar, which of late years had become as necessary to the dames of the village as kail or porritch, and which, no doubt, the poor Wife of the Moor (for so was she designated) had been still more accustomed to, were articles utterly unknown; and in short, the cottagers, though careful to support life, appeared to be altogether indifferent as to any thing farther. Life, however, at this rate, that questionable good, for the sake of which they submitted to so much unquestionable evil, did not appear to be easily supported. The incompleteness of the shelter afforded by the hut against the cold and rain, and the damp fogs rising perpetually from the moor, added to their lean diet and imperfect clothing, seemed, in a short time, to take effect upon the health of the hapless pair. The woman was seldom seen out of doors, and the man looked pale and wasted. Then changing in turn, the man would be confined to the cottage, and the woman would be observed dragging heavily about the visible burden of love and nature, of which she had not as yet been delivered.

At last came the February of that awful winter when this country-side was buried for weeks under the snow; and each one being intent on his own preservation, we lost sight of the miserable hut and its tenants altogether. At last the anger of the Lord departed from the land, and when the snow cleared away, we saw Mrs. Lindsay as usual about her affairs on the moor. She appeared to have suffered a paralytic stroke; her body was bent almost double, she halted as she walked, and her face was distorted, and of a ghastly paleness. On her bosom there lay a lovely infant, whose placid features contrasted strangely with the sharp and haggard visage of its mother; and we thought of the sufferings that distracted mother must have endured. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth," saith the Scripture; but bitter—bitter must have been her sorrow, when in the midst of cold, and darkness, and hunger, and weeping, and despair, the voice of her first born smote upon her weary heart.

The husband was not with her. His illness must have sorely increased, we thought, or surely he would now be at her side, to support these tottering steps, and relieve her sometimes of that little burden of love. We saw him not on the next day, although we brought some food and warm clothing to the hut: we saw him no more. A mound of fresh earth at the southern gable of the cottage told the story of his fate. He had died in darkness, and perhaps in hunger; and his wife had dug him a grave with her own hands.

From this time the character of the Wife of the Moor appeared to be undergoing a rapid and awful change. She no longer refused the charity sent by the villagers, but snatched it eagerly, and yet thanklessly, from their hands. She went no longer mute and moping about her work; but with songs and wild laughter seemed to mock her misery. It was a fearful thing to hear the voice of that strange mirth, as we passed in the gloaming along the road. It seemed, at times, more the yelling of a fiend than the songs of a human being; and by degrees, the sympathy, which her sufferings had attracted, was changed into fear.

The spring soon came, and the infant shot up like the flowers and branches around him. The summer sun looked upon his beauty, and bestowed a tinge of healthy brown upon a skin which before was whiter than the snow in the midst of which the human blossom had sprung up; another winter came—another spring—another summer, and the leaves were beginning to fall, and the winds to howl in the second autumn.

Mrs. Lindsay was at work in the cottage, and the child playing at her feet. This day her sufferings had been particularly severe, and her temper was proportionably affected. On these occasions she had been observed to give way to such fits of rage, as proved that her intellects were in some measure injured by her misfortunes. There was even a certain coarseness in her expressions, approaching to vulgarity; as if the delicacy of her mind had been destroyed by the physical hardships of her situation, or as if she found the language of taste and refinement too tame to express the bitterness of her soul. Such moods of mind were usually chequered by intervals of excessive fondness; and the storm, as suddenly as it arose, would melt away in tears, and blessings, and kisses. The evening of the day I have alluded to, was already darkening the moor, when, with a perversity so often noticed in childhood, the little boy rose up, and insisted upon going out to play. In vain the mother refused; he would return to the charge with fresh importunity; in vain she cursed and stormed—he was neither to be awed nor reasoned with. He interrupted her in her songs, displaced the few articles of miserable furniture which she had been painfully striving to arrange, and at length fairly succeeded in awaking the evil spirit within her, "Sorrow of my life!" she exclaimed, opening the door, and flinging him fiercely over the threshold—"Gang out, if ye will have it so—gang out in the *Ill Name*, and never come in again!" She

then returned to her work, and strove to subdue her nature by the labour of her body. The child had not been out long before the mother began to get uneasy, as she saw the shadows of evening darkening the cottage more and more. She listened, however, and, hearing his voice, was satisfied. When she listened again the child had ceased to prattle; but she said to herself, that the cold air of approaching night would soon drive him in to the fireside. In a little while it began to rain, and she could hear the drops pattering upon the roof. "Now he will come!" She exclaimed joyfully, as she halted to the door: but he did not come. The mother stood watching, for a few minutes, with eye and ear for some signal of his approach: while the rain ceased for a moment, and the voice of the night-wind that had now arisen, died away into a whisper. The momentary stillness of nature was not broken by her beloved, and even his footsteps, that she had heard pattering upon the soft ground, were now silent. The next moment the breeze rose again with new strength, the rain dashed in torrents upon the cottage, and the alarmed mother, tearing open the door, rushed forth in search of her child.

It is said, that a lamp was seen that night upon the moor, flitting from bog to bog, till it was lost in distance. I do not know how this may be, for I have myself seen a faint, glimmering spark of light, hopping in marshy ground from one pool to another; but if we are to believe that the appearance was produced by human agency, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the wretched mother returned into the cottage for a light, and pursued the lost one upon the moor. However, there were sounds heard that night in the village, which prevented many an eye from closing. The fancies of some shaped them into human shrieks; and these were syllabled by others into the cry "my bairn—my bairn!" Some of the older inhabitants, starting as the sound fell upon their ear, rose upon their knees and gave themselves up to prayer; but the younger buried their heads under the bed clothes, and awaited with fear and trembling the coming of the dawn.

When the morning at last came, the villagers hastened to the borders of the moor, when they saw the bereft mother sitting upon the ruins of her hut—the frail tenement having been torn down, no doubt, by her own hands in the phrensy of disappointment and despair. She was led into the village deprived of reason, but not of life; for there she still sings her wild songs, sitting on the threshold of a widow's cottage, who is paid by the in-

habitants to take care of her, from which, in the day time she rises only to ask the passing traveller if he has seen her child upon the Dark Moor.

ST. HELENA,†

JANUARY 1837.

It was early in the morning when St. Helena was first seen from our decks, and it then seemed merely a dark speck on the horizon, but as we approached, its form became gradually more distinct, and in a few hours we found ourselves rapidly sailing within half a mile of the shore. If it is possible to conceive a steep, abrupt rock, fully eight hundred feet high, rising perpendicularly from the ocean, and offering no possible means of landing, it will give a good idea of that part of St. Helena which is first approached from the southward. A few fissures in the rock are the only varieties in its uniform surface; not a blade of grass nor a tree can be seen, and its volcanic origin may easily be traced in the different strata of lava which appear to form the island. On every high peak, or point of land, signal-houses and guns had been placed, and after turning round a projecting rock we perceived a succession of batteries manned with numerous guns, and bidding defiance to an invader. Indeed, it would be impossible for nature and art combined to form a more complete place of exile than this selected for Napoleon.

The little town, however, offered some relief to the aridness of the preceding scenery. It is built in James Valley, a narrow opening between two steep barren hills. The Church, Government-house, and a few verdant trees have a pleasing effect from the anchoring place, which is not far distant from the shore. The roofs of a few other habitations appear up the valley; and on the summit of a hill, a small grove of dwarf firs indicates that vegetation flourishes inland, although none exists on the brink of the ocean. Our stay at St. Helena was not intended to exceed a few hours; but as it would have been the height of barbarism to have passed such a classic spot without seeing Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon, five of our party landed, with strict injunctions from those whom want of taste and curiosity induced to remain on board,

to bring off numerous slips of willow from the tree which droops over the grave.

On landing and entering James Town, we proceeded to the hotel, and in a short time were provided with horses. When on the point of mounting, we were informed by our landlord, that it was necessary we should procure an order for admittance within the railing which he offered to obtain for us. Away he went, and shortly returned with a printed order in the Governor's name, authorising the corporal on guard to allow the bearers to see the tomb and cut *slips of the willow*. Furnished with this legal order for procuring memorials, we set off on our little steeds, and after passing through the only street in the town, commenced ascending the mountain by a road cut in the side of the hill, and guarded by a parapet.

Leaving the little town far below us in the valley, we arrived at the summit of the hill near a small verdant spot of ground, nourished by a running stream, and perceived the little cottage of Briars, where Napoleon first resided on landing at the island. One low story, apparently containing but few apartments, constituted the mansion; but our time not allowing us to examine the premises, we pursued our journey, and after passing a pretty plantation of dwarf firs, opened a view of the hills and valleys of the west side of the island. The scenery here was really imposing; the ground, broken into abrupt mountains and deep valleys, presented a striking contrast, the latter being brilliant with vegetation where they formed the beds of rivulets, and the former rearing their lofty heads to the clouds, with their surface quite parched and barren. Here and there, where streams gushed from the rocks, stripes of verdure might be seen, and near them or in the valleys, were little formal white houses, with red tiled or slated roofs, brilliant green windows, and their *total ensemble* offering a perfect specimen of cockney taste, which seemed quite out of character with the boldness of the scenery, and reminded me forcibly of the little wooden houses I used to buy in toyshops, to amuse myself with in my juvenile days. In the breaks between the mountains, the sea might be seen for a great distance far below us, blending in the distance with the haze, so that no horizon could be distinguished, and in the harbour the shipping appeared the size of mere fishing-boats.

We were here still at some distance from the object of our trip, but at about a mile further on looking down the side of the hill we perceived a little green spot, and a house in the vale below, whither we were directed by a man whom we met;

†From the United Service Journal.—No. XXV.

and after passing a small gate saw at a distance the far-famed willows towards which we hastily directed our steps.

At a little wicket leading into a flower garden we dismounted, and were met by a weather-beaten veteran corporal of the fifty-third regiment, who was constituted guardian of the tomb. A pretty geranium hedge, in full blossom, bordered the path which led to the sacred spot; on either side rose steep hills, which uniting behind the tomb, formed a deep dell only open to the southward, where it looked down a valley; a neat green railing encircled a space of brilliant sward, about ten yards in diameter, and in the middle of this, under the appropriate shade of some venerable weeping willows, stood the square iron railing which guarded the last home of Napoleon. The old corporal, who now acted as our cicerone, having ascertained that we were provided with the proper order for admittance, proceeded in a drawing tone and unmoved countenance to give us an account of the spot, in the same words, no doubt, that he had already used to the hundreds of visitors who had preceded us. "Here, Sir," said he, "the Emperor when he died expressed a wish to be buried, if so be that they would not let his remains be carried to France; and there, Sir, under that willow he used often to sit talking with the Countess Bertrand, when he was sufficiently well to drive to her little cottage, which you may see on the brow of the hill. Out of this spring (pointing to a little rill of water which bubbled from the side of the hill) the water the Emperor drank was taken. If your honours would like some, here is a cup, (producing at the same time an old tin cup rather the worse for wear, with which some of the party drew a little water from the stream); and there, Sir, within those railings, under the three broad flags, is placed Napoleon's body cross-ways, the head being towards those little painted sticks.

"You see, gentlemen, this small space of earth, six inches wide, between the railings and the slabs. After the Emperor's death, Madame Bertrand planted it all round with heartsease—I believe they call them *pensées* in French—and used to take great care of them, but they are all withered now. Oh! she was a nice lady, God bless her! But perhaps, gentlemen, you would like to enter the railing; here is one of the bars which takes out, and as you are none of you very stout, you may slip through. I recollect not long since an old fat general from Bombay, who rather than not get inside, took off his coat, waistcoat, and almost every thing he wore." We followed the old man's advice,

and entering the aperture in the railing, stood over the remains of *l'Empereur des Français*. I know not why it was, but we simultaneously took off our hats; we all felt that respect and reverence which we should have expressed had he been alive, and seemed to be hurt at the idea of a group of British officers thus unceremoniously invading the resting-place of the "vanquished victor." It was not romance that occasioned this sensation (one of my companions having served in the navy since Trafalgar, and been two years a prisoner in France, whilst another from his earliest youth had been fighting in the Peninsula against the armies of the man whose dust now lay below us), but that deference which is always due to the memory of those, whose superior talents and strength of mind have made them rise above the rest of their contemporaries. No inscription, not even the name Napoleon had been engraven on the slabs; fame, such as his, requires no other or more splendid memorial than that which it will ever retain, the regrets of the French, and their recollections of the glorious deeds performed by their armies which led on to glory and victory by "*Celui qui n'est plus*."

After cutting a few slips of myrtle and willow, and written our names in a paper to be shown to the Governor, the corporal requested our attention to a board hanging up in the sentry box, on which was pasted a paper containing the following lines, written by some captain of a merchant ship.

Our guide seemed to consider them the very acme of poetic talent, and as I thought them *very good*, though in rather a different sense, I transcribed them.

"Here, contemplative Traveller Prythee come,
Behold bright genius Grandeur's in this tomb.
As great a conqueror as ere drew breath;
First by ambition, conquered here by death.
Fate sealed his date, his name expanded skies
On Fame's proud pinions towering to the skies,
Long as the Isle of St. Helena stands,
So long the loud obstreperous trumpet of Fame
To future ages sounds Napoleon's name."

Taking leave of our old friend, we remounted our horses, and set off at a canter for Longwood, which was distant about a mile and a half.

Previous to reaching the house, which is built on the table-land of a small hill, we passed through a scanty grove of stunted trees, and dismounted at the door leading into the billiard-room of Longwood. The house consisted of a ground-floor, with a roof exceedingly low; the rooms, few in number, were small, dark, and damp, and even during the residence of the Emperor, when furnished, they can-

not but have been most wretched; now the house was quite dilapidated. The room where Napoleon breathed his last, contained a threshing-machine; his sitting-room had been converted into a granary, and the library where he passed the greater portion of his time, and dictated the memoirs he left as a legacy to the world, was now a hen-house! The bed-room, fitted up with stalls, served as a stable; and the outhouses, once occupied by his faithful Generals Montholon and Gourmand, were appropriated to a like purpose! I ascended to the garret where young Las Cases slept, but could scarcely stand upright in it. Is it a subject of wonder that Napoleon should have complained of ill-treatment, when the house given him as a residence was so bad, that now it is only considered fit for a storehouse? The garden in which he used to walk was still in existence, but nothing about Longwood remained to indicate that there had resided Napoleon. The new house erected by the British Government was comfortable, large and pretty; it had been very handsomely furnished, but the Emperor never occupied any of the apartments, his health having been so bad at the time the house was finished, that he would not remove from his old residence.

Evening now warned us to hasten our return to James Town, and in a few hours afterwards, we were again plunging the ocean on our way to merry old England, highly gratified and delighted by our short, but interesting visit to the "Isle of the Ocean."

THE CIRCUS OF RONDA.†

THE circus of Ronda is situated in a large street, that leads out of the square or *plaza* to the end of the town, and near it is the theatre, the Alameda, and the principal coffee-house. The proximity of those places of amusement to one another, renders their neighbourhood the most agreeable and populous part of the city, and the nest of Ronda gaiety during the fair. Now only fancy a horde of wild bulls galloping through it, and ready to tear into atoms every object they meet. This occurs at the housing of the bulls on the night previous to the combat, a process which is worth remarking. I shall therefore describe it.

The grand entrance to the circus fronts

the street in an open space. On one side of this entrance runs a wall, which encloses a large yard and the outhouses for the reception of the animals and the people employed in their management. A large gate divides the wall, and opens into the yard. From this gate to the opposite side of the street a temporary palisade is thrown, so as to impede the bulls in their progress, and oblige them to turn into the yard. To manage a dozen of these horned sons of the forest in a city promenade, and induce them to present themselves in a civic circus before five thousand people, is no very easy matter; and the accomplishing of it shows how immeasurably superior to brute force is the power of human cunning. The bulls are first decoyed from their native woods by tame cattle placed amongst them for the purpose. On the night before the combat they, along with their more gentle associates, are driven into the town, where, as soon as they find themselves enclosed by houses, they become furious, and run at all they meet. In order then to induce them to follow the right way to the circus, a mounted *picador*, armed with a spear, rides up close to the raging animals, and feigns to attack them. The bulls dash at their assailant, who, on the instant, expertly wheels his horse and gallops away towards the circus, pursued by the whole of the prancing and bellowing troop. The *picador*, thus leading his desperate foes over the rough pavement to within a few yards of the palisades, turns sharply into the gates of the yard, the bulls at his heels; then darts through a small gate at the opposite side of the yard, which, as soon as he enters, closes after him by dropping from above, and thus stops the progress of his pursuers. In this ride the *picador* is in great danger. Should his horse trip, he must be destroyed. And, considering the badness of the pavement, it is wonderful that he escapes without a fall. The Spanish bridle, however, is calculated to support the horse, and the *picador* is always a perfect rider.

It is yet necessary to fix each bull in his particular stall. These stalls are situated on the ground-floor of an oblong building adjoining the circus. Each is a cell of about eight feet long by six feet wide, and placed opposite each other at the sides of a long passage that leads from the yard to the arena, into which it opens by folding doors, and through which the bulls rush to the fight. To get the ungovernable tenants of these cells fairly in, and then to get them out, appears, to one unacquainted with the means of managing them, an impossibility. The fact is, every stall is in itself a trap, into which the bull having once entered, only leaves it to meet his

† From Letters from Gibraltar, 1850.

deadly foe. Once within the passage to the cells he has no choice but to proceed upwards, and resign himself to his fate. At intervals in the passage are partitions that slide upwards by pulleys these are all raised while the bull is entering, and, as he passes onwards, they are one after the other dropped behind him, so that he is forced onwards, as it were, *per sultan*. Whatever cell is intended for him is left open; he walks into it, seeking, no doubt, to escape from his confinement, and at once the door of the cell, which is constructed like those of the passage, drops down behind him, and he is enclosed. During this operation not a human being appears before him. The force that secures him is exerted by machinery on the floor above, where the multiplicity of ropes and blocks and wheels reminds one of the complex cordage, of a ship. The bull no sooner finds himself thus entrapped, than he gives way to the most unbounded rage: he roars, froths at the mouth, tears up the earth with his hoofs, and butts with his horns at the door and the wall; but resistance is all around him, while his masters calmly look down upon his impotent efforts through holes made in the floor for the purpose.

The mode of getting the bull into the arena is similar to that of getting him into his stall. The director of the sport having made his selection, and marked each animal for his particular course, (and the fiercest is generally brought out first), the door of the crib is drawn up, the passage from thence is clear, and the combatant rushes at once into the ring, where the dazzling scene, and the shouting of the crowd, either fix him in momentary astonishment, or urge him to the wildest ferocity. But before we come to the fight, it will be necessary to describe the circus itself. I believe it is one of the largest in all Spain. It contains two rows of boxes. The lower circle being considered the better, is the higher price; the upper, therefore, being the smallest rate of admission, is filled by the rabble. The diameter of the ring, clear of the wall that protects the people, is one hundred and ninety feet. Each box has seven seats, and the whole contains about five thousand people. The price of admission to the lower circle is about two shillings English, that to the upper about fifteen pence. On entering the circus through the grand gate, you see at the opposite side similar folding doors to those which admit you. Through these come the horses from the stables, and through them also the mules drag the animals that are killed in the ring. On your right and left, at right angles, are two gates, over which

are erected two projecting boxes or rather galleries: that on the right is for the accommodation of the royal family when any of its members may think fit to be present; but in the absence of those it is used by the authorities of the city; the box on the left receives the officer and trumpeters who pass the signal for the different stages of the combat. The building is open at the top, except that a tiled roof extends over the boxes, very insufficient, however, to protect all the audience from the sun. In front of the benches all round extends a stone wall four feet and a half high. You may walk between this and the people three or four abreast. Its use is to protect the boxes from the unceremonious visit of the bull, which is frequently attempted, however, it is not always a security against the activity of the animals. They have been known to jump into the centre of the box more than once, where they produced a sensation amongst the well-packed people not easily forgotten.

Like all the interior work of the public buildings of Spain, the merits of the carpenter and the carver are left to their own naked excellence, and the corroding effects of the air and the insect. A Spaniard never thinks of colouring any thing relative to his buildings but the outside; and even this not always. The wisdom of the Dutch proverb, "*paint costs nothing*," is never seen by him; and the finest carved ornaments rot before his eyes, deformed by the streaky grain of the light brown material, without awakening in him the cautionary idea that is common to other men. I declare, I cannot call to mind that ever I saw a house-painter in all Spain, and I strongly suspect that the unfortunate trade shared with the Jews the anathema of expulsion. The doors, the chairs, the wainscoting, partitions, church ornaments, courthouse benches—all spurn alike the protection of the paint-brush, and fade and moulder, dry and dirty, in true Spanish indolence, and contempt of economy.

Before the combat begins, the assembly always make it a point to lounge in the circle. The box we occupied fronted the doors by which the procession entered the ring to open the sports of the day. The order in which it appeared was thus:—eight mounted dragoons at the sound of a trumpet rode into the ring, and dividing into double files cleared the arena of the promenaders: on doing which they retired at the same gate by which they entered. All was silence, all was clear in the ring, and the seats in both rows densely packed with anxious spectators. The trumpet again sounds, and the three

mounted *picadores* ride slowly forward with spear in hand and ready for the combat. Then follow two *matadores* and six *banderilleros*, two abreast; lastly are led in three mules covered with little bells and ornamented harness. The whole advance towards the royal box, and respectfully bow before the authorities of the town therein seated, who graciously receive the salute. The trumpets then sound, and the combatants take their respective stations. One *picador* draws up his horse within twenty yards of the door from which the bull is to be admitted, and close to the wall of the ring; the horse's head rather turned towards the place from whence his antagonist is to spring. The second *picador* places himself behind the first, but nearly quarter-way round the circle, so as to be ready to receive the bull when his attack on the first *picador* terminates, and the third *picador* is behind him again. The *banderilleros* throw themselves at various points of the ring, so as to be able to dispose of their exertions as may be required, but two generally stand near to each horse, to draw off the bull by their flags in proper time.

The dress of the *picadors* and *banderilleros* is particularly imposing and their whole appearance gives a grand and chivalric character to the scene. The covering of the thighs and legs down even to the toe in order to protect the *picador* from the weight of the horse and the concussion in falling, was lined with cork; but although this gave the limbs of the man a somewhat larger bulk than the natural, yet mounted and at a distance, it did not destroy the appearance of proportion.

All things in readiness for the attack, the signal to commence was given by the authorities in the royal box; the trumpet sounds, and as it ceases leaves not a murmur behind—every thing is still as death. The *picadors* are fixed firmly in their saddles—the *banderilleros* at their various points—the countenances of the multitude became strained with expectation—hearts palpitate, and every one holds his breath. The angry murmurs of the bull are now heard deep and portentous—the bolt is slipped—every eye is on the gates. In a moment they were opened, and the bull darted into the ring. Perceiving the mounted *picador* on his left, he without a pause sprang at him, but the well-directed spear† received the enraged animal, and although the shock almost pushed the horse on his haunches, the rider's arm succeeded in turning off his assailant, who

galled and foiled in his fiercest charge, became furious, and flew at the next horseman with astonishing rapidity. The hardy veteran stood prepared and received the attack well with the spear, but although he turned the bull off for the moment, the charge was renewed before he could draw back his spear, and the horns were buried in the bowels of the horse, which together with the rider, were lifted by main strength clear off the ground, and both fell! Shouts filled the arena. The bull continued to follow up his success and gored with all his might, but the *picador* lay beneath his horse, and thus escaped the deadly thrusts of the horns.

The bull having made his two charges, pursued the active *banderilleros*, whose flags alone protected them from destruction, by attracting the bull, whose efforts being directed to the glaring colours alone, passed impotently by the real enemy. They were as the fairies in the legend, and the bull, as he who pursued them—ever before his eye, ever close to him, yet ever vanquishing and never to be touched. Throughout the ring he chased the imps—now one, now another, and often it became a race for life and death; but the wall was the man's resource, and when the bull with his bended neck had the point of his powerful horn at the fugitive's back, the latter flew over the wall, and, like a spirit, disappeared, leaving the animal in amazement, who now stopped and looked up at the crowded benches before him with rage and disappointment; pawed the ground, and backing himself a few paces with tail erect, seemed as if about to spring in amongst the people. Now approached the courageous *picador* on his flank, with spear couched, and watching eye. The bull turns, and like lightning darts upon the horse; but the firm arm receives him—the point is in his shoulder, and it raises the ponderous animal on his haunches, the noble horse keeps his ground, and the bull is turned off successfully. A universal shout of triumph greets this second victory. But the bull has not paused; he runs at the next, who is the remounted antagonist, and before the shout of joy has ceased, this new charge is successful—both horse and rider again fall to the ground. The *banderilleros* draw off the victor; the *picador* retires for a third horse, and the fallen is left to die.

Fresh-mounted for the third time, the vanquished *picador* appears in the ring, and burning to retrieve his reputation, moves boldly up to the bull. Again the rush is made, and again the horns buried in the writhing horse; the bull a third time the victor. The horseman now approaches,

† The spear is so made, that no more than an inch of the iron enters the animal, its farther progress is stopped by tow, and cord wound round the end of the shaft.

and stands boldly before him. The combatants survey each other a moment—the bull moves—the horse still faces him. At length the spear receives the shoulder of the impetuous animal, and turns him off, roaring and disappointed, amidst the huzzas of approbation.

Now came the *banderilleros*, each bearing two darts, winged with cut paper of various colours. They carried no flags, and from this circumstance were exposed to great danger in their attacks; a quick eye and a light foot were their only protection, and certainly this protection they possessed amply; for never did foot or eye turn off the close halt of death with more deserving *éclat* than on this occasion. The darts are only thirty inches long; they are green ash-sticks, with a spike at the end, bearded at one side, so as to hold when once stricken into the skin. The *banderillero* steps lightly up to the bull, within a foot of his horns, and as he instantaneously plants the two darts in his neck, he jumps aside, escaping miraculously from the quick and desperate plunge of the beast. Again the bull receives the darts—and again and again: one after the other the *banderilleros* meet him, in the midst of his most frantic boundings, and fly about him like “spirits of air,” whom all his might and rage cannot reach. One cannot help thinking on seeing this wonderful display, that if the noble animal thus persecuted, had but one millionth part of the cunning of his active tormentors, he would make short work with the whole—nay, one could almost wish such a consummation, so treacherous and cruel in this attack. The history of the *corréo*, however, is not without some records of such just punishment. It is, if not the only, at least the most exceptionable part of the exhibition.

The bull thus tormented almost to madness—bleeding profusely, his massive neck made still thicker by the swollen wounds of the darts, yet unconquered, and still bent on resistance and revenge—finds a momentary respite from persecution by the sound of the trumpet calling off the *banderilleros*. One of these, the most experienced, now walks up to the Royal box, bearing a drawn sword and a coloured flag. He bows to the authorities, declares he will meet the bull single-handed, and bring him to his feet. He then flings into the air his little black silk-cap, bows gracefully, and advances at once singly to the raging animal. He is called a *matador*, and the one who officiated in the combat I am describing, was one of the most experienced in all Spain. Like the chivalric Italians of the fourteenth century, he met the bull single-handed, and although

his flag gave the odds in his favour, still his attack might be said to be the most dangerous, as well as the most equal in the whole fight. So cool, so determined, so prepared seemed the man, as he stood before the bull, that the fierce and maddened animal paused and surveyed this new enemy with recollected caution. He seemed, as it were, to acquire reflective powers, and to be for the first time, aware of the necessity of discretion.

As long as the bull remains inactive, the *matador* can have no chance of inflicting the mortal wound; it must be the bull's own strength that is to be turned to account, for his death; nor would the chances be more favorable if the bull were to rush at the *matador* directly. Although the sword is unusually long, it would not be sufficient to reach the life at the point to which the *matador* directs the blade, which is between the shoulder-bone and the neck, or anatomically speaking, between the *scapule* and the ribs: that is to say, the bull's horn would reach the rib of the *matador* before the sword's point would reach those of the bull's. But to ensure success, the flag is used. The *matador* awaits until the bull is about to rush, and he urges him by every menace to make this rush. As soon as he sees the animal preparing for it, he displays the flag before him, standing a little on one side; the bull darts at it, and while in the act, the *matador* pushes the sword home to the hilt, and leaves it in its bloody sheath. It is in his heart. The crimson life-tide gushes out both at the wound and at the mouth; the beast reels quickly round, and with a cough and a groan, falls lifeless. This was the case with the bull in the fight I describe. From the moment he received the wound until he was dead, a dozen seconds did not elapse.

The three mules are now brought in, the traces yoked to the horns of the fallen combatant, and his body is dragged in triumph out of the ring, after which the bodies of the dead horses are removed.

VARIETIES.

Powers of Wind and Water.—The powers of wind and water, which we are constantly impressing into our service, can scarcely be called latent or hidden, yet it is not fully considered, in general, what they do effect for us. Those who would judge of what advantage may be taken of the wind, for example, even on land (not

to speak of navigation), may turn their eyes on Holland. A great portion of the most valuable and populous tract of this country lies much below the level of the sea, and is only preserved from inundation by the maintenance of embankments. Though these suffice to keep out the abrupt influx of the ocean, they cannot oppose, that law of nature, by which fluids, in seeking their level, insinuate themselves through the pores and subterraneous channels of a loose sandy soil, and keep the country in a constant state of infiltration from below upwards. To counteract this tendency, as well as to get rid of the rain water, which has no natural outlet, pumps worked by windmills are established in great numbers, on the dams and embankments, which pour out the water as from a leaky ship, and in effect preserve the country from submersion, by taking advantage of every wind that blows. To drain the Haarlem lake would seem a hopeless project to any speculators but those who had the steam-engine at their command, or had learnt in Holland what might be accomplished by the constant agency of the desultory but unwearied powers of wind. But the Dutch engineer measures his surface, calculates the number of his pumps, and, trusting to time, and his experience of the operation of the winds for the success of his undertaking, boldly forms his plans to lay dry the bed of an inland sea, of which those who stand on one shore cannot see the other.—*Herschel's Natural Philosophy.*

Powers of Fuel.—The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at one million five hundred thousand chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, two thousand two hundred feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire), might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of forty thousand feet, or about eight miles. It will be observed, that, in the above statement, the inherent power of fuel is, of necessity, greatly underrated. It is not pretended by engineers that the economy of fuel is yet pushed to its utmost limit, or that the whole effective power is obtained in any application of fire yet devised; so that were we to say one hundred millions instead of seventy, we should probably be nearer the truth.—*Ibid.*

Dexterity of the Ukrainian Peasants with the Axe.—Not only do the Ukrainian peasants employ the axe in the construction of their houses, their boats, their carriages, and their household furniture, but also in

carving a variety of small things, such as little boxes, spoons, and other kitchen utensils. I purchased a very handsome snuff-box from one of them, which had been cut with a hatchet commonly used for felling timber. In the province of Masovia they are still better exercised in the art of rendering the axe universally available. I have been assured by several persons whose testimony I could not doubt, that they have themselves seen peasants, who wore their hair long, go and place themselves against the trunks of trees, raising their hair as much above their heads as it would reach, while others would take aim at a certain distance, and fling their hatchets with so much dexterity as to cut the hair in two parts, and be driven deep into the trunk of the tree!—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

Comparative nutritive Property of different Kinds of Food.—The following is the quantity of nutritious matter contained in one hundred pounds of each of the substances named: bread, eighty pounds; butcher's meat, thirty-five pounds; broad beans, eighty-nine pounds; lentils, ninety-four pounds; greens and turnips, eight pounds; carrots, fourteen pounds; and potatoes, twenty-five pounds.—*Scientific Gazette.*

Unwholesome Butter.—The writer of a paper, contained in the transactions of the Bath and West of England Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, &c. for 1795, notices,—That many eminent physicians have observed that butter is very unwholesome, and that others equally celebrated have considered it not only as innocent, but as a good assistant to digestion.—May not this have been founded upon observations of its purity, or accidental or mischievous contaminations collected from vessels used in the process of making it? In almost all the great dairies it is notorious, that the milk is suffered to stand in lead, copper, or brass vessels, to throw up the cream. In these vessels, a larger quantity of cream is thrown up than in either wooden or earthen pans, both of which are occasionally made use of. Milk, it is well known, is liable to oxidise, and then to dissolve these metals, and so must, undoubtedly, communicate pernicious qualities to the butter which is made from it. As the dairyman obtains additional profit in proportion to the quantity of cream which is thrown up, so it is to his interest to keep it in these vessels as long as he can, until the whole of the cream be thrown up. By this additional standing it often gets sour, and will consequently dissolve the metal with the greater facility.—*Ibid.*

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.†

PICTURES of savage life, when drawn with ability, have, in general, a very remarkable charm for nations which have attained a state of high intellectual and moral cultivation; in like manner as pictures of infancy and boyhood delight the full grown individual. For this reason it has been deemed worth while to pass the labours of M. Lesson through our critical alembic, and, having extracted their quintessence, the residuum may remain for those who happen to have a taste for it.

Though terming his work the "Natural History of Man," M. Lesson is very far from intending that it should be regarded as a general history of the species; it being, in reality, little more than a collection of the observations made upon the manners and customs of the South Sea Islanders, during the stay of the *Coquille* in the Pacific, on its voyage round the world.

Without inquiring how, when, or by what races of men the various archipelagoes of the great Pacific Ocean were originally peopled, which demand the exhibition of a great deal of learning and ingenuity to very little purpose, we come at once to the islands as they are—habitable and inhabited by men in different stages of civilization. The soil, climate, productions, &c. we shall mention only incidentally. Our business is solely with the inhabitants.

The first thing which presents itself to the thought, or to the eye, when a new race of men are under consideration, is the beauty or ugliness which their form and features exhibit. When we have formed to ourselves something like a notion of their style of countenance, of the colour of their eyes and hair, of the make of their nose, mouth, chin, &c. we appear to be somewhat contented, and can go on to other matters, generally proportioning the interest we feel in their concerns, however, to the measure of their personal attractions. Not that we can at all explain why the affairs of ugly people should be a matter of more indifference to us than those of more favourite mortals, unless in my uncle Toby's way, the matter is cut short, by saying "it is God's will it should be so;" which may, perhaps, be as philosophical a mode of explaining the thing as any other.

Of the various races into which the population of the innumerable islands scattered through the vast extent of the Pacific Ocean have been divided, the first, as well in personal beauty as in civilization, is

† Abridged from the Westminster Review.—No. XXVII., of—M. Lesson's *Histoire Naturelle de l'Homme*. Paris, 1828—1830.

that termed by M. Lesson *The Oceanian*. In the features of this race our naturalist conceives that something of the grace, delicacy, softness, and pleasing effeminacy of the Hindoo style of countenance may be detected; and this resemblance, which appears to be not altogether fanciful, constitutes, in his opinion, a sufficient ground for deriving these voluptuous savages from the Caucasian or Japetic stock, though he by no means pretends to explain how, passing the Polynesian isles without leaving any permanent marks of their migration, they could have projected themselves as it were to so vast a distance from their parent country as the *Pernootoo* islands, one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude east of Cape Comorin.

However this may be, the Oceanians are, as has been already observed, superior in beauty of form and features, to the other races inhabiting the South Sea islands. Their stature is in general lofty, their muscles finely rounded, their head of a peculiar structure, but handsomely formed, their countenance expressive of mildness, blended with energy, although sometimes the traces of warlike ferocity are discoverable. The eyes, though large, are not prominent, and the eye-brows are thick and bushy, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe's ill-famed heroes. The complexion is bright yellow, darker amongst those exposed to the action of the sun's rays, and lighter among the superior classes, and among the women. So far the resemblance between these people and the Hindoos is not remarkably striking, for the latter have neither bushy eye-brows nor yellow complexions; and as we proceed, the traces of similitude become more and more faint. The Oceanians, since the truth must be told, have flat noses, large nostrils, wide mouths, and thick lips; but, on the other hand, their teeth are singularly white and beautiful, and their ears delicately small. The inhabitants of the islands of *Mendoga* and *Rotouma* are considered the most beautiful of all the Oceanian race; next to these are ranked the Tahitians; then the natives of the *Sandwich Islands*; then those of the archipelago of *Tonga*; and, last of all, taking the women as the standard, the inhabitants of *New Zealand*; while the men, on the contrary, possess finer and more robust forms than any other branch of the whole race.

Though second to the natives of *Mendoga* and *Rotouma* in beauty, the Tahitians, or *Otaheitan*s are considered by M. Lesson to be the type of the Oceanian race, notwithstanding that some writers have imagined the chiefs and the body of the people to be descended from two different stocks. The same idea has been

started with respect to the Brahmins, and the inferior castes of Hindoos; but the Bedouin Sheikhs, whom no one has ever suspected to be of any other race than that of Ismael, differ no less in stature and appearance from the common Arabs, than the Brahmins from the ordinary Hindoos, or the chiefs of Otahéite from the people. But the differences observable may very rationally be accounted for by the difference in their food, and their greater or less exposure to the sun. Be this as it may, the men of Otahéite are said to be handsome almost without exception, with limbs robust but well formed, tall of stature, their countenance expressive of mildness and good nature, their hair black and coarse, their skin peculiarly smooth and soft to the touch. Whether owing to some peculiarity in their diet or not, their skin emits, however, a powerful odour, which even their daily practice of bathing fails to remove. All nations which consume much animal food possesses more or less of this offensive odour, as the Patagonians of South America, who surpass pole-cats in stink; while the rice-eating Hindoo, accustomed moreover to continual ablutions, smells like a nosegay. Both men and women wear the hair of the head short; but neither sex practises depilation; though the men are in the habit of plucking out their beard by the roots, leaving only a small mustachio on the upper lip. Owing, perhaps, to the indolence of their character, which equally disinclines them to manly exercises and to labour, their gait is tottering and unsteady, and whatever force or energy they exhibit is of short duration. From this general imputation must be excepted that portion of the youth, who are actuated by a passion for swimming, and who float and sport about for hours untired, in those sparkling waters which flow among the coral reefs that surround and protect the coasts of the island. These barbarians possess the senses of sight and hearing in extraordinary perfection, and discover a bird concealed in the foliage of a distant tree, or a small lizard rustling under a stone, when no European could see or hear either the one or the other. But this superior perfection in the organs of sense they possess in common with all other nations in similar stages of civilization. It is a circumstance perfectly unaccountable that, contrary to what is found to be the case among all other uncivilized people, there should be found a greater number of hump-backed persons among the Tahitians, who, like the Theristeses of all other countries, are remarkable for their gay, witty, and satirical humour.

The sole business of man in this life

being, according to some philosophers, to eat, dress, and amuse himself, it is highly important, in examining the pretensions of any people to civilization and refinement, to observe the mode in which they cook their dinners, and, if we may borrow a word from the Shandean vocabulary, manufacture and make their breeches. M. Lesson himself appears to belong to that sect of philosophers vulgarly termed *gourmands*, for, like Homer, he is never so well pleased as when enlarging upon the savoury viands and delicious potations with which his heroes regale themselves; and remarks, that of all the arts to which civilization gives birth, that of cooking is the most important. Not wishing to controvert M. Lesson's opinion, we shall leave our friends without their bonnets and breeches, and attend for a moment to their dinners.

Among all the intertropical islanders of the South Sea, the same domestic practices prevail. They all, without exception, make use of subterranean ovens, in which, by the aid of hot stones, they bake their meat deliciously; employ the leaves of trees for various domestic uses; convert the bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut into soup or pottage; and extract from the juice of a species of pepper-tree a liquor, denominated *kura*, which enables them to enjoy the sweet oblivion produced by intoxication. The natives of Otahéite make but three regular meals in the day; but having no new novels or poems, and but few balls or parties, to aid them in killing time, they devote their numerous leisure hours to eating. It is, in fact, a rare thing to meet with one of these assiduous disciples of *Comus*, without a fresh cocoa-nut or a piece of bread-fruit in his hand, which, like Lord Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, they appear to imagine contains the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, plum-pudding, and custard. Their system of cookery, however, is not, as yet, very recondite, nor are the materials extremely numerous or far-fetched. For seven or eight months in the year loaves, ready for the oven, drop upon their heads from the *mayoree*-tree; when these fall, the cocoa or the taru, scarcely inferior in nutritiveness, supply their place; and, in addition to these, they have the *iguma*, or root of the *tacca pinnatifida*. For the sake of variety, and to provide, as the old proverb has it, against "a rainy day," they prepare a beautiful flour, known among the Gods by the name of arrow-root, but the name by which it is distinguished among mortals we forget; besides which they manufacture a species of pudding from bread-fruit and cocoa-nut, and a sort of dish, which, says M. Lesson, is incontest-

ably the king of all dishes, composed of bread-fruit and mountain or wild bananae baked together.

Since the arrival of Christian missionaries among them, or rather, since those missionaries have acquired power over their minds, they have, we know not why, contracted the habit of putting their subterranean ovens in operation only once in seven days, (on Saturday) when, rigid Methodists, they cook victuals enough not merely for the Sunday, but for the whole week. Even when the provisions thus prepared run short, they seldom, except on the eve of some festival or holiday, have recourse to their ovens; but kindling a few charcoals before the doors of their houses, roast a few roots, or a little bread-fruit, and, like Death in "Paradise Lost," snuff the savour of Sunday across the abyss of half a week. To those who are deeply read in South Sea voyages, the subterranean ovens to which we have alluded, and, indeed, whatever else we have to mention, must of course be familiar; but for the interests of authorship, there are still in the world some dozen or two of people, who do not know every thing, and it is for these that we would be supposed to write. Besides, as the French Government thought it worth while to send the *Coquille* round the world expressly to obtain an exact account of these curious instruments of cookery, and similar things, in order, perhaps, that when driven out of France, Charles X. and his ministers might know where to find the next best Elysium of gluttons; the least thing we can do is to pause a moment in admiration of this *chef d'œuvre* of barbarism, from which M. Lesson tears himself a way with regret, and not without casting many "a longing, lingering look behind."

This method, says our author, is so admirably adapted for giving an exquisite flavour to meat, and at the same time so extraordinarily simple, that it is impossible to pass it over without describing it, at least briefly. This is most true. At a little distance from their dwellings, the Oceanians dig a large round shallow pit, the bottom of which they cover with stones. They then kindle a large fire in it, and, in order to prevent the heat from escaping, cover over the whole with a layer of earth. When the heat is supposed to be sufficiently intense, the oven is opened, a layer of banana leaves is spread upon the hot stones, and a whole pig, the belly of which, is also filled with hot stones, is placed upon the leaves, and covered with another layer of similar stones, upon which a new fire is kindled with the dry bark of the cocoa-tree. The smoke ascends in thick

columns from small openings left for the purpose. A stratum of bread-fruit is frequently placed over the hog, and the whole being closely covered over, a great fire is kept up for about half a day. When the process is thought to be nearly completed, a thick covering of earth is heaped upon the oven, which, by concentrating the heat, gives the finishing stroke to the operation. The stones of these islands, volcanic in their origin, and consequently very porous, are extremely well calculated to receive and distribute heat. The ovens are opened just as the dinner is to be served up: and the meat thus cooked exhales a delicious perfume, and possesses a nutritive quality which, according to M. Lesson, the vulgar cookery of civilized nations might in vain endeavour to produce.

Being by no means Jewish in their tastes, they prefer pork to all other kinds of meat; but as they appear to take no care of the breeding and fattening of hogs, the mass of the population are but seldom enabled to taste this luxury. Formerly the flesh of dogs was esteemed a dainty; but this, somehow or other, has latterly fallen into discredit. According to our author, they are guilty of the absurdity of rearing poultry, and gathering eggs in the thickets, and yet make no use of them; but we imagine there must be some mistake in this. Even savages are generally gifted with too much wit to labour for any length of time in vain. They are particularly fond of fish; but, contrary to the practice of all other ichthyophagi, ancient, and modern, we believe, these barbarian Apicii devour their dolphin and porpoise raw, as we do oysters.

The real bases of the food of the Oceanians, however, are the bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut. The stream of population, indeed, is said to follow religiously in the track of the latter over the vast archipelagoes of the Pacific, where, as soon as the cocoa springs up and yields fruit upon a new island, man instantly appears, and takes possession of the soil. Surrounded by groves of these useful trees, man may sit down at his ease, and bid defiance to famine; and if high intellectual cultivation and poetical feeling were compatible with idleness and inactivity, the fables of the Golden Age might be realized upon these fertile and beautiful islands. The rima, or bread-fruit, is not eaten raw; but for eight months in the year, the tree produces plentifully, and the fruit is gathered as it is wanted. During the months of November, December, January, and February, when this splendid tree ceases to be covered

with bread, the natives eat a kind of paste, formed from its pulp, of a slightly acid taste, together with bananas dried in the sun, and squeezed by powerful ligatures. Our sailors greatly admire this latter preparation, which they take as an excellent anti-scorbutic. A very agreeable and refreshing drink is made by steeping the pith of the bread-fruit tree in water.

The cocoa-nut tree is to these islanders what the date-tree is to the Arabs, or wheat to us; they could not subsist without it. While fresh, its nuts are their favourite meat and drink. The kernel is eaten as it is gathered, and they sip with delight the rich milk contained in its centre. The tender young fruit, or rather the buds yet unformed in the husk, are regarded as a great delicacy; and when ripe and dry, the kernel is reduced to a kind of paste, which is made up into balls to be eaten like bread, or used in the cooking of other articles of food.

Among the principal fruits of these countries, must be enumerated the vy, or fruit of the *spondias dulcis*, which, if eaten with the skin, is at first unpleasant, on account of a sort of resinous taste which this part of the fruit possesses; but when peeled like an orange, is truly exquisite. When ripe, it melts upon the lips; but, as it cannot be preserved in this state, it is gathered while green, in order to be shipped in that state, and allowed to ripen on board.

The ordinary drink of the Otaheitans, is pure water. Before the arrival of the missionaries, however, an intoxicating liquor was obtained from the root of the piper methysticum, which at first produced profound sleep, then violent perspiration, and lastly, the most furious paroxysms of drunkenness. This tremendous spirit is now chiefly used as medicine; and so far, whatever M. Lesson may say to the contrary, the Missionaries have been useful, whether they be ex-artisans or not. That branch of the Oceanian race which inhabits New Zealand, and has been compelled, by the rigours of the climate, and other circumstances, to adopt a system of manners almost diametrically opposite to that prevailing among the Tahitians, has ventured to eke out its scanty list of edible materials with human flesh. Attacked by intense cold, and buffeted by furious winds, these savages have gradually assimilated their character to that of their climate, and become rude, fierce, boisterous, and un pitying. Their country producing little or nothing during the winter months, they are forced, during summer, when fish is abundant, and easily caught upon their coasts, to smoke and dry vast quantities,

which are laid up against inclement weather, as well as to provide against the chances of being besieged in their abodes by inimical tribes. Nature not producing spontaneously a great variety of alimentary substances, and the natives being by no means inclined to supply, by the efforts of industry, the niggardly contributions of nature, the food of the New Zealanders is extremely simple, consisting chiefly of the root of a species of fern, which grows in profusion on the plains, of potatoes introduced into the country by Europeans, radishes, shell-fish, and the flesh of pigs and dogs.

Though acknowledging that they devour with extraordinary pleasure the flesh of the enemies they kill in battle, M. Lesson attributes their cannibal habits, not to hunger but to superstition. Superstition, however, has enough to answer for, without being saddled with the horrors to which hunger alone has prompted, as our author might, without any extraordinary degree of sagacity, have inferred from the circumstance that, in proportion as other food becomes more plentiful and accessible, savages lose the habit of preying upon their fellow-creatures. Their anthropophagy, says M. Lesson, the effect of their religious prejudices, has disappeared from various islands in which food is abundant, though the practice remains in full force wherever the rigour of the climate, and the poverty of the soil cause the necessity of substantial nourishment to be felt. Here, without the aid of "religious prejudices," we have the whole theory of cannibalism, Men, tortured by insufferable hunger, cast "wolfish eyes" upon each other, and by degrees, conquering the strong repugnance which all animals feel to prey upon their own species, learn to kill and devour their fellows, exactly from the same cause which impelled the African hyenas, mentioned, by Bruce, to eat their companions, or the Cape Spider, imprisoned by Le Vaillant, to sup upon his own legs. There is no nation, however, so openly and disgustingly addicted to anthropophagy as the New Zealanders.

In consequence of these abominable customs, says M. Lesson, these people have acquired a decided preference for human flesh, and reckon among the "white days" of their lives those solemn festivals, in which they can eat their fill of this favourite food. A chief of the village of Kaouri, on the island of Oomoton-arohin, confessed to the French officers that he experienced extraordinary gratification in devouring a corpse, and informed them that the brain was the most delicate bit, though the haunches were the most substantial. Observing

them to be somewhat horrified at his naiveté, he added, in order to reassure them, that he never ate Europeans; but merely the mischievous inhabitants of the banks of the Thames River and Mercury Bay. "The people of Europe," said he, "are our fathers, since they furnish us with powder to destroy our enemies." Those who fall in battle are invariably cooked, and eaten by the victors; but it does not appear to be certain that they devour the slaves whom they sacrifice on various occasions, though it is extremely probable that they are kept and fattened expressly for the purpose, as hogs and oxen are with us.

The fern-root, of which they make their bread, is collected by slaves, and exposed to the sun to dry. It is then pounded in a wooden mortar, and reduced to a brown paste, viscons like glue; and containing considerable quantities of a woody kind of rind, which covers the root. This paste is then kneaded in small wooden troughs, and baked for use. The bread of the fern-root is far from being very nutritive, resembling, in some measure, that which is made in Finland, from the bark of the fir-trees; though certainly superior to the loaves of clay which certain subjects of the Russian empire are reduced to devour. Hunger, however, is not nice; and M. Lesson, remarks, that he has beheld the New Zealander eating, with the sensuality of a gourmand, fish which was not only stinking, but half rotten. To preserve a certain kind of small fish, for which they appear to have a strong predilection, they press them together, as the Talutians do their bananas, until nearly all their moisture is drained out, and in this condition preserve them for future use.

The food of a people has certainly some connection with their national character, either as cause or effect; mild and peaceful tribes preferring simple and bloodless repasts, while the warlike and the ferocious love, like the lion and the tiger, to satisfy their fiercer appetites with the flesh of animals. The inhabitants of the island of Rotouma, offer, in this respect, a striking contrast to those of New Zealand. The former rise early in the morning and, before tasting any food, issue forth from their huts to enjoy for a few moments the delicious freshness of the dawn. About eight o'clock they breakfast upon fruits; and having performed some trifling labour, meet together again about eleven, to collect the cocoanuts, and other articles which constitute their second and principal meal. These articles consist chiefly of vegetables, or of shell and other fish. These simple people, however, are great gourmands in their

way; and, like their brethren of Otsheite, love to vary the pleasure of eating as much as possible. They cut one of the bread-fruit in two, take out the central portion, and having filled up the hollow space with the milk of the cocoa, of four different ages, cook the whole in a banana-leaf. Their beverage consists of rain water, the island possessing no springs, and the milk of the cocoa nut.

The Mongol-Pelagian tribes, who, according to M. Lesson, inhabit the immense Archipelago, termed, from Charles II. of Spain, the Caroline Islands, are found in almost every stage of civilization. But if the natives of the western portion of the immense chain of the Carolines have made some progress in the knowledge of the useful arts; their brethren of the eastern extremity are still plunged in the lowest depths of barbarism. The inhabitants, for example, of Gilbert's Archipelago, of Sydenham and Henderson Islands; and in fact, of all the small archipelagoes, and islands in the neighbourhood, possess scarcely anything human but the form; neither arts, nor manners, nor feelings. Their food consists almost entirely of fish, and even of this, the supply is so much below the demand, that according to Mr. Malthus's interpretation of the practice, they compress the abdomen with a sort of cord, wound many times round the body, to impede the passage of their food, and thus lessen the cravings of hunger. Was it from these refined people, that our fashionable exquisites took the hint of compressing their abdomen with stays, for the purpose of lessening their butchers' and bakers' bills, in order to allow that of their tailor to be increased.

Perhaps the principal reason why these various tribes of men make so very slow a progress in civilization, may be discovered in the circumstance, that they are clothed, as it were, by the sunshine of their climate; and fed without labour, by the spontaneous bounty and fertility of their soil. In our northern regions we are in a state of continual warfare with the climate, which changing perpetually like Proteus, attacks us now under one form, now under another. This compels us to have recourse to various inventions to guard against the open or insidious approaches of our enemy; and our dress, our dwellings, our umbrellas, our covered carriages, &c., are merely so many shields and bucklers, with which we protect ourselves against the inclemency of the weather. People who suffer no inconvenience from going naked, are slow in inventing clothes; and when nature herself takes the business of agriculture out of the hands of man, and with her sunshine and her

benignant showers, ploughs and sows in his stead; man naturally enough stauds by idle, shrugs up his shoulders, and allows his provisions to drop, as it were, into his mouth.

The greater number of the South Sea Islanders, whether we denominate them Mongol-Pelagians, Oceanians, or Papous, are very nearly in the position above described. "They toil not, neither do they spin," for the most part; and yet, with very few exceptions, they live like princes; that is, they eat and drink and do nothing. With dress, however, none of them are greatly incumbered, being in general of Thomson's opinion, that people when unadorned are adorned the most; that is, preferring Nature's manufacture before their own. The beaux and belles of Otaheite, have latterly formed an exception to this rule; for ever since they have become Christians, their passion for finery has been extreme, it being, apparently a received opinion among them, as it is among many other nations, that a man puts on civilization and refinement with his coat and breeches; the meanness or magnificence of the latter, being the standard by which we are to estimate the former.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas and Sandwich islands wear extremely light and imperfect garments. Such tribes of the Oceanian race as are induced by the rigour or vicissitudes of their climate, to have recourse to more ample garments, adjust their light drapery about their forms in the most graceful manner. The women frequently throw a large piece of stuff over their shoulders, which, descending in undulating folds, to the feet, resembles in a very striking manner the costume of the ancients. The chiefs alone enjoy the prerogative of wearing the Tipoota, a garment similar to the Poncho of the South Americans, described by General Miller and others. The New Zealanders, placed, as M. Lesson observes, beyond the tropics, have been compelled, by the rigour of their climate to adopt a more warm and ample costume than their brethren of the equatorial regions; and finding, in the silky fibres of the Phormium, a substance admirably adapted for their purpose, they have applied themselves to the fabrication of fine, but thick mats, in which, notwithstanding the simplicity of their instruments, they exhibit considerable skill. Their mantles are still thicker and warmer than the mats, and generally descend half way below the knee. They are often composed of dog skins, sewed together, with the fur outwards.

Though sparing, even to indelicacy, in their dress, the Oceanians are remarkable

for their passion for ornament. The Tahitians, and the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, delight, like the Greeks of old, to crown themselves with flowers, and invariably select for this purpose those which are distinguished for the most brilliant colours, or the sweetest odours, such as the hibiscus, *rosa sinensis*, and the *gardenia florida*. These they twine about their heads, like Anacreon, in wreaths, or pass through little holes made in the lobes of their ears, in order the more easily to inhale their delicious fragrance. The inhabitants of the Marquesas and Washington islands, as well as those of Rotopma and the Fidjis, attach the highest value to the teeth of the *Spermaceti* whale, which, rendered sacred by we know not what superstitious ideas, are in their eyes, says the naturalist, exactly what diamonds are with us. The New Zealanders, and the natives of Easter Island, adorn their tresses with tufts of feathers instead of flowers, and suspend small round bits of painted wood in the lobes of their ears. Several of these islanders manufacture a kind of mask, or visor with the leaves of the cocoa-tree, to defend their faces from the scorching rays of the sun; and this species of armour has a somewhat pleasing and graceful appearance when worn by young persons.

The habit of anointing the body with oil is, as might be expected, universal among the Oceanians; those living within the tropics, making use of cocoa-butt oil, while the rest are compelled to put up with fish or seal-oil. This fashion, which the heat of the climate excuses, if it does not render it necessary, communicates an unsavoury odour to the bodies of these savage belles.

At Rotopma, and in the Sandwich islands, the women have the extraordinary practice of powdering their hair with coral lime; while in several of these same islands they streak their bodies with the yellow powder of the curcuma, and daub their faces with ocre. Another practice, of which no traces are discoverable among any other wild people, except a few scattered tribes of Northern Asia and America, is to wear large patches of black or sky-blue on the face, like the fashionables of the last century.

In several of the Caroline Islands the inhabitants wear a sort of Chinese hat, fabricated from a species of grass; and their ornaments, which are numerous, are formed of shells. The tribes who wander on the north coast of New Guinea, having continual communications with the Malays, and particularly with the Gubeans, receive from them in exchange for slaves, or other commodities, birds of paradise, tor-

false-shell, or red of blue cotton, which are set apart for the use of the women. Finding it somewhat difficult to obtain ornaments and finery external to the body, they betake themselves to operating upon their own skin, and endeavour to improve their appearance, and add force to their natural charms, by making incisions on their shoulders and breasts, the cicatrices of which are artificially raised into knots and bunps, like the organs of thinking on a phrenological skull. The Paponas, whose frizzled hair is so abundant that they appear at a distance as if they had put their heads into bee-hives, or Scotch porridge-pots, adorn their woolly locks with a mixture of grease and ocer, with which they likewise make streaks upon their face and breast, and thus greatly improve upon their natural ugliness. Man, almost everywhere, employs the leisure which Providence bestows upon him in foolery of some kind or another. Here, the time and ingenuity which might produce a more comfortable hut, better clothing, or more savoury or nourishing food, are thrown away upon toys formed with feathers, mother-of-pearl, or shells, which are stuck upon the head, the girdle, or on the arms they use in battle. Another ornament, universally in use among this race, is a species of bracelet of dazzling whiteness, fabricated with the teeth of the bar-birossa, or with ivory, and exactly resembling the bracelets found upon the arms of Egyptian mummies. Another extraordinary resemblance between their customs and those of the ancient Egyptians is discoverable in the wooden pillows, adorned with the head of a sphynx, upon which they repose the head when sleeping, and which, when compared with those found in the catacombs under the heads of mummies, and brought to France by various travellers, have been found to be exactly similar.

The most remarkable feature, perhaps, in the costume of the Otahaitians is, the mixture of European and native articles which it sometimes exhibits; for, as the number of ships trading to those countries, compared with the amount of the population, is small, the majority of the natives can seldom procure a complete set of European clothes. Accordingly, you will sometimes encounter a gay savage with an English shirt, hat, and silk handkerchief, at a cravat, while the native mure, with its scanty proportions, supplies the place of breeches, and the *tipoota*, or piece of artificial papyrus, waves its ample folds over his shoulders. The *tipoota* is generally white, but the edges and corners are variegated with a border of leaves of brilliant red.

The women who, for the most part, have abjured as far as possible all native manufacture, begin to dress in the English fashion, wearing gowns; Indian silk handkerchiefs and ribbons; which, our naturalist assures us, disfigure them considerably. We suppose he would have found them more agreeable in *paris* *modibus*. Among the few articles of home-manufacture which the dames still tolerate, from necessity, are the beautiful straw hats, which are as fine, silky, and brilliant, as the best Leghorns. These they fabricate with their own fair hands, and we trust the missionaries will teach them, for the interests of morality, that it is one of the duties of Christianity to make straw hats, or something of that kind, for there is nothing so favourable to chastity as constant employment. Another article of Tahiti fabric is the waterproof mantle which they throw over their shoulders in rainy weather, and will probably continue to prefer to English cottons or silks, as tropical showers are great logicians in matters of this kind.

So soon as man begins to feel the desire to wear a better coat, or inhabit a better house than his neighbour, he may be regarded as having fairly entered upon the high road to civilization. Nations that build their houses and fashion their garments after a received model are stationary, and can, in fact, have few motives for being otherwise. This is pretty nearly the case with all the nations inhabiting the islands of the South Sea. Each tribe has one original type, bequeathed to them by the wisdom of their ancestors, according to which every mother's son among them, whether he be poor or wealthy, wise or foolish, erects his hut. In determining the order of these huts, the climate may be said to have been the Vitruvius. In the Society, Tonga, and Marquesan Islands, where space and cool air are a desideratum in a house, the habitations are vast, spacious, and airy; while in New Zealand, where the winters are cold and long, and where the winds and storms frequently rage with irresistible violence, the huts are exceedingly small and low, being entered by a hole, like the den of some wild animal.

In the construction of their dwellings, as in every other art, the Tahitians take the lead of their whole race. Unfortunately, although between the hut of a chief and that of a peasant there is a considerable difference, there is here, as elsewhere, a model, from which it is unfashionable to depart. Even in working after the same model, however, it is extremely possible for two men to induce a difference; as Quakers contrive, by the

materials and make of their single-breasted coats, to mark the rank of the wearer in the scale of wealth. The houses of the common people in Otaheite are formed with bamboos, one extremity of which is driven deep into the earth, or of branches of trees of equal size. These are placed nearly close to each other, leaving only a small space for the passage of light and air; and a few small poles placed transversely keep the whole together. The roof is formed with small rafters which meet above, and support the species of leaf which serve them instead of thatch. These leaves are first tied to small rods, which are then laid upon the rafters, the lanceolated end of the leaves remaining loose. M. Lesson says the process is begun at the top; but as, in this case, the point of the leaf would fall under the stem of the next, and thus offer an obstruction to the free descent of the water, this statement is probably a mistake; the more especially as he observes, that roofs formed after the Tahitian method are greatly superior to those which, in civilized countries, are made with slate or tiles. When completed, the whole has very much the appearance of the thatched roof of our peasantry.

These dwellings are, as we have said, of large dimensions, and owing to the manner in which they are built, the air circulates through them freely. Indeed, in the houses of the poor, the rain often intrudes with the wind, and renders the interior extremely uncomfortable. Those who have more wealth, or greater industry, hang mats round the walls to keep out the wind and rain. The elevation of these houses is not great; and a narrow aperture, which looks as if it had been left in the wall by chance, serves for a door. As the Tahitians are a sociable people, they have already discovered the secret that, when a man's house is too large for his own family, he may turn the circumstance to account by taking in lodgers. In this way, probably, it happens that several families are found inhabiting the same dwelling; and, as was anciently the case in France, and perhaps in other countries, the whole family, father, mother, and children, with grand-children, and great-grand-children, when there are any, sleep together in the same apartment. This common bed-room, which was expressively termed *chambre de ménage* in France, is not very carefully closed against the intrusion of strangers; for M. Lesson remarks, that he has often seen young newly-married pairs stretched upon the same mat with their fathers and mothers.

These houses are surrounded by a wattled enclosure, about three feet high,

over which you pass, when entering the house, by means of short poles driven into the earth. This enclosure is meant to keep out the pigs and other animals, and prevent their intruding, along with less ceremonious visitors, upon the privacy of newly-married people. Around the hut, on the outside of the wattled enclosure, trees of various kinds are planted, as is the case in Malabar, which furnish the inmates at once with shelter and food. The dwellings of the chiefs, which of course are larger and more spacious, though constructed exteriorly after the same fashion, are divided into a greater number of apartments. These divisions do not, as with us, consist of firm partitions, but of light trellice-work, which rises about half-way the height of the house, the whole of the upper part being left open for the better circulation of the air.

Besides the houses of the chiefs and the people, there is a third sort of structure, which being appropriated to the casual use of any stranger who chooses to spread his mat and sleep there, may be termed *caravanserais*. These are of vast dimensions, but consist merely of a roof supported by a number of bread-fruit trees arranged as pillars. The villages of the Tahitians, which are chiefly situated on the sea-shore, consist of a considerable number of these huts thinly scattered over a large extent of ground, for as yet they have exhibited no disposition to draw closely together, as men do in those countries where the dread of hostile tribes acts as an instrument of civilization.

The furniture of the Oceanians is particularly scanty. A mat or mattress for a bed; a net-bag for holding various small articles of utility; hollow bamboos for containing water or oil; a hollow gourd for a smelling-box; cocoa-nuts wrought into vases, cups, and bottles; with a pestle and mortar for bruising the bread-fruit, in order to convert it into paste—such are the whole of their utensils. Where commerce with Europeans has not furnished them with tools, their houses and their pirogues, are still constructed with axes of stone.

Their industry is neither very inventive nor very persevering. Their mats, the most important and curious article of their manufacture, are fabricated by women. Their canoes, formerly constructed with considerable skill and elegance, when the only tools in use were stone hatchets, are now turned out of hand, as a ship-carpenter would say, in a much more slovenly manner since their tools have been of iron. M. Lesson attributes this circumstance to their neglect of naval architecture, consequent upon the great fertility

of their soil. But since their soil is not now more fertile than formerly, it may, perhaps, be more just to attribute it to their being as yet unaccustomed to our better tools, which are only better in hands skilled in the use of them. The emblematical sculpture, which formerly adorned these pirogues, having been closely connected with their Pagan superstitions, have necessarily disappeared since their conversion to Christianity.

Among those islanders who have received from Europeans a knowledge of the use of fire-arms, the ancient instruments of war have necessarily been neglected. Their long-pointed lances, their deadly-slings, their light javelins of bamboo, have all been laid aside, in favour of the more destructive-musket, which these demi-savages regard as the most sublime invention of civilized man. M. Lesson complains, that no civilized nation has hitherto condescended to collect and preserve those curious memorials of the ancient condition of these islanders, which, he fears, will soon be sought in vain, except in the descriptions of authors: but on this point he may console himself. A collection, which may, perhaps, be regarded as complete, exists in England, partly at the British Museum, partly at the rooms of the Missionary Society, where the curious student of the history of man may contemplate them at his leisure.

One of their most important warlike instruments is that with which they combat *emui*, an enemy which appears to be no respecter of persons, but to attack all men alike, whether civilized or savage—this is the flute. In the use of this instrument the Oceanians show a laudable disposition to turn every part of their body to account; for, instead of applying the mouth to the business, which they perhaps regard as being rather hardly tasked in having to receive and transmit to the lower regions all the food they think it convenient to swallow, they call upon the nose to perform this office, a lazy member, which neither eats nor drinks, and, unless it be employed in flute-playing, or in kissing, as among the New Zealanders and others, may be accused of being of little use to a man, notwithstanding all the hue and cry which Tristram Shandy's father raised over the downfall of his son's. Our prejudices may probably lead us to think slightlying of a *nose-flute*, but M. Lesson assures us that, whatever we may imagine to the contrary, the nose is no bad musician; and that although amongst us it is chiefly employed in that most unmusical art, vulgarly called snuffing, its performances are by no means inelegant.

The details given by travellers and navigators respecting the manners, customs, and arts of barbarous nations, being the result of actual observations, may in general be relied upon; but when they would penetrate into the souls of these savages, and discover the exact nature of their religious belief, they are so extremely liable to misconception and error, that we must receive their testimony on such subjects with the utmost caution. Few are competent, even when they possess the language of a foreign people, to penetrate rapidly into the character of their creed; but when we find men pretending to paint the obscure notions of savages, with whom they could only communicate by pantomime, concerning the first cause of things, the future fate of the thinking principle which for a time inhabits the human body, &c. we with difficulty restrain our risibility.

What appears to be tolerably certain is, that the Oceanians, like all other nations and tribes of men on the face of the earth, believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who created the world, and still preserves it in existence for the benefit of his creatures. This Spirit, which they endow with beneficent attributes, governs the world only during the day, however; his empire declining with the decline of light; and another spirit, the genius of darkness, of accidents, and of death, comes upon the scene with night. This seems to be that rude mixture of Manichæan and Sabæan ideas which obtains among all uncivilized nations in the first stages of their progress, and arises spontaneously out of their contemplation of the natural phenomena daily presented to their eyes. The genius of good, Ormazd, Osiris, or whatever it may be called, is no other than the sun deified; and Ahriman, Typhon, Siva, &c. the genius of darkness, which, by hiding the creation from the eyes of man, appears to blot it out of existence. The worship which barbarians offer to other objects is nothing more than a modification of what is vulgarly called *cant* or *blarney*, intended to mollify and propitiate the fierce and malicious, and keep the mild and beneficent in good humour.

All nations appear to entertain more or less vague notions of a future state. The inhabitants of the Society Islands believe in a species of Paradise, whither the souls of good men are conveyed upon the wings of their beneficent divinity. The people of the Friendly Islands have imagined a delicious abode, where the souls of the aristocracy enjoy eternal happiness, while those of the vulgar, like the golden-mean people of Tom Paine, "are

dropped entirely," or, in other words, annihilated. The New Zealanders, who, in spite of their cannibalism and destructive propensities, appear to have more poetry in their souls than any of their neighbours, imagine that the spirits of their victorious fathers hover in the blast over their native villages, and then, plunging into the glittering waves of the sea near the North Cape, repair to the Elysium prepared for them, which they denominate Atamira. The souls of those, on the contrary, who are slain in battle, and devoured by their enemies, are eternally unhappy? and it is said to be for this reason, from a species of revenge which would do honour to the heart of a Grand Inquisitor, that the New Zealanders are so diabolically anxious to feed upon their foes. They are desirous to have them not only dead, but damned.

Dancing is essentially the amusement of savages, and civilized nations preserve a taste for it, merely, we presume, from respect for the wisdom of their wild forefathers, who, when they had eaten a piece of raw fish, or the limb of an enemy, felt their blood kindle in their veins; and expressed their uncouth delight by sporting the toe round the fire which had cooked their dinner. For this reason, an assembly of bipeds of both sexes, increasing the rapidity of their circulation with delicate viands and wine, and frisking about in various postures, now bounding like fanatical jumpers, and now gliding along the floor like ghosts, have always appeared to us an extremely ludicrous sight, and have infallibly carried back our minds to those days when we were familiar with the relatives and friends of Robinson Crusoe's Friday. Nevertheless we are by no means inimical to these primitive sports; and are not a jot the less delighted to observe a dance, because it is connected in our mind with cannibalism and blazing fires, than if it had originated at Almack's.

REMARKABLE ANTICIPATIONS +

THE following article copied from the "Spectator," No. 135, contains a remarkable illustration, of how closely the language of observation resembles that of prophecy. "About two years and a half ago, Mr. Buckingham began a paper called the "Argus;" which lived, we believe, an entire month, and then sunk to rest in the arms of the "Globe," where more than one candidate for immortality had previously given up the

ghost. It was the intention of Mr. Buckingham, in his magnificent way, to distribute fifty thousand copies of the first number, both as an advertisement and as a specimen of the coming work; but the Commissioners of Stamps, who have more eyes than even Argus, stepped in to prevent the accomplishment of the design, by declaring that though Mr. Buckingham might give away five hundred thousand newspapers if he liked, the Treasury must have fourpence a piece for them. In this dilemma, the editor had recourse to the expedient of a mock specimen number—anticipating the march of time by an undefined number of years, and describing many things as having actually occurred, which some had talked of, some had dreamed of, and some had wished, and many things that had never been talked of, dreamed of, or wished. The specimen "Argus" was full of anachronisms; and in making up its various parts, coherence and consistency seem to have been very little thought of: still many of the guesses then made at random have received, in the brief period that has since elapsed, a very remarkable fulfilment. A copy of the paper was lately pointed out to us; and it will amuse our readers to note a few of the curious coincidences. Be it remembered, the specimen "Argus" appeared about the beginning of July 1828. The following are among the notices.

"*Lord Brougham, the Lord High Chancellor, has conferred the living of Middlecoat on the Rev. Sidney Smith.*"

"*The Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate, has already, we hear, secured his election for the county.*" [Of Edinburgh.]

"In the event of an entire change of Ministers, these two appointments were certainly to be looked for; but as certainly, the prospects of an entire change of Ministry were exceedingly faint in June 1828. Some of the guesses are even more remarkable—

"It is proposed, we understand, soon after the rising of Parliament, to give a dinner in the Assembly Rooms [Edinburgh] in commemoration of the late abolition in this city of the close system.—*Edinburgh Journal.*"

"This is still future, of course—Parliament is not yet risen. Shall we fix the 5th of July next, the anniversary of another great Scotch victory, the battle of Bannockburn?"

"*Since the elective franchise was transferred from the ancient (and therefore rotten) borough of Ripon to the flourishing town of Leeds, the manufactures of the place have taken a fresh spring.*—*Leeds Mercury.*"

"*Charles X., the Ex-King of France, con-*

thence to reside at Presburg, in Lower Hungary.'

"FRANCE—At noon a salute announced the arrival of the *President of the Republic*, the venerable *Lafayette*, attended by *General Gerard*, *Minister of War*; *M. C. Dupin*, *Minister of the Interior*; and *M. Lafitte*, of *Finance*."

"There is not *very* much wrong in this last extract; perhaps, however, the most extraordinary of the whole is the following.

"It is confidently hoped, that the united efforts of these Powers [Great Britain, France, and Austria] to put an end to the five year's war, will be finally successful, and will end by the acknowledgment by the *Emperor Nicholas* of the independence of the *Crown of Warsaw*."

"We had some mind, when we began, to try our skill at guessing in imitation of Mr. Buckingham; but so many dark clouds at present cover up the face of our political sky—there is so fearful a moaning in the air—there are so terrible signs of commotion on the earth—that we are fain to shut our eyes to the prophetic vision that flits before them; and humbly trust to bide the tempest, when it comes, by aid superior to our own!"

OH! STEAL NOT THOU MY FAITH AWAY.

Oh! steal not thou my faith away,
Nor tempt to doubt the trusting mind—
Let all that earth can yield decay,
But leave this heavenly gift behind:—
Our life is but a meteor gleam,
Lit up among surrounding gloom—
A dying lamp, a flitting beam,
Quench'd in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
There lie beyond that dreary bourne
Some region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn;
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning wild, the black abyss—
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which endeth in a world like this.

But, oh! if all that nerves us here,
When grief assails and sorrow stings,
Exist but in the shadowy sphere
Of Fancy's weak imaginings;
If hopes, though cherish'd long and deep,
Be cold and baseless mockeries,
Then welcome that eternal sleep
Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet, hush! thou troubled heart! be still;
Renounce thy vain philosophy;—
Like morning on the misty hill,
The light of Hope will break on thee.
Go—search the prophet's deathless page—
Go—question thou the radiant sky—
And learn from them, mistaken sage!
The glorious words—"Thou shalt not die!"

SCRAPS OF ANTIQUITY.

BY WILLIAM TENNANT.

I HAVE not heard of a more ingenious argument proposed for the exercise of unanimity and good agreement, than that made use of by the piquid orator of Byzantium among his divided fellow-citizens. The forum of Byzantium was raging with faction; the good-humoured orator ascended the tribune, and addressed the people in the following strain:—"Fellow-citizens, ye behold how fat I am!"—looking down upon his sleek, capon-lined rotundity of abdomen; "yet fat as I am," continued he, "my wife is still fatter; nevertheless, fat though we both be, we both sleep in one bed, and that merely because we agree; were we to differ, the whole house could not contain us!"

One of the most extravagant and unseemly entertainments introduced after dinner for the amusement of guests, was that practised at the court of a certain king of Thrace, and recorded by an old Greek writer. The Greeks, it is true, had odd enough amusements after dining; such as the performances of quacks, and miracle-men, who swallowed and vomited fire, and danced on their heads upon the points of poinards and scimitars. But the Thracian amusement possesses more originality and extravagance. It was called *The Game of Hanging*. They attached a strong cord with a noose to the top of the chamber-ceiling. Into this noose one of the guests, alternately as his turn came, or by lot as his chance fell, thrust his head, supporting his feet at the same time on a large voluble stone, set for the purpose of his elevation; he held, at the same time, his drawn sword in his hand, ready for the terrible exigence. When his head was adjusted into the noose, another of the guests approached and kicked from under him the voluble stone, so that his body was left to swing suspended on the cord. If he had sufficient presence of mind, and steadiness of nerve, during this suspension, he cut the cord and saved himself; if he could not do so, he was allowed to swing on and agitate himself to death—the company all the while enjoying with laughter his convulsions and strainings to extricate himself. Barbarous and unnatural as such an entertainment may be deemed in our modern conceptions, it is nevertheless in accordance with the manners of the bar-

barians who practised it; but how shall we apologize for that polished people, our so much-admired Romans, whose young noblemen, after their bacchanalian dinners, were at times wont to introduce a pair or two of gladiators, who fought in their presence till one of two of the parties fell gasping in blood at his feet, while bursts of applause broke from the admiring revellers? A Roman consul was once, while at a banquet in Gaul, entreated by his mistress to permit her to enjoy the spectacle of a human being beheaded; he ordered a criminal to be led into the dining-room where they sat, and, before the eyes of both, as they reclined at table, the miserable unfortunate was beheaded! Such were some of the fellow-countrymen of the accomplished Cicero, Antoninus, and Seneca.

It is remarkable that the *liking for fish* seems to be the predominant characteristic of every people as it increases in opulence, and refines in luxurious enjoyments. Poor people are generally not very fond of fish. The ancient Greeks, like our lowest Scottish country people, had rather a dislike of fish; they never ate them except when compelled by necessity. Homer, who is very minute in his enumeration of the heroic dishes, excludes them from the tables of Agamemnon and Achilles. In later times, the Greeks became so excessively fond of fish, that their word *opulencia*—which expresses nearly the meaning of our Scottish word *kitchen*—denotes fish principally, as that meat which, above all others, was preferred for being eaten with bread. The seas and shores of Greece and the islands were ransacked for the most delicate fish, and exorbitant prices were paid for them by the city epicures. The fishmongers of Athens were, to judge of them from description, a most opulent and powerful body; they were classed with the bankers of the city, and were alike unpopular, alike unmercifully lashed by the dramatic poets of Athens. There was a strange law at Corinth, one of the wealthiest, as it was the most commercial city, of Greece, that if any stranger appearing among them seemed to live too luxuriously, and was seen too frequently at the marketplace purchasing *high-priced fish*, he was questioned by the magistrates as to his means of being able to maintain his table so expensively; if he showed the means of doing so, he was allowed to remain; if he could not exhibit his pecuniary capabilities, and persisted to purchase *dear fish*, he was consigned to the city executioner.

So fond were the Athenians of fish, and so nice about the mode of pickling or preserving them, that they presented with the right of citizenship the two sons of one Chærophilus, merely because their father had invented a new sauce for *scombri*, or makarel; whence an Athenian wit, on seeing the two youths galloping about the streets in their new equestrian dignity, denominated them *The Two Makarels on horseback*.—The rage of the Roman voluptuaries for delicate fish is well known; not only did they bring them from the shores of Britain and the farthest islands, but they endeavoured to colonize the seas in the neighbourhood of Rome with breeds of new fish. Octavius the admiral of the Roman fleet, brought from some distant sea an immense number of *scari*, or charrs, with which he stocked and peopled the ocean between Ostia and Campania, as a nursery of new *scari*. What success befell this piscatory sort of colonization is not recorded.

There is pretty good evidence for supposing that no less a person than Osiris, the great God of Egypt, was the *first distiller of whisky* on record. For the Egyptians had, from time almost immemorial, a distillation or brewage from barley, called by the Greeks barley-wine, not inferior, they say, in flavour, and superior in strength, to wine. Allusion is made to this liquor in several passages of ancient writers. The poor people of Egypt drank it instead of wine; and were wont to intoxicate themselves with it, just as our poorer people do with whisky. It seems also to have been no stranger to the Hebrews; for reference is certainly made to it in the Old Testament, under the name of "strong drink," stronger than wine, and resorted to by determined drinkers for the sake of inebriation. Among the Celts in Spain and France, it seems to have been common as a substitute for wine; Polybius speaks of a certain Celtic king of part of Iberia, or Spain, who affected great court-pomp, and had in the middle of his hall golden and silver bowls full of this barley-wine, of which his guests and courtiers sipped or quaffed at their pleasure—a custom which, it is said, for many a century prevailed among his Celtic descendants, the regni of our Scottish Highlands. The antiquity of this distillation is proved by the Egyptian tradition which ascribed its invention to Osiris. It may not improbably be supposed that the Egyptians communicated the invention to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it northwards to the Thracians and Celts of Spain and Gaul,

who, in their migration north-westwards, carried it along with them into Ireland and our Scottish Highlands. The barley-wine was called by the Greeks *bruton*—(Qu. brew?)—which, in all likelihood, was its Egyptian or Celtic name. Julian, the emperor, wrote a Greek epigram on this Celtic beverage, which proves in what estimation it was held by the Greeks. We subjoin an attempted translation of it for the benefit of the distillers :

Whence art thou, thou false Bacchus, fierce and hot !
By the true Bacchus ! I do know thee not :
He smells of nectar ; thy brain-burning smell
Is not of flowers of heaven, but weeds of hell.
The lack-vine Celta, impoverish'd, breech'd, and rude,
From prickly barley-spikes thy beverage brew'd ;
Whence I should style thee—to appraise thee right—
Not the rich blood of Bacchus bounding bright,
But the thin ichor of old Ceres' veins,
Express'd by flames from hungry barley-grains,
Child-born of Vulcan's fire to burn up human brains.

THE LATE HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

HENRY Mackenzie, "The Addison of the North," was the son of Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, of a distinguished branch of the ancient families of the Mackenzies of the north of Scotland. He was born in the year 1745, or 1746. After receiving a liberal education, he devoted himself to the law; and, in 1766, he became an attorney in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. Ultimately his practice in that court produced him about eight-hundred pounds a year; he became comptroller-general of taxes for Scotland, with a salary of six-hundred a year; and, altogether, his annual income was upwards of two thousand pounds.

When very young Mr. Mackenzie was the author of numerous little pieces in verse; and, though of a kind and gentle temper, the credit which he enjoyed for wit induced him occasionally to attempt the satiric strain. It was, however, in tenderness and simplicity—in the plaintive tone of the elegy—in that charming freshness of imagery which belongs to the pastoral, that he was seen to most advantage. He next aspired to the novel—the sentimental and pathetic novel; and, in 1768 or 1769, in his hours of relaxation from professional employment, he wrote, what has generally been considered his

master piece, "The Man of Feeling." At first, the booksellers declined its publication, even as a gratuitous offering; but difficulties were at length surmounted—the book appeared anonymously—and the warmest enthusiasm was excited in its favour. The ladies of Edinburgh, like those of Paris, on the appearance of "La Nouvelle Héloïse," all fancied themselves with the author. But the writer was unknown; and a Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, was desirous of appropriating his fame to himself. He accordingly was at the pains of transcribing the entire work, and of marking the manuscript with erasures and interlinations, to give it the air of that copy in which the author had wrought the last polish on his piece before sending it to the press. Of course, this gross attempt at deception was not long successful. "The Man of Feeling" was published in 1771; and the *éclat* with which its real author was received, when known, induced him, in the same, or following year, to adventure the publication of a poem entitled "The Pursuit of Happiness."

Mr. Mackenzie's next production was "The Man of the World;" a sort of second part of "The Man of Feeling;" but, like most second parts, continuations, sequels, &c. it was, though clever and interesting, inferior to its predecessors. Dr. Johnson, despising and abhorring the fashionable whine of sensibility, treated the work with far more asperity than it deserved.

"Julia de Ronbigné," a novel, in the epistolary form, was the last work of this class from the pen of Mr. Mackenzie. It is extremely elegant, tender, and affecting; but its pathos has a cast of sickness, and the mournful nature of the catastrophe produces a sensation more painful than pleasing on the mind of the reader.

Mr. Mackenzie was a writer of plays, but he was less successful as a dramatic writer than a novelist.

Turning back to the year 1767, we find that Mr. Mackenzie then married Miss Pennel Grant, sister of Sir James Grant, of Grant, by whom he had a family of eleven children.

About ten or twelve years afterwards, he and a few of his friends, mostly lawyers, who used to meet occasionally for convivial conversation, at a tavern kept by M. Bayll, a Frenchman, projected the publication of a series of papers on morals, manners, taste and literature, similar to those of the Spectator. This society was originally designated "The Tabernacle," but afterwards "The Mirror Club." Their scheme was speedily carried into

effect, and the papers, under the title of "The Mirror," of which Mr. Mackenzie was the editor, were published in weekly numbers, at the price of threepence per folio-sheet. The sale never reached beyond three or four hundred in single papers; but the succession of the numbers was no sooner closed, than the whole, with the names of the respective authors, were republished in three duodecimo volumes. The writers sold the copy-right; out of the produce of which they presented a donation of £100 to the Orphan Hospital, and purchased a hoghead of Claret for the use of the Club.

To "The Mirror" succeeded "The Lawyer," a periodical of a similar character, and equally successful. Mr. Mackenzie was the chief and most valuable contributor to each of these works.

In political literature, Mr. Mackenzie was the author of a "Review of the Proceedings of the Parliament, which met first in the year 1784," and of a series of "Letters under the signature of Brutus." In all those exertions which during the war of the French revolution were found necessary to support the government and preserve the peace of the country, no person was more honourably or more usefully zealous.

Mr. Mackenzie was remarkably fond of the rural diversions of fowling, hunting, and fishing. In private life, his conversation was ever the charm and the pride of society.—He died at Edinburgh, his constant residence, on the 14th of January, 1831.

HERRING FISHERY.†

THE cessation of the bounty for the encouragement of the herring fishery having taken place in April, 1830, it may not be useless to direct the public attention to the state of this branch of national industry. It appears from this report, that there were cured in the year ended April, 1830—three hundred and twenty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-seven barrels of white herrings—being a decrease, as compared with the number cured in the former year, of twenty-six thousand four hundred and twenty-two half barrels.

† From the Monthly Review—No. II., of—Report of the Commissioners for the Herring Fishery, &c., for the year ended April, 1830. Printed by order of Parliament.

The quantity of cod and ling cured in the last year has increased—it amounting to one hundred and four thousand nine hundred and fourteen hundred weights, cured dried—and five thousand six hundred and fifty-two and a quarter hundred weights; and eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-six barrels and a half cured in pickle.

From the boat account it appears that eleven thousand one hundred and ninety-nine boats were employed in the shore-encircling department of the fishery; manned by forty-eight thousand six hundred and ninety-nine fishermen, and the total number of persons employed therein was eighty thousand and three hundred.

The most interesting part of the report is the series of observations, which the Commissioners think it proper to make on the effect which the "bounty has produced in raising the character of the British fishery, and in adding to its importance as a branch of national wealth." They state, that when the establishment was instituted, (the office for the herring fishery in Edinburgh, but the date is not stated), it was impossible almost to find a barrel of the legal size of thirty-two gallons. No attention whatever appeared to be paid to the strength of the stave, to the number of the hoops, or to the structure of the barrel at all, and hence they were unable to retain the pickle for any time. It was the practice also, at the period alluded to, to attempt to cure the herrings in a lump, without gutting them, or removing the viscera in any manner, and in short, that the methods of catching and curing fish, thus in use, were in a very barbarous and backward state. The present state of the fishery is the reverse of all this. The barrels are of full size, substantially made, and adequately hooped, the seams between the staves, are stopped by flags, the gutting is carried on on the most approved principles—and the whole process, from the embarkation of the fisherman to the delivery of the cured fish, is now conducted in a manner that leaves nothing whatever for the most fastidious consumer to complain of.

"All these improvements, together with similar improvements in the cure of cod, ling, or hake," the commissioners are induced to "ascribe to the effect of the bounty, acting as a stimulus to the curer and other persons engaged in the fishery; and thus inducing them to abandon their long established slovenly practices, and to adopt a more improved system; from a conviction, that unless they did so, the bounty could not be obtained; and it is gratifying to observe, that the utility of

these innovations, although at first in many cases denied, is now universally acknowledged. It may also be mentioned as a further benefit arising from the bounties hitherto granted, that by the extension of the fishery consequent thereon, increased means of employment, and an ample supply of wholesome food have been furnished to the labouring classes: that fishing villages have been erected, harbours built, and extensive curing premises raised in the most complete style; and that agriculture has been benefited, and waste land reclaimed, by the use of the offals of the fish as manure, arising from the practice of gutting having become general, in consequence of the bounty being confined to gutted fish alone."

These remarks, we trust, will receive the consideration to which they are entitled, for it certainly ought not to be a slight cause that should compel the legislature to withdraw its encouragement from a branch of industry, when such beneficial consequences have flown from its judicious application.

REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE UTILITY OF PHYSICAL KNOWLEDGE.†

A KNOWLEDGE of the laws of nature, is of the utmost utility in the every day concerns of life, for as on the one hand they are invincible opponents to human exertions, so on the other, they are irresistible auxiliaries. It will not be amiss if we regard them in each of those characters, and consider the great importance of a knowledge of them to mankind;—

I. In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities.

II. In securing us from important mistakes in attempting what is, in itself, possible, by means either inadequate, or actually opposed, to the end in view.

III. In enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical, and most effectual manner.

IV. In inducing us to attempt, and enabling us to accomplish, objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of undertaking.

We now proceed to illustrate by examples the effects of physical knowledge under each of those heads.

Ex. I. It is not many years since an attempt was made to establish a colliery

at Bexhill, in Sussex. The appearance of thin seams and sheets of fossil-wood and wood-coal, with some other indications similar to what occur in the neighbourhood of the great coal-beds in the north of England, having led to the sinking of a shaft, and the erection of machinery on a scale of vast expense, not less than eighty thousand pounds are said to have been laid out on this project, which, it is almost needless to add, proved completely abortive, as every geologist would have at once declared it must, the whole assemblage of geological facts being adverse to the existence of a regular coal-bed in the Hastings' sand; while this, on which Bexhill is situated, is separated from the coal strata, by a series of interposed beds of such enormous thickness as to render all idea of penetrating through them absurd. The history of mining operations is full of similar cases where a very moderate acquaintance with the usual order of nature, to say nothing of theoretical views would have saved many a sanguine adventurer from utter ruin.

Ex. 2. The smelting of iron requires the application of the most violent heat that can be raised, and is commonly performed in tall furnaces, urged by great iron bellows driven by steam-engines. Instead of employing this power to force air into the furnace through the intervention of bellows, it was, on one occasion, attempted to employ the steam itself in, apparently, a much less circuitous manner; viz., by directing the current of steam in a violent blast, from the boiler at once into the fire. From one of the known ingredients of steam being a highly inflammable body, and the other that essential part of the air which supports combustion, it was imagined that this would have the effect of increasing the fire to tenfold fury, whereas, it simply blew it out; a result which a slight consideration of the laws of chemical combination, and the state in which the ingredient elements exist in steam, would have enabled any one to predict without a trial.

Ex. 3. After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in subaqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine, at leisure, the bottom, or perform, at ease, any work that may be required. Some years ago, an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water-tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap-door, in such

† From Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—Vol. XIV.—Herschel's Natural Philosophy.

a manner, that by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty fathoms water, and rise again without assistance, at the expiration of twenty-four hours: Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap door, and provided with all necessities, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was given, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain; for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had, no doubt, been completely underestimated, and the sides of the vessel being at once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could even make the signal concerted to indicate his distress.

Ex. 4. In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process. The workman having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks into a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel, about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, pours the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method, or by another equally simple and efficacious, but not easily explained without entering into particulars of mineralogical detail.

Ex. 5. Hardly less simple and efficacious is the process used in some parts of France, where mill-stones are made. When a mass of stone sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a cylinder several feet high, and the question then arises how to subdivide this into horizontal pieces so as to make as many mill-stones. For this purpose horizontal indentations or grooves are chiselled out quite round the cylinder, at distances corresponding to the thickness intended to be given to the mill-stones, into which wedges of dried wood

are driven. These are then wetted, or exposed to the night-dew, and next morning the different pieces are found separated from each other by the expansion of the wood; consequent on its absorption of moisture; an irresistible natural power thus accomplishing, almost without any trouble, and at no expense, an operation which, from the peculiar hardness and texture of the stone, would otherwise be impracticable but by the most powerful machinery, or the most persevering labour.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.†

THE scientific renown of Davy having attracted the attention of his late Majesty, then Prince Regent, he received from his Royal Highness the honour of knighthood, at a levee held at Carlton-house, on Wednesday the 8th of April, 1812; and it may be remarked, that he was the first person on whom that honour had been conferred by the Regent. On the day following this occurrence, Sir Humphry delivered his farewell lecture before the members of the Royal Institution; for he was on the eve of assuming a new station in society, which induced him to retire from those public situations, which he had long held with so much advantage to the world, and with so much honour to himself. How far such a measure was calculated to increase his happiness I shall not inquire; but I am bound to observe, that it was not connected with any desire to abandon the pursuit of science, nor even to relax in his accustomed exertions to promote its interests. It was evident, however, to his friends, that other views of ambition than those presented by achievements in science, had opened upon his mind. The wealth he was about to command might extend the sphere of his usefulness, and exalt him in the scale of society. His feelings became more aristocratic; he discovered charms in rank which had before escaped him, and he no longer viewed patrician distinction with philosophic indifference. On the 11th of April, 1812, Sir Humphry married Mrs. Apreece, the widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq. eldest son of Sir Thomas Apreece. This lady was the daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr of Kelso, Esq., and possessed a very considerable fortune.

† From the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D. By J. A. Paris, M.D. London, 1831. Colburn.

Such was his great celebrity at this period of his career, that persons of the highest rank contended for the honour of his company at dinner, and he did not possess sufficient resolution to resist the gratification thus afforded, although it generally happened that his pursuits in the laboratory were not suspended until the appointed dinner hour had passed. On his return in the evening, he resumed his chemical labours, and often continued them till 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning: and yet the servants of the establishment not unfrequently found that he had risen before them. The greatest of all his wants was time, and the expedients by which he economised it, often placed him in very ridiculous positions, and gave rise to habits of the most eccentric description: driven to an extremity, he would in his haste put on fresh linen, without removing that which was underneath; and, singular as the fact may appear, he has been known, after the fashion of the grave digger in Hamlet, to wear no less than five shirts, and as many pair of stockings, at the same time. Exclamations of surprise very frequently escaped from his friends at the rapid manner in which he increased and declined in size.

Hitherto his passion for angling has only been noticed in connexion with his conversation and letters; I shall now present to the reader a sketch of the philosopher in his fishing costume. His whole suit consisted of green cloth; the coat having sundry pockets for holding the necessary tackle; his boots were made of caoutchouc, and, for the convenience of wading through the water, reached above his knees. His hat, originally intended for a coal-heaver, had been purchased from the manufacturer in its raw state, and dyed green by some pigment of his own composition, it was moreover, studded with every variety of artificial fly which he could require for his diversion. Thus equipped, he thought from the colour of his dress, that he was more likely to elude the observation of the fish. He looked not like an inhabitant of the earth, and yet was on't nor can I find any object in the regions of invention with which I could justly compare him, except perhaps with one of those grotesque personages who, in the farce of the Critic, attend Father Thames on the stage, as his two banks. I shall take this opportunity of stating, that his shooting attire was equally whimsical; if, as an angler, he adopted a dress for concealing his person, as a sportsman in woods and plantations, it was his object to devise means for exposing it; for he always entertained a singular dread lest he might be accidentally shot upon these occasions. When upon a visit to Mr. Dillwyn of Swansea, he accompanied his friend on a shooting excursion, in a

broad brimmed hat, the whole of which with the exception of the brim, was covered with scarlet cloth. Notwithstanding, however, the refinements which he showed in his dress, and the scrupulous attention with which he observed all the minute details of the art, if the truth must be told, he was not more successful than his brother anglers.

After the Emperor of the French had sternly refused his passport to several of the most illustrious noblemen of England it was scarcely to be expected that Sir H. Davy would have been allowed to travel through France, in order to visit the extinct volcanoes in Auvergne, and afterwards to examine that which was in a state of activity at Naples. No sooner, however had the discovery of the decomposition of the alkalies and earths, and its probable bearings upon the philosophy of volcanic action, been represented by the Imperial Institute to Napoleon, than, with a liberality worthy of the liberator of Dolomieu, and consistent with his well-known patronage of science, he immediately and unconditionally extended the required indulgence. Davy shortly after his arrival, (October, 1813) called upon his old friend and associate, Mr. Underwood, who, although one of the *detenus*, had, during the whole war, enjoyed the indulgence of residing in the capital. The expected arrival of Davy had been a subject of conversation with the French *savans* for more than a month. Amongst those who were loudest in his praises, was M. Ampere, who had for several years frequently expressed his opinion that Davy was the greatest chemist that had ever appeared. Whether this flattering circumstance had been communicated to the English philosopher I have no means of ascertaining; but Mr. Underwood informs me that the very first wish that Davy expressed was to be introduced to this gentleman, whom he considered as the only chemist in Paris who had duly appreciated the value of his discoveries; an opinion which he afterwards took no pains to conceal, and which occasioned amongst the *savans* much surprise, and some dissatisfaction.

Nothing ever exceeded the liberality and unaffected kindness with which the *savans* of France had received and caressed the English philosopher. Their conduct was the triumph of science over national animosity; a homage to genius, alike honourable to those who bestowed and those who received it; and it would be an act of ingratitude, a violation of historical justice, on the part of the English biographer, did he omit to express the pride and admiration with which every philosopher in his country continues to regard it. It would have been fortunate for the cause of science

and fortunate for the historian, could he have terminated the subject with these remarks; but the biographer has an act of justice to perform, which he must not suffer his friendship to evade, nor his partialities to compromise. It would be an act of literary dishonesty to assert that Sir H. Davy returned the kindness of the *savans* of France in a manner which the friends of science could have expected and desired. There was a flippancy in his manner, a superciliousness and hauteur in his deportment, which surprised as much as they offended. Whatever opinions he might have formed as to the talents of the leading chemists, it was a weakness to betray, and arrogance to avow them.

When at Paris, Davy was conducted by Mr. Underwood to the Louvre. The English philosopher walked with a rapid step along the gallery, and, to the great astonishment and mortification of his friend, did not direct his attention to a single painting; the only exclamation of surprise that escaped him was—"What an extraordinary collection of fine frames!" On arriving opposite to Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration, Mr. Underwood could no longer suppress his surprise, and in a tone of enthusiasm he directed the philosopher to that most sublime production of art, and the chef-d'œuvre of the collection. Davy's reply was as laconic as it was chilling—"Indeed! I am glad I have seen it;"—and then hurried forward, as if he were desirous of escaping from any critical remarks upon its excellencies. They afterwards descended to a view of the statues in the lower apartments: here Davy displayed the same frigid indifference towards the higher works of art. A spectator of the scene might well have imagined that some mighty spell was in operation, by which the order of nature had been reversed;—while the marble glowed with more than human passion, the living man was colder than stone! The apathy, the total want of feeling, he betrayed on having his attention directed to the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Venus de Medici, was as inexplicable as it was provoking; but an exclamation of the most vivid surprise escaped him at the sight of an Antonius, treated in the Egyptian style, and sculptured in alabaster.—"Gracious powers," said he, "what a beautiful stalactyte!"

Sir Humphry was not exempt from superstition. Mr. Underwood informs me, that on the 17th Nov., he met Humboldt at dinner at Davy's hotel; and adds:—"I do not know whether you are aware that Davy had a superstitious dislike at seeing a knife and fork placed crosswise on a plate at dinner, or upon any other occasion; but I can assure you such was the fact; and

when it occurred in the company of his intimate friends, he always requested that they might be displaced: whenever this could not be done, he was evidently very uncomfortable.

When Davy returned from Mount Vesuvius and Pompeii, he sent a letter to Volta, at Pavia, to announce his intention of paying him a visit; and on the appointed day and hour, Volta in full dress, anxiously awaited his arrival. On the entrance of the great English philosopher into the apartment not only in *deshabille*, but in a dress of which an English artisan would have been ashamed, Volta started back in astonishment, and such was the effect of his surprise, that he was for some time unable to address him.

At Rome he had an attack of paralysis (he had a similar seizure before), whereon his wife and brother (Dr. Davy of Dublin), hastened to his aid:—During his slow and partial recovery from this seizure, he learned the circumstance of his name having been introduced into parliamentary proceedings, in the following manner: On the 26th March 1829, on presenting a petition in favour of the Catholic claims from a very great and most respectable meeting at Edinburgh, Sir J. Mackintosh, after having mentioned the name of Sir Walter Scott as being, at the head of the petitioners, continued thus:—"Although not pertinent to this petition, yet connected with the cause, I indulge in the melancholy pleasure of adding to the first name in British literature the first name in British science—that of Sir Humphry Davy. Though on a sick bed at Rome, he was not so absorbed by his sufferings as not to feel and express the glow of joy that shot across his heart at the glad tidings of the introduction of a bill which he hailed as alike honourable to his religion and his country." I am assured that the last mark of satisfaction which he evinced from any intelligence communicated to him, was, on reading the above passage. He showed a pleasure unusual in his state of languor at the justice thus done, in the face of his country, to his consistency, to his zeal for religion and liberty, and to the generous sentiments which cheered his debility. The marks of his pleasure were observed by those who were brought most near to him by the performance of every kind office.

With that restlessness which characterises the disease under which Sir H. Davy suffered, he became extremely desirous of quitting Rome, and of establishing himself at Geneva. His friends were naturally anxious to gratify every wish; and Lady Davy therefore preceded him on the journey, in order that she might prepare for his comfortable reception at that place.

Apartment were accordingly in readiness for him at L'Hotel de la Couronne, in the Rue du Rhone; and at 3 o'clock on May 28, 1829, having slept the preceding evening at Chambéry, he arrived at Geneva, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Tobin, and his servant. At 4 o'clock he dined, ate heartily, was unusually cheerful, and joked with the waiter about the cookery of the fish, which he appeared particularly to admire; and he desired that, as long as he remained at the hotel, he might be daily supplied with every possible variety that the lake afforded. He drank tea at 11, and having directed that the feather bed should be removed, retired to rest at 12. His servant, who slept in a bed parallel to his own in the same alcove, was, however, very shortly called to attend him, and he desired that his brother might be summoned. I am informed that, on Dr. Davy's entering the room, he said "I am dying," or words to that effect; "and when it is all over, I desire that no disturbance of any kind may be made in the house; lock the door, and let every one retire quietly to his apartment." He expired at a quarter before 3 o'clock, without a struggle.

THEORY OF MACHINERY.

IF Noah and his family, when they came out of the ark, had held a council upon the best way of providing themselves with the comforts of dry land, it would have been a strange line of argument for one of the household to have pointed to the stock in trade which had escaped the deluge, and have said, "This is a plough; and by harnessing the clean beasts to it, you would do six times as much work as with a spade, therefore break the plough, and take the spade. Your wife too has a spindle, with which she can spin so many threads an hour; but I could show her a way, that would not spin half as much. Let us be machine-breakers; and then we shall all be comfortable."

This would be such gross absurdity, that it would be hardly practicable to set about stating wherein the absurdity consists. It is like a man's cutting off his legs, in order that he may have the pleasure of hopping upon crutches. Noah's brief answer would be, that he worked to *hate*; and that the more he had, the better. The wildest enemy of machinery would never dream of executing such a principle in his own immediate concerns; or of taking the worse instrument when he might take the better, for the simple pleasure of having more to do. The case, there-

fore, does not present a parallel to the existing question on the subject of machinery.

Take, then, another state of mankind, as for instance Abraham's; who had men servants and women-servants, and a steward to look after them. Now if the steward had proposed, that the men should be set to dig instead of plough, and the women weave cloth with their fingers instead of using the best piece of loom-machinery the country was acquainted with, and that the reason for all this was, that without it there would be no possibility of keeping them in employment;—the answer of Abraham would be much the same as Noah's, but with the addition, that if their work could be saved in one way, he would be answerable for finding them work in some other; that if the women could make two pieces of cloth instead of one, his wife should wear two at once, or else wear one that by its beauty should take as much time-making as two. But if the steward was an obstinate person, and had an anti-machinery maggot in his head, he might reply, that if each servant could do twice as much as before, it was evident only half the number would be wanted, and therefore half must be either sold to the Midianites, or left to perish in the desert, which would be very hard upon the individuals. To which his master would reply, that if the gift of doing double work should fall on all of them at once as from the clouds, there might be some possibility of a part of them being an incumbrance; but if there was any thing gradual in the operation, he, the master, would be answerable for work springing up for them as fast as they could find the means of doing it, and that not a hoof should be left behind in consequence of improvements in the method. And if the master, as there appears no reason to doubt, was fond of seeing every body satisfied about him, he would take an opportunity of representing to his people and followers, that it would be hard if the improvements did not in some degree turn to the advantage of every one of them;—that if there was more corn by ploughing than by digging, there must needs be better feeding for themselves, their wives, and their little ones; and that if cloth was easier made and more abundant, it was scarcely possible that the result should not be that the children would come by three shirts a year instead of two. There would be no doubt that a principal portion of the advantage would fall to the share of the rich master and his immediate relatives; but it would also be certain, that the servants down to the lowest would be better and not worse for the alteration, and that they would be unreasonable if they raised a hue-and-cry against the change.

This then, if any body has thought worth while to follow it, appears to let into the whole secret of the good and evil of machinery. It is a good to every body, working classes included, if only it does not come so rapidly as to throw great masses of people out of employment, faster than the consequent demand for hands in other branches can take them up. If the community in general by dint of machinery get a piece of cloth or six shillings instead of ten, they will to a certainty expend it in something else that they would not have expended it in before; —unless it can be proved that they will throw it into the sea. If therefore there is a diminution of employment for cloth-makers to the amount of four shillings (which is undeniably the case), there is at the same time an increase of expenditure on some other arts and crafts to the same amount. But if other arts and crafts are affected in a like manner by machinery, each of these throws an increase of expenditure on some others, among which the craft of cloth-making will undoubtedly have a share. And if wages fall when employment is diminished, they rise when it is increased. So that provided the introduction of machinery be gradual and general, there is an evident tendency towards a balance; and though nobody can say that the balance shall be so complete as to leave every thing exactly as before, it is plain that the final alteration is the difference of the particular alterations, and not the sum. But all this time, there is a clear gain to the consumers at every step, of the whole amount of what is saved in each instance by machinery,—or what in the case of the cloth was represented by four shillings. So that while the effects upon the different operatives, in respect of their quantity of employment, go on balancing and counteracting each other, and are in the end next to none at all,—the gains of the consumers (of whom the operatives make part) go on increasing and accumulating by every particular addition. Or to turn the subject the other side up, if machinery of all kinds in all places could be annihilated by an act of Parliament or a thunderbolt, the quantity of employment for operatives would on the whole be just what it is now; but the operatives would take their share, with every body else, of the consequences of cloth being made with fingers instead of with a loom. That is, they would wear just so much cloth, and of such quality, as could be made with fingers by the exertion of the same time and labour which make what they now wear from the loom; and the same in other things. And note further, that this includes only the home trade. But if ever foreign commerce should cease to be prohibited by Act of

Parliament, then there must be taken into the account the good things that might be obtained from foreigners in exchange for products of machinery, and the share which the operatives would have in these good things by dint of the increased employment which would be created by the demand for manufactured goods. The blunder therefore of desiring to put down machinery, is in the main and in the long run the same as the contemptible fallacy of restrictions upon trade, which is pressed upon the operatives by the supporters of the Corn Laws. The apparent gain made at every step of restriction either on trade or on machinery, is balanced by an equal loss to some other portion of the industrious classes somewhere else, and there is a clear unbalanced loss of the amount in question to the consumer in the aggregate besides. But the operatives are to be persuaded, that if John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry, get sixpence each, by at the same time taking two pence out of the pockets of each of the other three, John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry make a gain; and not only this, but they do so if John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry, in their quality of consumers, lose another sixpence among them every time besides. This is the sum and substance of the system that calls itself protection to trade. It is a plan to set every body to rob the rest, and count the plunder as a general gain.

Machinery like the rain of heaven, is a present blessing to all concerned, provided it comes down in drops, and not by tons together, and any thing which prevents its free and expanded operation, has an effect of the same kind as would be produced if the rain could be collected into water-spouts. It remains therefore to be seen, what laws and human institutions have done towards securing the free diffusion of the advantages derivable from God's gift of ingenuity to man. And here the first thing apparent in our own country is, that the aristocracy have made a law, that no use shall be derived from it at all. They have determined by Act of Parliament, that men may invent as many machines as they think proper, but shall not be allowed to sell the produce; or which comes to the same thing shall not be allowed to sell for what is wanted in return. The whole misery about machinery,—every atom and fragment of suffering alarm, and wretchedness directly or indirectly consequent thereon,—are the pure and necessary result of the gross fraud and half-witted cruelty perpetrated by the majority of the landlords upon the rest of their own order, and of the community.—*Westminster Review*.

HALLEY'S COMET, OR THE
COMET OF 1834.

[The subject of Halley's comet is now engrossing a great deal of the attention of astronomers. The following, therefore, by Dr. Hartman, of Berlin, will be read with interest.]

There are few comets which are visible to the naked eye, and on this account the comet, whose return figures among the calculated memorabilia of the year 1834, is entitled to an early and special notice. Of the heavenly creations of its own class, it is of this one that it can be predicted with the greatest certainty, that it travels round the sun, and that we are accurately acquainted with the period of its revolution—facts which are the result of four several opportunities which the world has enjoyed of watching its course. Such are the considerations which justify and induce me to take a glance at its history.

So far as modern observations reach, this comet was seen, for the first time, in 1405, and it approached to a distance of eleven million seven hundred thousand miles from the sun, on the 8th of June in that year. It came near the Earth, and under very favourable circumstances; presenting itself with peculiar splendour and remarkable brilliancy; travelling with a tail which extended over a third portion of the firmament, and affording a spectacle of far greater beauty than it has ever exhibited since those times.

Its next appearance was in 1531; and, on the 25th day of August, it was at a distance of eleven million six hundred thousand miles from the sun. The period of its revolution was, therefore, ascertained to be seventy-five years, two months, and seventeen days. Its appearance differed greatly from that just described. Appian, who observed it, relates, that it had no tail whatever; but was what is termed a *bearded* comet—its whole circumference being encircled by an equal effulgence at every point; and, inasmuch as this halo had no defined edging, it appeared to be hairy or bearded. It may have had a tail, though, from the unfavourable circumstances which accompanied the comet's appearance on this occasion, it was not discernible by the naked eye.

Calculating each of its revolutions at seventy-five years, the return of this comet might have been predicted for the year 1606 or 1607; and, in fact, it did return, for the third time, in 1607. It approached nearest to the sun on the 26th of October, when it was eleven million seven hundred and fifty thousand miles distant from it. The period of its revolution had consequently been seventy-six years, two months,

and one day—one twelvemonth longer than the preceding: whence, it is obvious, that its progress had been disturbed by some planet, or other strange body. It was of considerable magnitude, its head being of the size of the planet Jupiter; but its light was weak and nebulous: it had a long tail, and this was also feeble in its rays, as if overcast with vapours. The revolution of this comet having been of seventy-five or seventy-six years' duration, it followed, that its return would occur in 1682, or 1683.

This calculation was confirmed by its re-appearance in 1682, when its nearest approximation to the sun took place on the 14th of September, on which day it was distant from it eleven million six hundred and fifty thousand miles. It was now, for the first time observed, with any degree of accuracy, by Halley, from whom it has consequently been denominated "*Halley's Comet*." This astronomer compared the results of his several observations with those made on the comets of the years 1607 and 1531, and found them closely to correspond with one another; from which he was led to infer, that the three appearances belonged to one and the same body. On this occasion its revolution amounted to seventy-four years, ten months, and eighteen days—giving a mean duration of seventy-five years and one half.

Halley predicted the return of the comet in the year 1759: at first, however, it seemed as if the event would not realize the prediction, as the comet was tardy in appearing; but, to the delight of every astronomer, it became visible at last, and put an end to the doubt which had hitherto existed as to the durable nature of such bodies as comets. It attained its solar elevation on the 13th of March, when its distance from the sun was eleven million six hundred and fifty thousand miles, and was of inferior size to what it had been on its last appearance. Its tail was but lightly illuminated, and not discernible, except when the sky was clear; on which account no precise judgment could be formed of its length: the weakness of its irradiation was principally owing to its unfavourable position. Its last revolution had been seventy-six years and six months.

It may reasonably be asked, why the comet continued a whole twelvemonth more in its revolution than was natural to it? To this it may be answered, and upon very accurate calculation, that it first displayed itself close upon the planet Jupiter, which influenced and retarded its movement. Hence it appeared at a somewhat later period than Halley had foretold.

The return of the comet in our own days ought to take place in the year 1834; but it is possible that it may be so influenced by Saturn and Uranus, as not to make its appearance before 1835, or even 1836. Numberless calculations have already been formed on this event; and we must leave it to time to pronounce which of them are correct. Neither can we predetermine what will be the degree of its brilliancy, or the extent and splendour of its tail; these are matters which seem to depend on circumstances beyond the sphere of our present knowledge.

ON THE IMITATORS OF BYRON:
A FABLE.

A SWAN hymn'd music on the Muses' waves,
And Song's sweet daughters wept within their caves;
It chanced the bird had something then deemed new,
Not in the music only, but the hue—
Black were his plumes;—the rooks that heard on high,
Came envying round, and darkened all the sky;
Each rook, ambitious of a like applause,
Clapped his grave wings, and Pierus rung with caws.
What of the swan's attractions could they lack—
Their noise as mournful, and their wings as black?
In vain we cry—the secret you mistook,
And grief is d-d discordant in a rook!

The Siamese Twins.

VARIETIES.

The Spiral Vessels in Plants.—The following remarks, respecting the spiral vessels in plants, were read in a very interesting paper at a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society:—"The spiral vessels of plants may act mechanically as springs, for their elasticity is prodigious. They exist in almost all plants, and the peculiarity of their structure, which closely resembles the coiled spring of a bell-wire, argues strongly that they have other functions allotted to them than that of merely conducting the sap. If, indeed, they are appendages to the sap-vessels—if they wrap round and enclose, or are themselves placed internally within the membranous coat of those vessels—(and the author is much inclined to believe that they are so, for the closest observation of the vessels of the flower-stalk of the wild hyacinth, *scilla nutans*, convinced him that the spiral coil is by no means closely compressed, but is apparently en-

closed, or encloses a fine filmy membrane);—if this be the case, then these spiral vessels may be most efficient mechanical agents in propelling the sap upwards. The pliancy of trees, the readiness with which they recover their upright position, are facts strongly corroborating the idea—that they contain internal springs, which, like coils of bell-wire, are capable of receiving and supporting motion in every direction, without offering impediments or sustaining injury."

Acoustic Chair.—The science of acoustics, in a practical point of view, has been strangely neglected in this country, and, in fact, in modern times generally. The ancients appear to have been better acquainted with the doctrine of sounds, and to have applied it to more useful purposes, than ourselves; for we learn that Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, had a cavern excavated in a rock, in the shape of the human ear (which is, of course, best adapted for the reception and transmission of sounds), in which he confined his state prisoners, and by tubes leading from it to his chamber, he was able to catch even their softest whisper, and thus to discover their designs, &c. This idea seems to have been lost sight of till now; when we are agreeably surprised to find that Mr. Curtis, the well-known aurist, has invented a chair, with an acoustic barret and tubes, something on the principle of the Invisible Girl, for the benefit of the deaf, and for old persons who are hard of hearing, and who, while sitting in it at their leisure, may hear conversation or reading in a low tone of voice, carried on by an individual in any part of the room. By means of pipes, also, a person whispering in a distant apartment can be distinctly heard. We have ourselves been seated in it, and were astonished at the ease with which we distinguished the different voices of those engaged in conversation in an under tone, and also a tune played by a small musical box (which was as audible as if it had been standing on a table before us), in a room separated by a hall, &c., from the one in which the chair is placed. Upon the whole, we consider this invention as one of the most ingenious applications of the principles of acoustics with which we are acquainted.

—*Literary Gazette.*

Dew.—The annual average quantity of dew deposited in this country is estimated at a depth of about five inches, being about one-seventh of the mean quantity of moisture supposed to be received from the atmosphere over all Great Britain, in the year; or about 22,161,337,355 tons, taking the ton at two hundred and fifty-two imperial gallons.—*Ibid.*

Polish Galantry.—In former times in Poland, it was customary in the *châteaux* of the nobility, after banquets given on great occasions, for the host to show his guests his skill in firing a pistol, by making the heel of the shoe on his wife's foot his target! I could hardly convince myself that the higher classes among the Poles, who have always considered devotedness to the fair sex the glory of ours, should have suffered a practice so directly at variance with every feeling of common humanity, to prevail among them—those men, whose notions of galantry in the present day are apt to carry them to so extravagant enthusiasm, that I have seen them at table take the shoe off the foot of the mistress of the house, drink wine out of it, and pass it round!—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

Crusade of Children.—The spirit of an age may be indicated by the turn of the infantine mind; in a country engaged in a popular war, the children will always be found playing at soldiers. The religious duty of the Crusades had taken such universal hold of men's minds, that it produced a movement among the children of Europe, of a kind unparalleled in the history of the world. In the year 1212, many thousands of boys and girls abandoned their houses, not only in France, but in Germany and Italy, giving out that they were bent upon delivering the Holy Land. It was in vain that their parents attempted to restrain them. They watched opportunities of escape, and got away by making holes in the walls; and sallied forth from the paternal mansion with as much joy as if they had been going to a festival. The fate of these unhappy children, as may be supposed, was most unfortunate; they were entrapped in numbers by merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles, who were at that time engaged in the infamous traffic of supplying the seraglios of the east with children. A great many were shipped in the Mediterranean ports, and many died of hunger and fatigue in the long journeys to which they had voluntarily devoted themselves, but for which their strength was utterly inadequate.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Heat.—The most striking and important of the effects of heat consist in the liquification of solid substances, and the conversion of the liquids so produced into vapour. There is no solid substance known, which, by a sufficiently intense heat, may not be melted, and finally dissipated in vapour; and this analogy is so extensive and cogent, that we cannot but suppose that all those bodies which are liquid under ordinary circumstances, owe their liquidity to heat, and would

freeze or become solid, if their heat could be sufficiently reduced. In many we see this to be the case in ordinary winters; for some, severe frosts are requisite; others freeze only with the most intense artificial colds; and some have hitherto resisted all our endeavours; yet the number of these last is few; and they will probably cease to be exceptions, as our means of producing cold become enlarged.—*Lardner's Cyclopedia.*

Singular Death.—In January, 1777, died John Ross, LL. D., professor of languages in the King's University of Aberdeen. His death was occasioned by swallowing a spider in a glass of claret. Upon dissection, his stomach was found to be much ulcerated, and distended beyond the usual size.

Substitute for Milk or Cream.—Where milk or cream cannot be obtained, it is an excellent substitute to beat up the whole of a fresh-egg in a bason, and then gradually to pour boiling tea over it, to prevent its curdling. It is difficult from the taste to distinguish the composition from tea and rich cream, and the flavour is far superior to that of tea with mere milk. We speak from experience. This might be of great use at sea, as eggs may be preserved fresh in many ways.—*Scientific Gazette.*

Society Islands.—It is a curious fact, that nearly all of the Society Islands at the present time are governed, by women. These ladies each preside at the debates of their chiefs on the state affairs of their island, and take an active part in them. The meetings are open to all the natives, and whether of high or low degree, any one is allowed to give his opinion on the subject in question. When a measure is decided on, it is promulgated as a law from the chapels which have been built since the visit of the missionaries to the islands. In these debates the women generally evince mental qualities superior to the men, and also surpass them in their attainments at the missionaries' schools. Since the establishment of the missionaries on the islands, the condition of the women has undergone a great change; from a state of abject slavery and misery they have become comparatively free and happy; and the first object of the natives on visiting a ship newly arrived, is to procure a bonnet or some such article for their wives, their own wants being a secondary consideration.—*Athenæum.*

Leeches.—There is good evidence for believing, that the impression of the atmospheric electricity causes the blood of leeches to coagulate. They may be regarded, therefore, as a sure barometer.

POLAND, PAST AND PRESENT,†:

POLAND in the beginning of the eighteenth century was one of the largest kingdoms of Europe. It was divided into four grand districts.—1, Great Poland, bordered by Lithuania, Silesia, and Pomerania—2, Little Poland, bordered by Great Poland, Silesia, Hungary, and Red Russia—3, Royal Prussia, lying to the north-east of Great Poland, and bordered by Pomerania, and Ducal Prussia, which formerly belonged to Poland,—4, Red Russia, bordered on the east by the Dnieper, on the south by the Dnieper and the Crapack Mountains, on the north by part of Lithuania, and on the west by Little Poland. In addition to those was the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, rather an allied principality than a portion of the kingdom. The Duchy furnished one-third of the troops composing the army of the crown, and one quarter of the money granted for the support of the monarch. The Duchy of Courland also was under the protection of Poland.

The first mention of this people in modern history is in the year 550, when they formed a government, under Leck, brother of Cracus, or Creek, first Duke of Bohemia, who collected the tribes, and founded a castle, or centre of a city. In this operation one of those omens occurred which paganism always looked on as the voice of fate; the workmen found an eagle's nest in the wood which they were clearing away for the site of the fortress. The nest was called, in Slavonic, *gniazdo*; from this the new city was named Gnesna; and the eagle was transferred to the banner of Poland.

The history of all the Gothic tribes is the same. Their first state is that of scattered families; their second, that of a tribe under a military chieftain, elected by the suffrages of the people. The chieftain becomes a tyrant, or transmits his power to a feeble successor. The people then dethrone the race, break up the tyranny, and come back to the old system of free election.

The descendants of Leck reigned a hundred years; but the dynasty was then subverted, and provincial military chieftains were substituted for it. Twelve governors entitled Palatines or Waiwodes (generals, from *Woina* war, and *Wodz* a chief), were created. But their violences disgusted the people; and one of them, Cracus, whose conduct was an exception, was raised to the throne by the elective

voice of the nation. In some years after his death his family were displaced by the Palatines, and a civil war followed. The Hungarians took this opportunity to ravage Poland, in A. D. 751; but a peasant, Przemyslas, saved his country. Collecting together the broken forces of Poland, he approached the Hungarian camp as if with the intention of offering battle. With his barbarian courage, he mingled civilized ingenuity; he fixed branches of trees on a conspicuous point of ground, which he intermixed with armed men, so ranged as to give the appearance of a large force, in order of battle. As soon as day broke, and the Hungarians perceived, as they thought, their enemy defying them to the encounter, they rushed on them with contemptuous rashness. But the Polish post retired, exhibiting what, to the astonished Hungarians, seemed a forest suddenly plucked up and moving away. Yet the view of the Polish flight overcame the terror at the spectacle. The Hungarians rushed on, until they found themselves inevitably entangled in a real forest. The Polish leader now charged, totally routed the enemy, and left not a man to tell the tale. But their camp still stood. Here too his ingenuity was exerted. He dextrously clothed his men in the dresses of the dead; divided his troops into small bodies, and sent them towards various avenues of the camp, as if they were Hungarians returned from the battle. The stratagem succeeded, the Poles were suffered freely to enter the Hungarian camp; once within the rampart they drew their sabres,—fell on their unprepared enemy, and slaughtered the whole remaining multitude, with the exception of a few fugitives, who escaped on the first onset, and who served the Polish cause most effectually by spreading the fame and terror of the national arms through all the countries on the Baltic. The conqueror could now have no competitor at home, and he was soon after chosen Duke of Poland.

On his death the Palatines, those ceaseless disturbers, were again in arms, each struggling for the crown. To prevent the usual effusion of blood, an expedient was adopted which displays the Tartar origin of the people. The crown was to be the prize of a trial of speed on horseback. The trial was open to the whole body of the youth. On the day appointed, a multitude of gallant horsemen appeared; but soon after starting, many of their horses fell lame; to the astonishment of the spectators more were lamed every moment. Two alone at length contended for the prize; the whole multitude of riders had fallen behind, with their chargers broken

† Abridged from the Monthly Magazine.—No. LXI.

down; "Witchcraft," and "the wrath of the Gods," were exclaimed in a thousand furious or terrified voices. But the two candidates still held on fiercely, and it was not till after a long display of the most desperate horsemanship that the conqueror, Lefzek, reached the goal.

When he galloped back to lay his claim before the chieftains, and was on the point of being chosen, he was startled by a voice proclaiming that he had won the prize by treachery. Lefzek turned pale, but haughtily denying the charge, demanded to be confronted with the accuser. The accuser was his rival in the race, who demanded that the horses of both should be brought into the circle. Lifting up the hoof of Lefzek's horse, he showed that it was completely covered with iron. "Thus," said he, "did the traitor's horse escape the treachery." Then lifting up the hoof of his own horse, and showing it also covered with iron, "Thus," said he, "was I enabled to follow him." While the assembled warriors were gazing on the discovery, the Pole grasped a handful of the sand, and showing that it was full of nails exclaimed, "Thus were your horses lamed. The traitor had sowed the sand with iron spikes, and covered his horse's hoofs, that he alone might escape them. I saw the artifice, and shod mine that I might detect him. Now choose the traitor for your king."

Lefzek vainly attempted to defend himself. His crowd of rivals, doubly indignant at their defeat and the injury to their horses, rushed on him with drawn sabres, and he was cut to pieces on the spot. Wild admiration succeeded wild justice; they raised his detector on their shoulders, and instantly proclaimed him king by the title of Lefzeko the Second.

In the reign of his successor, Lefzeko III. the casual evils of an unsettled government were made perpetual by the most fatal of all institutions. The king had a number of illegitimate sons, for whom he provided by giving them Fiefs, held of Popiel, his heir. Those Fiefs were originally but manor rights; the people had freeholds in their lands, and voices in the election to the throne: but debt, usurpation, and fraud rapidly converted them into tyrannies, and the people into slaves. The institution of Fiefs, thus commencing in royal vice, ended in national ruin.

A new revolution now raised the most celebrated dynasty of Poland to the throne. The son of Popiel had died, execrated by the nation for hereditary crimes. Poland was once more the prey of the Palatines. The great holders of the Fiefs crushed the people. All was misery, until all became indignation. The

people at length remembered the freedom of their birthright, and, inspired with the warlike spirit of their Sclavonic fathers, rose in arms, disavowed the dictation of the feudal lords, and demanded the right of free election to the throne. The great nobles were awed, and the electors assembled at the city of Kraswic. But in their triumph they had been improvident enough to meet, without considering how they were to provide for the subsistence of so vast a multitude. They must now have dispersed, or fought for their food, but for the wisdom of one man, Piast, an opulent inhabitant of the city. Knowing the rashness of popular haste, and the evils which it might produce, he had, with fortunate sagacity, collected large magazines of provision beforehand. On the first cry of famine, he threw them open to his countrymen. In their gratitude for a relief so unexpected, and their admiration of his foresight, the multitude shouted out that "they had found the only king worthy of Poland." The other candidates were forced to yield. The great feudatories, more willing to see an inferior placed above them than to see a rival made their sovereign, joined in the popular acclamation. The citizen Piast was proclaimed king. He justified the choice by singular intelligence, virtue and humanity; and when, in eight hundred and sixty-one, he died, left his memory adored by the people, and his throne to his son and to a dynasty which was not extinguished for five hundred years.

In the reign of his descendant, Miecislaw, Poland was converted to Christianity. The king had married a Christian princess, Dambrowcka, the daughter of Boleslas, Duke of Bohemia; the condition demanded by his queen was, that he should renounce paganism. The condition may have been an easy one to the monarch, whose sense and manliness, if they knew but little of Christianity, must have long scorned the gross vices and flagrant absurdities of the national superstition. He submitted to all the restrictions of the new faith with the zeal of a determined convert; dismissed the seven partners which pagan license had given to the royal couch, sent an order through his realm for the demolition of all the idols, and, to the wonder of his people, submitting the royal person into the hands of a Roman monk, was baptized.

In 1370, by the death of Casimir, the crown of Poland finally past away from the Piast dynasty. They had already worn it for a longer period than any dynasty of Europe, five hundred years. Casimir was one of those singular mixtures of truth and error, strong passions,

and great uncultured powers, which are found among the heroes of semi-barbarian life. He was memorable for having been the first to give the Jews those privileges which make Poland their chief refuge to this day. After the loss of his first wife, Ann of Lithuania, he had married the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. But like humbler men, he had found the yoke matrimonial too heavy for his philosophy. His queen was a shrew, and in the license of the age he took the beautiful Esther, a Jewess, to supply her place. The Jewess, who was a woman of striking attainments as well as of distinguished personal attractions, obtained an unequalled ascendancy over the king; he suffered her to educate his two daughters by her, as Jewesses, and gradually gave way to all her demands for protection and privilege to her unfortunate people.

But he had the higher merit of being the legislator of Poland, or rather the protector of those feelings by which nature tells every human being that he is entitled to freedom. The abuse and the reform are less a part of the history of Poland than of human wrong and its obvious remedy.

For a long course of years the lords of the Fiefs had pronounced the people born on their estates to be slaves, incapable of following their own will, or removing from the Fief without the permission of their masters. Casimir, roused by the complaints of his subjects, and justly indignant at the usurpation, abolished those claims, declared every farmer at liberty, if injured by the proprietor of the soil, to sell his property and go where he pleased. A formidable part of the abuse was the right claimed by the proprietors of giving their tenants as *pledges* to each other for their debts; which had produced the most cruel sufferings, for the pledge, was a prisoner, and an exile, perhaps for life. Casimir indignantly broke up this tissue of crime; framed a code giving the people equality of right with their lords, and while he made the oppressive nobles his enemies, gained from the nation the patriotic and immortal title of "King of the Farmers."

It had been the custom of the lords to seize the property of a tenant who died without children. The king declared this to be an abuse, and enacted that the property should go to the nearest relative.

As he was without sons, he appointed his nephew Lewis, King of Hungary, his successor. The deputation of the nobles sent to convey this intelligence, exhibited that free spirit of the north, which about a

century before, on a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen, the famous 19th of June, 1215, had boldly extorted the great Charter from the fears of the bigot and tyrant John. Lewis was compelled, as the price of his crown, to sign an instrument, exempting the Polish nation from all additional taxes, and all pretences for royal subsidies; abolishing the old and ruinous custom of living at free choice on the people in his journeys; and as an effectual barrier against kingly ambition, the vice of those days of ferocity and folly, pledging the king to reimburse out of his personal means all the public losses produced by hostilities with his neighbours. The Act was signed by Lewis for himself and his successors, and was solemnly declared to be a fundamental law of the realm. No Act had ever made nearer approaches to laying the foundations of a rational liberty; yet none was ever more calamitous. It wanted but a degree of property and civilization in the lower orders capable of applying and preserving it. But the nobility were still the only nation. They seized all the benefits of the law, established an oligarchy, made the king a puppet, the people doubly slaves, the crown totally elective, and the nation poor and barbarous, without the virtues of poverty, or the redeeming boldness of barbarism.

Lewis ascended the throne; broke his promises; was forced to fly from the kingdom; entered into a new conciliation, for which he paid by new concessions; confirming the power of the noble oligarchy; was again driven to Hungary, where he attempted to take his revenge, by diamembering the kingdom; and after giving Silesia to the Marquis of Brandenburg, the fatal foundation of the subsequent claim of Prussia, gave some of the Polish frontier provinces bordering on Hungary, to the Empress Queen, the foundation of another subsequent claim. This guilty transaction was the ground of one of those acts of wild justice which are so conspicuous in the Polish history.

At the diet held in Buda, where the grant to the empress was made, only fourteen Polish senators could be found to attend; and of those but one, the bishop of Wadislaw, had the manliness to protest against the treason. He communicated the act to Granowski, the Great General of the kingdom, who convoked an assembly of the states, to which the monarch was invited. The thirteen senators had been seized in the mean time were instantly beheaded, and their bodies placed round the throne, covered with the tapestry.

The monarch, unacquainted with their seizure was led to his seat in full solemn-

nify. The Great General advanced, and in the name of the states of Poland sternly charged him with the whole catalogue of his offences against the constitution; declared the compact of the diet of Budä null and void, and then, flinging off the tapestry, pointed to the ghastly circle of monitors there. "Behold," exclaimed he to the startled king, the fate of all who shall prefer slavery to freedom! There lie the traitors who gave up their country to serve the caprices of their king!"

The lesson was expressive. Lewis resolved to abandon a country in which right was so loud-tongued, and justice so rapid. Naming his son-in-law Sigismond, of Brandenburg, governor in his absence, as heir, he set out for Hungary once more. But, dying on his way, the nobles annulled the choice, and gave the throne to the Princess Hedwige, a daughter of the late king, on condition of her marrying according to the national will.

Her marriage commenced the second famous dynasty of Poland, the Jagellons. Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, was still unconverted to Christianity, but he had been distinguished for the intrepidity and justice which form the grand virtues in the eyes of early nations. The princess selected him, and he soon distinguished himself among the princes of the north. With a magnanimity which seems almost incredible in his age, he refused the sovereignty of Bohemia, from which the people had deposed their profligate king, Wenceslas, and as the unparalleled achievement of northern war, broke the power of the Teutonic knights upon the field; of their immense host of one hundred and fifty thousand men, slaying fifty thousand, taking eleven thousand, and leaving among the dead the grand master and three hundred knights.

A striking and characteristic scene, worthy of the finest efforts of the pencil, precluded the battle. Jagellon, to draw the enemy off some ground, had feigned a retreat. The knights looked on him as already defeated, and the grand master, in the spirit of his Scythian ancestors, sent him as an emblem of his fate, two bloody swords with a message. "Our master," said the deputies, "is not afraid to furnish you with arms to give you courage, for we are on the point of giving battle. If the ground on which you are encamped is too narrow for you to fight upon, we shall retire and give you room." The taunt only inflamed the indignation of the Polish nobles, but Jagellon calmly took the swords, and with a smile thanked the grand master for so early giving up his arms. "I receive them," said the bold northern, "with rejoicing; they are an

irresistible omen. This day we shall be conquerors: our enemies already surrender their sabres." Instantly rising, he ordered the signal to be made for a general advance; the army rushed on with sudden enthusiasm; the boasted discipline of the knights was useless before this tide of fiery valour; their ranks were helplessly trampled down; and their whole chivalry destroyed upon the ground. The taunt had been proudly answered.

The affairs of Poland now became mingled, for the first time, with the politics of western Europe. In 1571 Sigismond Augustus died, the last of the race of Jagellon, an honoured name, which had screened the follies of his successors during the long course of two hundred years. The vacancy of the throne was contested by a crowd of princes. But the dexterity and munificence of the celebrated Catharine de Medicis carried the election in favour of her second son, Henry Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles the Ninth. The diet which established this prince's claim, was still more memorable for the formation of the "Pacta Conventa," or great written convention of the kings of Poland, by which they bound themselves to the Commonwealth. The previous bond had been a tacit, or verbal, agreement to observe the laws and customs. But experience had produced public caution; and by the final clause of the "Pacta Conventa," the king elect now declared, that "if he should violate any of his engagements to the nation, the oath of allegiance was thenceforth to be void." The crown had, until this period, been hereditary, liable, however, to the national rejection. From the era of the Pacta Conventa it became wholly elective; an example single among European governments, and giving warning of its error by the most unbroken succession of calamities in the history of modern nations.

Poland was still to have a slight respite. On the vacancy after the death of Wadislav in 1648, Casimir, the last descendant of the Jagellon blood, was found in a cloister; where he had entered the order of Jesuits. Popular affection placed him on the throne. He governed wisely a state now distracted with civil faction and religious dispute. At length grown weary of the sceptre, he resigned it for the crosier of the Abbot of St. Germain de Prés, in France; and enjoyed in this opulent and calm retreat a quiet for which he had been fitted by nature, and which he must have sought in vain among the furious spirits and clashing sabres that constantly surrounded and disturbed the throne of his ancestors.

The hero of Poland, John Sobieski, the

next king, sought his way to the crown by a long series of exploits of the most consummate intrepidity and skill. His defeat of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, in Podolia, finally extinguished all rivalry, and he was placed on the throne by acclamation. All his conceptions were magnificent; on the peace with the Porte, he sent his ambassador with a train of seven hundred; a number which offended the pride of the Turk, and gave rise to one of those pithy sarcasms which enliven diplomacy. The Polish ambassador, who had been detained for some days outside the walls of Constantinople, by his own haughty demand, that the Vizier should come to meet him at the gates, required a supply of provisions for his attendants. "Tell the ambassador," answered the vizier, "that if he is come to take Constantinople, he has not men enough; but if it is only to represent his master, he has too many. But if he wants food, tell him that it is as easy for my master the Sultan to feed seven hundred Poles at the gates of the city, as it is to feed the seven thousand Poles who are now chained in his galleys."

The ambassador was at length admitted, and resolving to dazzle the Turks by a magnificence, unseen before, he ordered some of his horses to be shod with silver, so loosely fastened on, that the shoes were scattered through the streets. Some of them were immediately brought to the vizier, who, smiling at the contrivance, observed, "The Infidel has shoes of silver for his horses, but a head of lead for himself. His republic is too poor for this waste. He might make a better use of his silver at home."

But Sobieski's great triumph was to come. The Turkish army, strongly reinforced, made a sudden irruption into the Austrian territories; swept all resistance before them, and commenced the siege of Vienna. The year 1683 is still recorded among the most trying times of Europe. The Austrian empire seemed to be on the verge of dissolution. But the fall of Vienna would have been more than the expulsion of the Austrian family from its states; it would have been the overthrow of the barriers of western Europe. All crowns were already darkened by the silent and terrible superiority of Mahometanism. The possession of the Austrian capital would have fixed the Turk in the most commanding position of Germany; Vienna would have been a second Constantinople.

The siege was pressed with the savage fury of the Turk. The emperor and his household had fled. The citizens, assailed by famine, disease, and the sword, were in

despair. Sobieski was now summoned, less by the entreaties of Austria, than by the voice of the Christian world. At the head of the Polish cavalry, which he had made the finest force of the north, he galloped to the assistance of the beleaguered city, attacked the grand vizier in his entrenchments, totally defeated him, and drove the remnants of the Turkish host, which had proclaimed itself invincible, out of the Austrian dominions. No service of such an extent had been wrought by soldiery within memory. Vienna was one voice of wonder and gratitude, and when the archbishop, on the day of the *Te Deum*, ascended to preach the thanksgiving sermon, he, with an allusion almost justifiable at such a moment, took for his text—

"There was sent a man from God, whose name was John."

The death of this celebrated man in his 76th year, and after a prosperous reign of twenty-three years, left Poland once more to the perils of a contested throne. Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, at last was chosen. No choice could have been more disastrous. Augustus had promised to restore Livonia to Poland; but it was in possession of the Swedes, who were now rapidly rising to the highest distinction as a military power. Charles XII., the lion of the north, had filled his countrymen with his own spirit; and the attempt to wrest Livonia from the first warrior of the age was visited with deadly retribution. Augustus had formed a league with the King of Denmark, and the Czar, Peter the Great—a man, whose rude virtues were made to redeem the indolent and sullen character of his barbarian country. The Swedish king rushed upon the Saxon and Polish forces like a whirlwind; they were totally defeated. In the next campaign, a still larger army was defeated at Clissaow with still more dreadful slaughter. An assembly held at Warsaw, under Charles, now declared Augustus incapable of the crown. Charles proposed to give the sovereignty to the third son of Sobieski; but the prince magnanimously refused a throne which he considered the right of his elder brothers, both of whom were in a Saxon fortress. Stanislas Lesinski was at this period accidentally deputed to Charles on some business of the senate. The king was struck with his manly appearance. "How can we proceed to an election," said the deputy, "while James and Constantine Sobieski are in a dungeon?"—"How can we deliver your republic," exclaimed Charles, abruptly, "if we do not elect a new king." The suggestion was followed by offering the sceptre to Stanislas, who was soon after, in

1704, proclaimed monarch of Poland. Charles now plunged furiously into Saxony, and broke the power of the Elector. But the caprice of war is proverbial. The Russians had been at last taught to fight even by their defeats. The ruinous battle of Pultowa drove Charles from the field and the throne. Stanislas fled; Augustus was restored in 1710, and Poland was left to acquire strength, by a temporary rest, for new calamities. In the winter of 1735, Russia was delivered from the only enemy that had threatened her ruin—Charles was killed at the siege of Fredericshall.

The reign of Peter had raised Russia into an European power. Strength produced ambition, and the successors of Peter began to interfere closely with the policy of Poland. The death of Frederick III. in 1764, gave the first direct opportunity of influencing the election, and Count Stanislas Poniatowski, whose personal graces had recommended him to the empress, and whose subserviency made him a fit instrument for the Russian objects, was chosen king in 1764. Bribes and the bayonet were his claims, yet there were times when he exhibited neither the dependance of a courtier nor the weakness of a slave.

A new era was now to begin in the history of Poland. Religious persecution was her ruin. The Reformation had been extensively spread in the provinces. From an early period the Polish hierarchy devoted to Rome, had always exerted the most rancorous spirit against the Protestants. A succession of persecuting decrees had been made, chiefly from the beginning of the tenth century. But by the general disturbances of the government, or the wisdom of the monarchs, they had nearly fallen into oblivion. But in the interregnum between the death of Frederic, and the election of Stanislaus, the popish party carried in the convocation diet a series of tyrannical measures, prohibiting the Protestants, or dissidents, as they were called, from the exercise of their religion, and from all situations and offices under government. The dissidents, fearful of still more violent measures, appealed to foreign governments. Russia, eager to interfere, immediately marched in a body of troops to support their claims. A popish confederacy, long celebrated afterwards in the unhappy history of the kingdom, was formed in 1767, and from that hour Poland had scarcely an hour's respite from civil war.

Poland was now ripe for ruin. In 1769, on pretence of a plague, the King of Prussia advanced a body of troops into Polish Prussia. The possession of this

province had long been coveted by the wily monarch. Its position between his German dominions and Eastern Prussia, rendered it important. He now found the kingdom in confusion, and he determined to seize his prize. To make it secure, he proposed a partition to Austria and Russia; to the Austrian emperor, at an interview at Niess, in Silesia, in 1769, or in the following year at Newstadt; to the Empress of Russia, by an embassy of his brother Henry to St. Petersburg. This infamous treaty was signed at St. Petersburg in 1772. Stanislaus had no power to resist this tyranny, but he attempted to remove its chief evils by giving his people a free constitution in 1791. The neighbourhood of freedom again brought down the wrath of Russia. A Russian army of seventy thousand men were instantly under orders. The empress's brief commands were, "that the constitution should be abolished." The King of Prussia, Frederic William provisionally seized Dantzic, Thorn, and a part of Great Poland. The Russian ambassador entered the diet with troops, and forced the assembly to comply with his requisitions. The nation was indignant. Kosciusko, who with the nobles had fled, now returned from Leipsic, put himself at the head of a multitude rather than an army, defeated several hodies of Russians with great slaughter, reinstated the king, and was soon at the head of seventy thousand men: with those he also repulsed the Prussian army. But he was suddenly attacked by Suwarrow, and after a long conflict was utterly defeated and taken prisoner. Suwarrow then marched against Warsaw, which he took by storm, murdering in the suburb of Praga upwards of thirty thousand human beings of all ages. In 1795 the third partition of Poland was effected. Stanislaus was sent to St. Petersburg, where in 1798 he died. The heroic Kosciusko was subsequently liberated by the Emperor Paul, and after residing in France up to the period of the allied invasion, died at Soleure, Oct. 15, 1817, in his sixty-fifth year—a name consecrated to eternal memory.

For this hideous conspiracy of ambition and blood, Poland was sternly avenged by the French armies. Her oppressors were broken to the dust. From this period she began to recover. Napoleon raised her to a partial degree of independence. The congress of Vienna made her a kingdom once more, but still a Russian kingdom. The time may be at hand, when she shall have a really independent existence. It will depend on her own virtues, whether the opportunity of this great hour of change shall be thrown away.

The narrative of the late insurrection is still confined to a few scattered events. On the 1st of December the Russian superintendent of the school for military engineers in Warsaw, where some hundreds of the Polish youth were educated, had the insolence to order two of the young officers to be corporally punished. The students instantly rose against the author of the indignity, drove him out, and rushed to the quarters of a regiment of the native guards, calling on them to rise against the oppressors. The troops immediately followed the call, the spirit spread, the Russian soldiery were everywhere gallantly and instantly attacked and routed. The Grand Duke Constantine, the chief object of popular hatred, was assaulted in his palace at night by the troops, was wounded in the head, and escaped with difficulty to the suburb of Praga, at the opposite side of the river, where a Russian detachment had its quarters. A great deal of confused and, as it appears, sanguinary, fighting took place in Warsaw during the night, and an extraordinary number of Russian officers of high rank had fallen, probably surprised in their quarters, or exposing themselves in this desperate state of their affairs. By morning the citizens were masters of Warsaw, the Russians were either expelled or captured; Constantine had declared his intention of offering no immediate resistance to the public proceedings, a burgher guard had been formed, a provisional government of the first nobles of the country installed, a general appointed, and a national call made to all Poles serving in the Russian, Prussian, and other foreign armies, to join their countrymen. Deputations had been also sent through the provinces, and to St. Petersburg. And, with the winter to impede the advance of the Russian army, and with the spirit existing in Europe, the Poles contemplated a triumph over their long degradation.

We are no lovers of revolutions. We know their almost necessary evil, their fearful summoning of the fiercer passions of our nature, the sullen, civil hatred by which brother is armed against brother, the long ordeal of furious licence, giddy anarchy, and promiscuous slaughter! Of all this we are fully aware. The crime of the man who lets loose the revolutionary plague, for revenge, love of gain, or love of power, is beyond all measure and all atonement.

The first revolution of France, in 1789, was an abhorred effort of an ambition which nothing could satiate, and nothing could purify. The late revolution was a thing of strong necessity, less an assault

on the privileges of royalty, than a vindication of human nature. The people who could have succumbed under so base and insolent a violation of kingly promises, would have virtually declared themselves slaves, and fit for nothing but slaves. The Polish revolution is justified by every feeling which makes freedom of religion, person, and property dear to man. Poland owes no allegiance to Russia. The bayonet gave, and the bayonet will take away. So perish the triumph that scorns justice, and so rise the holy claim of man, to enjoy unfettered the being that God has given him.

The change of the duchy of Warsaw into a kingdom by Russia was a royal fraud. The name of independence had none of the realities of freedom. The governor was a tyrant, publicly declared to be unfit even for a Russian throne! The only authority was the Russian sword. Every act of government emanated from St. Petersburg. The whole nation was in a state of *surveillance*. Every man who dared to utter a manly sentiment; every writer whose views did not perfectly coincide with the dictates of the Russian cabinet; every mind superior to the brute, was in perpetual danger of Siberia. What would be the feeling of England, if a doubt of the wisdom of a ministry whispered over the table, much more declared in a public journal, would expose the doubter to instant denunciation by a spy—to instant seizure by a police-officer—and then, without further inquiry—without trial, without being confronted with the accuser—to banishment to the farthest corner of the world, to a region of horrors ten thousand miles from every face that he had ever known? How is it possible to wonder that men should feel indignant under this hideous state of being? that they should disdain life thus shamed and stung? that they should rejoicingly embrace the first opportunity to struggle for the common rights of existence, and think all things better than to leave the legacy of chains to their children?

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.†

It was on the evening of her departure for a transatlantic voyage, that the quarter-

† Ibid.

Should the circumstances of this story be criticized as overdrawn, the writer can affirm that the main event is founded on fact; an assertion often advanced, and seldom believed, yet not the less true in the present instance.

deck of an English man-of-war, lying in the Tagus, was splendidly illuminated, in honour of a farewell entertainment given by the British officers to a favoured selection of the residents of Lisbon.

No scene of gaiety presents a more picturesque appearance than that exhibited by the festive decorations of a full-sized man-of-war; and, on the present occasion, the *Invincible* was not behind her sisters of the ocean in the arrangements of her marine festivities. Her quarter-deck was covered by an awning of gay and party-coloured flags, whose British admixture of red glowed richly and gaily in the light of the variegated lamps, which, suspended on strings, hung in long rows from the masts and rigging of the vessel. Below, the tables of the ward-room were spread with the most delicate and even costly refreshments. All was mirth and apparently reckless gaiety; and it seemed as if the sons of Neptune, in exercising their proverbial fondness for the dance, and acknowledged gallantry to their partners, had forgotten that the revolution of twenty-four hours would place a world of waters between them and the fair objects of their devotion, and would give far other employment for their limbs than the fascinating measures to which they now lent them.

There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consorted ill with the gaiety of the surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficient to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmixed, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loeffler and Ernestine Fredeberg had been married but seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loeffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united by the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The husband and wife joined the dance but once that evening, and then—publish it not at Almack's—they danced together! Yet their hearts sickened ere the measure was ended; and retiring to the raised end of the stern, they sate apart from the mirthful crowd, their countenances averted

from those faces of gladness, and their eyes directed towards the distant main, which showed dismal, dark, and waste, when contrasted with the bright scene within that gay floating-house of pleasure.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure-vessel was plunging her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loeffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main-shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and, in the voice of humanity, counselled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main-yards which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated to the deck. Loeffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of “accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main-yard,” on the youth’s case; and as such it went down in the marine record, amid notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loeffler’s repeated representations of the young seaman’s previous appearance. Christian’s testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened: and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours, death as well as sickness began to show itself. The captain became alarmed, and a report was soon whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loeffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half-insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind, which had blown favourably for the first ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the midway ocean.

But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangways in their restless passage to and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment's warning, be summoned from them to death and eternal doom.

Loeffler had shown much courage during these fearful scenes; one night, after having for some time tended the beds of the sick and dying, he retired to his couch, and endeavoured to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all the thoughts that weighed down his spirit. But a death-like sickness came over him; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on Heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face towards the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain; the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A humane hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loeffler partially slumbered. But who can describe that strange and pestilential sleep! A theatre seemed to be "lighted up within his brain," which teemed with strange, hideous, and portentous scenes, or figures whose very

splendour was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and, instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards, and sails of the vessel were all made of living phosphor, or some strange ignited matter, which far and wide sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loeffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacing were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct, and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing top-masts—up which Loeffler strained his vision—seemed to pierce the skies. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arm violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test, by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loeffler saw himself lost. He cast a languid and fevered glance toward the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and murmured, "Farewell! farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loeffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction.

I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested,"† But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly-sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes that followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched-prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baleful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous death of the surgeon and commander, that Loeffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for sometime quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself still above deck, but placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet the difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a sea-mess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previously to the sleeper's awakening. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young German. But they brought

with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength, Loeffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound, either of feet or voices met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loeffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and then collecting his powers of mind and body, quitted his couch and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loeffler's eye! The whole deck was strewn with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth, and starting eyeballs shewed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep; but the livid and purple marks of these last corpses, scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the "integrity of their dimensions," showed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than with the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence. The "Invincible," once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon: sea and sky seemed to meet only to close in that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potion, from which his long-confirmed habits of sobriety would formerly have

† In foreign climates I have often heard the livid spots about the heart, above described, cited as the *tokens* of the plague.

shrunk with disgust; and, under the stimulus of this excitement, compelled himself to the revolting office of swallowing a food which he felt necessary to carry him through the task he contemplated. This task was two-fold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower-decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loeffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or—as was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one tiring being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loeffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength were further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sank upon the waters. The German began to stir in the soul of Loeffler. He was alone—the stillness was so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead, whose corpses, here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried through the darkness, the well-known and reanimate face of some departed shipmate. Still he felt that his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. On the evening of the following day, but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams

Loeffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial-rites of the Church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims awaited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew, which had now disappeared for ever.

A few sails were still furled, and uncertain whether they were the beat or the worst that might be hoisted, Loeffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to any port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the Invincible.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto-stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loeffler was no seaman; and, therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, his was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the Invincible, who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian's mind, as gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarcely perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel, and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best-beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the Solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled Invincible. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but still, as if that were the magical, and even malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light, deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to

correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half-fearful, half-hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loeffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and apparently-concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—shewed wide-spread sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm-tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loeffler could not determine; but the conviction that she was filling with water forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north-eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud—"Farewell! farewell!"

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulph preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loeffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime-trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit shewed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his

awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou too," he said, confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man of war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride, by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his Solitary Voyage.

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

WEEP not for her!—she hath pass'd as the breeze,
Bringing freshness and balm over Araby's sea,
That, fraught with perfume from the rich incense-trees,
Hath in it the breath of Eternity.
Oh! the hearts that bewail her, should joy for her
Now,
When her spirit its dwelling of clay hath laid
Down,
And the "beauty of holiness" sits on her brow,
With the hallowing light of that heavenly crown.
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—she hath flown to the skies,
In the noon of her beauty, her years, and her
worth;
As the dews of the morning to heaven arise,
All glowing in splendour, too lovely for Earth!
Like a thought has she come—like a shadow departed—
A meteor of hope shall her bright presence be,
When—a seraph—she points out to Earth's broken-hearted
Thy haven of love, Lord! and guides them to thee.

Weep not for her.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.†

Mr. Theodore Hell, "a name *unmusical* to Volscian ears," announces himself as the executor of Weber and guardian of

† Abridged from the Foreign Quarterly Review. —No. XIII., c.—Posthumous Works of Carl Maria von Weber; published by Theodore Hell. Dresden and Leipzig.

his sons; and in this capacity of executor he has laid before the public the posthumous works of his deceased friend, accompanied with various dissertations of his own, critical and biographical. With his aid and that of one or two other sources, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some authentic particulars relative to this great and good man. Weber was born at Enstlin, in Holstein, on the 18th of December, 1786. Like almost every other great composer, his father was a musician. He was an accomplished violinist, and at an early period anxiously devoted himself to the education of his son. The retired habits of his family, his early intercourse with persons older than himself, and his seclusion from the society of rude and boisterous playmates, soon excited in his mind a disposition to thought, and taught him to live in a world of his own imagination. "I heated my fancy," says Weber in a letter to a friend, written long afterwards, "with the reading of romances, and pictured to myself models of ideal excellence." These sedentary pursuits and early wanderings of imagination, while they matured his intellectual faculties, not improbably laid the foundation of that physical weakness which too soon terminated in disease. His occupations were incessant. Music at first only shared his attention with painting and drawing. He wrought in crayons, in oil, in water-colours; he etched very tolerably; every thing, in short, indicated that restless activity of mind, which whether it be spread over the whole field of art, or poured into a single channel, seems to be the inseparable concomitant of genius. Gradually the master-feeling of his soul assumed the preponderance, and banished its rivals from the scene; painting and etching dropped silently into abeyance, and music engrossed the whole energies of his youthful mind.

Even the field of music, it seemed, was not wide enough for him. Senefelder's discovery of lithographic printing all at once inspired him with the resolution of turning lithographer. He thought he had discovered an improved process in lithography, and forthwith set about reducing his invention to practice, by removing to Freyberg and actually commencing the practice of the art. But the mechanical, "spirit-killing" drudgery, as he calls it, of this employment soon became repulsive, and throwing away his alkalis and his dabbers, he returned with a warmer and now unalterable attachment to his former studies.

In 1800, he composed the music of the Chevalier Steimberg's opera, "The Maid of the Woods," which though he himself

characterizes it "as a very immature production, only not entirely destitute of occasional invention," appears to have been received with approbation even in Berlin and Petersburg, no trifling distinction for the work of a boy of fourteen.

Vienna is, in Germany, the Holy Land to which all musical devotees make their pilgrimage, and Weber also turned his face to the east. His reception was kind and cordial. Musicians, in general, are not conspicuous for the harmony of their intercourse with each other; but Weber was received with generous sympathy by those in whose minds his rising genius and boundless application might have excited envy.

He travelled through Germany in various directions, and his operas were played with success in Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna.

Weber's marriage was a happy one. His wife was the celebrated actress, Caroline Braud, with whom he had formed an acquaintance when at Prague.

In the prosecution of laborious duties, in various capitals, Weber passed his time till 1819, when ill health drew him to the country. During this season of tranquillity he commenced the well known "Frey-schütz," an opera which had long been commissioned for the Berlin theatre, founded on a romance of Apel's. His friend Kind, by whom the text of the opera was to be framed, had at first given it the name of the "Jäger's Bride," which was afterwards changed for the more striking title (to a German ear) of "The Enchanted Bullets." His labours were for a time interrupted by the sickness of his wife; but in 1821, the newly-erected royal opera at Berlin was opened with "Der Freyschutz."

The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which we shall never cease to regard as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and every where with the same success. Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would to God," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards—"Would to God that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow minings of the hectic within began

to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the North of Germany, (where his *Freyschutz* was played in 1823), to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of *Oberon*, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planché's manuscript in December, 1824, and forthwith began his labours, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planché's ephemeral verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering-place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his *Emyanthe* there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the *Freyschutz*, the wild and characteristic music of which came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at *Oberon*.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined, himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realize something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him. He set out early in 1826, accompanied by his friend Furstenan, a celebrated performer on the flute, travelling in a comfortable carriage, which his health rendered indis-

pensable. His cough was less troublesome on the journey than it had latterly been. He reached Paris on the 23th of February, where he was received in the most flattering manner by Rossini, who was so anxious to see him, that he had called before his arrival, that he might ascertain the exact moment of his coming. On the 27th he was present at the first representation of Spontini's "*Olympia*;" and though no great admirer of the composer, the way in which the opera was performed elicited his warmest approbation. "How splendid a spectacle," says he, "is the opera here! The noble building, the masses upon the stage, and in the orchestra, are imposing, almost awful. The orchestra in particular has a strength and a fire such as I never before witnessed." The longer he remained in Paris, the more the number of his visitors increased. "I cannot venture to describe to you," he writes to his wife, "how I am received here. It would be the excess of vanity. The very paper would blush for me, were I to write down half of what the greatest living artists here tell me. If I don't die of pride now, I am ensnared against that fate for ever." Though thus breathing an atmosphere of flattery, and feeling his health and spirits improving amidst the novelty of the scene, his letters betray his longing to revisit his domestic circle, and his resolution never again to undertake so long a journey without the comfort of their society.

On the 2d of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an affen at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as every thing would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London.

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning through this inexpressibly beautiful country; meadows

of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes, (amongst others the largest ship of the line, of one hundred and forty-eight guns,) the graceful country-houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where every thing that could add to his comfort or soothe his illness had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five, then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits me exactly, and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon), I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one. For eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the third (of March), a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come. But be it as God wills.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here! and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschütz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again.

Fortunately soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour. And now, dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely. Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors, and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he, "in another of his confidential letters to his wife, (29th of March, 1826) "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, and the warriors cry out victory!"

The battle was indeed nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had been long wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his tri-

triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

12th April, 1826.

"My best Caroline! Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted by buzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encoring the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. So much for this night, dear life: from your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his "Oberon" in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited. His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point, in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience—patience—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it.

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin.' I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

30th May.

"Dearest Lina, excuse the shortness

and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already, too, impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms.

"If God will, we shall leave this on the 12th of June, if heaven will only vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavours to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to be present at the Freyschutz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the 2d of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavours to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenuau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O were I only among you. I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday, the 3d of June, he felt so ill, that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschutz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock in good spirits, and at seven o'clock next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seems to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the

accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber was of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

As a composer, amidst the flood of excellence which Weber's works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent. We think, however, that he was, in no respect, more distinguished than for the perfect originality of his style. He imitates no particular master, he is the slave of no particular school, and can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path decidedly and peculiarly his own; and yet with all this originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is perhaps less of a mannerist than any composer of his day. The character of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procrustes' bed, to which all themes whatever are forcibly subjected and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his compositions, as they invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject, possesses all the beauty and variety incident to it; and when we turn to his laughing choruses, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated—to the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max when struggling to escape from the demon, and to many other passages of his works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of nature so as to bring it within the laws of musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which nature points out, that we may apply to him with the most perfect justice the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakspeare, when he describes him as being "less an imitator than an instrument of nature,"

and adds, "that it is not so just to say of him that he speaks from her as that *she* speaks through him."

TO ADA.

'Twas not thine eye of heavenly blue,
'Twas not thy golden hair;
'Twas not thy cheek of blushing hue,
Than rose itself more fair:
'Twas not thy smile, more bright than star
In yonder heavens hung;
'Twas not thy voice, though sweeter far
Than harp by seraph strung—
Oh no! 'twas none of these that woke
The love that fills my breast,
But the bright ray of mind that spoke
Thee, noblest, purest, best!
And when thy youth's sweet spring is past,
And Beauty's reign is o'er,
I'll love thee for the charms which last
When beauty is no more.

H. M.

A HINDOO REFORMING CHRISTIANITY.

It was impossible for Bishop Middleton to observe without pain that fresh dangers seemed to be arraying themselves against the cause of genuine Christianity in India, and from a quarter, that, of all others, might have been the least suspected. A Brahmin, by the name of Rammohun Roy, had recently renounced the grosser absurdities of his national creed, though without becoming even half a convert to Christianity; and his first considerable exploit in his new character was to publish an "Appeal to the Christian world," to extinguish what he was pleased to term the *polytheism* of the Trinity! "And, certainly," says the bishop, "he makes out his case quite as well as Lant Carpenter or Belsham. It was but the other day that Christians were considered as bound to be cautious how they attacked the follies of the Hindoos; nay, indeed, the feeling still prevails—and now a Hindoo comes forward to reform Christianity, and to attack the follies and prejudices of the whole Catholic church of Christ, whom he denominates a *sect*." That the light which had dawned upon himself might not be hidden from his countrymen, Rammohun, it seems, was busy in translating his work into the native languages, for the instruction of his countrymen. And what was the most curious particular of the whole history, it was understood that he had derived material assistance in its compo-

sition from a Christian, who had been formerly of the baptist persuasion, but who, in attempting the conversion of the Brahmin to the doctrine of the Trinity, became himself a convert to the deism of his catechumen, and actually set up a Unitarian chapel in Calcutta! "It is unquestionably my duty," says the bishop, "to take up the question, provided I can find time for it. But a slight answer would be worse than nothing: it requires a volume. The writing, however, of a volume is not the whole difficulty; the printing is as difficult; for the expense here is ruinous—three times what it is in England: and, besides, there is no sale. I question whether, according to the prevailing notions here, the bishop could print for sale. If it were not treated as trading, it would be thought mean: he ought to give away all the copies; to which there is this objection—that thus they who will not read a book possess it, while they who want it, go without it." It will easily be conceived that a circumstance like this must have been deeply distressing to a person like Bishop Middleton, whose whole faculties were wrapped up in the one grand purpose of his mission, and whose spirits were kept in a state of perpetual excitement by the multitude of harassing anomalies with which his peculiar situation surrounded him.—*Le Bus's Life of Bishop Middleton.*

SKETCH OF THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

THIS extraordinary woman, who during the greater part of a century excited so much attention, both as a politician and a *sacante*, was born near Autun, in the year 1746. She inherited no fortune, but being of noble family, was received at the age of four years as canoness of the noble chapter of Aix; and after that time was called La Comtesse de Lancy. Her family name was St. Aubin. As she grew up, she was distinguished for her general talents and accomplishments, and especially that of music—playing exquisitely on the harp, which was then a rare accomplishment—and a handsome person. These qualifications soon obtained her admission into the best society. She had also many admirers; but chance decided her lot so far as related to marriage. A letter which she had written to one of her acquaintances fell into the hands of the Count de Genlis, a young nobleman of considerable fortune

and a good family, who was so charmed with the style, that he aspired to acquaintance with, and afterwards became the husband of the fair writer, when she was only in the seventeenth year of her age. By means of this union, Madame de Genlis had access to the family of the Duke of Orleans, whose son, then Duke de Chartres, had a rising family, which he determined to place under her care for their instruction; this scheme was put in practice in 1783. Meantime the Count de Genlis had accompanied General Lafayette to assist the Americans in their war against England; and shortly afterwards reports became prevalent relative to an alleged *liaison* between Madame de Genlis and the Duke de Chartres, which was subsequently strengthened into a general belief by the mysterious appearance of an adopted daughter, afterwards known by the name of Pamela. This founding was educated with the children of the Duke, and experienced all the care of the most affectionate mother from the Countess de Genlis, who in her own Memoirs gives, notwithstanding the calumny we have alluded to, a very distinct account of the birth of this girl, who was subsequently married to the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. She states that she was the daughter of a gentleman of high rank, named Seymour, who married a low-born woman, and went off with her to Newfoundland, where he died; that then his wife returned with her infant to England, but his family refusing to acknowledge her, she was reduced to great distress, and laboured for her maintenance. A Mr. Forth was commissioned by the then Duke of Orleans to send over a young English girl to converse with his children, that so they might become acquainted with the language. Pamela was selected, and Madame de Genlis became much attached to her, and adopted her as her daughter. There was a sufficient quantity of enthusiasm about the countess to render such a step on her part perfectly natural, and easily to be accounted for.

It was during her engagement as preceptress of the Duke de Chartres' children that Madame de Genlis began her career as a writer, by works of Education, which were soon found in the hands of all the fashionable mothers of families. "The Theatre of Education."—"Adela and Theodore."—"The Evenings of the Castle," and the "Annals of Virtue," of the Countess de Genlis, were the most popular works ever produced of their kind; but Madame de Genlis' ambition was not to be satisfied by the production of works on education merely; and the good people of Paris was astonished to

see a religious work proceed from the Palais Royal, the object of which was to prove that religion is the basis of all happiness and all philosophy. This work was, however, properly speaking, only edited by the accomplished Countess; and the Abbé Lamourette and Gouchat had contributed largely to the materials. The warmest admirers of Madame de Genlis must, however, acknowledge that her religion savoured too much of the French school, to be considered perfectly pure, either in principle or action—it is difficult to breathe the atmosphere of courts and remain untainted.

In 1791, she resigned the situation of governess of the Duke of Orleans's children, but she shortly after resumed it, in consequence of Mademoiselle d'Orleans being dangerously ill. She, however, stipulated that she should immediately depart for England with her pupil. Accordingly, in October 1791, she visited his country, and resided three months at Bury, nine months at Bury St. Edmund's, and made a tour through various parts of the kingdom. In the history of her own life, she makes many severe strictures on the thoughts and actions of the English nation. She is especially angry with Dryden for declaring that Corneille's plays "are cold and declamatory, while those of Racine are insipid, and display no genius." One of her sarcasms is not the less bitter, because unfortunately true. "The most frivolous of the Arts are the best paid in England," she says, "it is only in London that dancers and singers make real fortunes."

In September 1792, Madame de Genlis was desired to return to Paris without delay, a decree against emigrants having been passed by the convention, to which decree the absence of the duke's daughter would render her amenable. Madame de Genlis accordingly returned, and resigned her charge, but on the following day, she and her charge were declared to be emigrants, and were ordered to quit Paris within forty-eight hours, and France without delay. Madame de Genlis now determined to reside in England, but was entreated by the Duke of Orleans to accompany his daughter to Tournay, and stay till he could engage a proper person to take the place of governess. To this Madame de Genlis consented. Circumstances prevented the Duke of Orleans from procuring another governess for his daughter, and she therefore remained under the care of Madame de Genlis. When the Austrians re-conquered Flanders, Madame de Genlis withdrew her pupil to Switzerland, and wished to settle at Zug, where they were joined by the Duke de Chartres, who always re-

ained an affection, amounting to veneration, for his governess: but the magistrates of the town would not permit their stay; and General Montesquieu, who had emigrated to Bremgarten, provided for these exiled and wandering females an asylum in the convent of St. Clair. The Princess of Orleans shortly after quitted Madame de Genlis, and went to reside under the care of her aunt, the Princess of Conti, who at that period resided at Friburg.

Madame de Genlis herself quitted the convent of St. Clair, in May 1794, and went to Altona, whence she removed to Hamburg; there a Monsieur Rivorat attacked her with her own weapons—wit and humour—but she defended herself bravely. She next retired to a farmhouse at Silk, in Holstein, where she wrote her works entitled "The Knights of the Swan," "Rash Vows," "The Rival Mothers," and "The Little Emigrants." She also published "A refutation of the Calumnies which had been heaped upon her for her conduct during the Revolution."

In the year 1800, Madame de Genlis obtained leave to return to France, and Napoleon gave her apartments in the arsenal, and a pension. Since that period her pen has been constantly active: her works are as numerous as those of Voltaire. The "Theatre of Education" is considered much the best of them; all, however, are written in a very graceful style, with much ingenuity, and display an active mind and an elegant fancy.

Ever since the return of Louis-Philippe of Orleans, (the present King) to France, after the restoration of the Bourbons, great kindness has been shown to this accomplished writer by his family, up to the last moment of her life. She died at Paris, on the 31st of December 1830, at the age of eighty-four years.

For two days previous to her death, she had, as usual, been occupied with her literary and other labours until a late hour. Up to twelve at night, she was dictating to her attendant, after which she commenced arranging a letter to the king. Scarcely a day passed in which some of the Royal Family failed in some token of kind remembrance to her. To a letter, offering for her acceptance splendid apartments in the palace of the Tuilleries, where the present reigning family of France are expected in a short time to take up their own abode, the Countess was engaged in writing a grateful denial, and her reasons for it, to his Majesty, until nearly three o'clock on the morning of her decease. At that hour she was put to bed, and at ten o'clock, she was found a corpse. The wife of General Gerard was her grand-

daughter, and was in her house when it was made known that the distinguished lady was no more.

To this sketch it may amuse the reader to add the following account of Madame de Genlis; translated from the piquant French paper the "Figaro."

"Madame de Genlis nearly died the day she came into the world: a mere chance saved her; and the noble lady lived eighty-five years.—What a misfortune, not only for the Ducress and the Genlis, if the clumsy Bailiff who sat down in the arm-chair where the infant prodigy had been left by the careless nurse, had crushed under the ample and heavy development of his various femoral muscles, the hope of French literature! The concussion would have despoiled us of a hundred volumes, and Heaven can witness what volumes! History in romances; morality in proverbs; and religion in comedies. This is what the world of letters would have lost—society would have lost a very different thing.

Such a nose as never was possessed before; a nose modelled by love himself, and celebrated by ten court poets, and which the censor of praise was as unable to improve as a certain tumble which its owner had in infancy.—Hands the most beautiful that could be, and which Madame de Genlis put up for exhibition during twenty years, upon the strings of a harp, now passed into a proverb.—A form without fault, and which made the delight of the Palais Royal parties in the open air. A foot, alike triumphant at the Court and at the *Porcherons*.—Eyes capable of making an impression upon the running footman of M. de Brancas, and of an innumerable crowd of Dukes, lawyers, officers and men of letters.

Mirabeau boasted, in one of his letters, that he had communicated his own tenderness to the charming tigress; but Mirabeau was a vain, good-for-nothing coxcomb, and the boudoir on four wheels which he presented as the theatre of his triumph, was a horrible invention. The proof is, that Madame de Genlis says nothing whatever about it in her Memoirs. Posterity should be just towards the illustrious Countess, and accept, as sincere, her revelations. Let us, then, consider her as the most virtuous of women; as the least arrogant; the most sensible; the most learned; for all, in fine, that she desired to appear; for Madame de Genlis never said what was untrue; she solemnly declares so.

Madame de Genlis had a talent that was very dear to her, but the title of a good housewife was that she coveted above all

the rest. I can never forget the following circumstance, exemplifying the *naïveté* of the pretension to be without pretension, which the noble lady sometimes assumed. I was anxious to see this celebrated person, and wrote to ask the favour of a brief interview. She appointed the following day. At twelve o'clock I presented myself; Madame de Genlis was writing; she laid down her pen, and obligingly offered me a seat, then said,—"Allow me, Sir, to finish my *pot au feu*; above being a woman of letters, I value myself as a good housewife." And the Countess scraped the carrots and the leeks, tied them up, put them into the soup-kettle, skimmed the meat, and neither forgot cloves nor fried onions. Then taking off her kitchen apron, came with very good grace to offer herself to my curiosity. We talked upon art and literature, and I must say, that she did not speak of her harp more than twice, of her talent for acting more than once, or of her facility of writing—very much more than six times."

SKETCH OF SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.[†]

SIR EDWARD SUGDEN, though a little man, is, undoubtedly, the greatest lawyer in Westminster Hall. Mr. Tyrrel, one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the law of real property, than whom there is no one more capable of judging in such a matter, has given it as his opinion, that Sir Edward is the *only* man in Westminster Hall who is master of the English law of real property; and it will hardly be denied, that of all the branches of the law, this is the one which requires the most laborious study to become acquainted with, and which, while it preserves more of the form of a science, is, from its dry and abstract nature, less inviting, or, perhaps, we should rather say, more repulsive than any other. To those unacquainted with the various branches into which the practice of the law of England divides itself, and who think that every man who wears a wig and gown has the same sort of business to attend to, it must seem strange that two men so opposite in every respect as Lord Brougham and Sir Edward Sugden should both have attained such eminence in the profession. While both

[†] Abridged from the New Monthly and London Magazine.—No. CXXII.

were at the bar, the scene and the nature of their professional labours were, indeed, as different as their characters and abilities; but now that we find them in the same court—the one as judge, and the other as principal counsel—the consideration of the different means by which they have attained to their several stations is strongly forced upon us. There cannot, indeed, be a greater contrast than that between Lord Brougham and Sir Edward Sugden. The former remarkable for the extent and variety of his accomplishments; versed in almost every species of learning; gifted with resistless but irregular energy; distinguished for the facility with which his mind grapples with great affairs; matchless in the fervour of his eloquence, and eminently qualified to be the first of the popular body, has been made a judge and a member of the House of Peers, in neither of which situations do his peculiar talents shine forth to particular advantage. The latter, a laborious, acute, deeply read lawyer, who has dived deep into the dark recesses of his profession, and left no nook nor cranny unexplored, but whose mind, never by accident nor design, took an excursion in any other direction—possessing, instead of energy, undeviating assiduity—his mind incapable of elevation beyond professional concerns—always fluent, but never eloquent—familiar with the manner in which every species of equity question has been considered and decided upon by former equity judges. Such is the principal advocate, whose daily business it is to plead before the judge we have described, while he plainly and openly lays claim to much more knowledge of the way in which the questions ought to be decided than is possessed by him whose judgment he seeks. Lord Brougham took fame and fortune, as it were, by storm—Sir Edward Sugden has obtained fortune and fame in his profession, by slow and painful steps. His father followed a business which gave him opportunities of being well acquainted with the heads of the legal profession; but it is said that he used to declare his son had no genius for his business, and he would be forced to make him a clerk. He accordingly became a clerk in a solicitor's office, and from that humble station he has risen to his present distinguished position as a lawyer, without any qualifications of a more brilliant nature than steady good conduct and unwearied industry. He had not even the advantages of a liberal education—no acquaintance with the Muses tempted him to wander from the dry delight of parchment—he kept the even tenor of his way, copying and consulting au-

thorities; his thoughts by day were of fines and recoveries; and his dreams by night of springing uses and contingent remainders.

He practised for sometime as a conveyancer before he went to the Bar, and in this branch of the profession continued to perfect himself in the legal learning which he has since turned to so much advantage, both at the bar, and in the legal works which he has published. If Sugden had never entered the Court of Chancery, the reputation attaching to his name from his books alone, would place him amongst the first on the list of real property lawyers. Indeed nothing but his profound legal erudition, nothing but his undoubted knowledge, could have raised him to the rank he holds, having no advantages of birth, nor of prepossessing manners, nor of education, other than legal. Rather insignificant in his appearance, and without much pretension to winning address, he must have remained in obscurity but for the depth and excellence of his professional attainments. His high character as a real property lawyer in the Court of Chancery, was acquired while Lord Eldon presided there; a Judge not likely in a matter of this sort to be deceived. Sir Edward's knowledge of cases is boundless; with the rules of practice he is familiar, and still more so with the remote and difficult principles of our complex system of law. Conveyancing, an intimacy with which is so important to a Chancery practitioner, he is a thorough master of, in all its forms. Upon questions of title, no man's opinion is so valuable nor so much sought after.

I must now say something of Sir Edward Sugden in Court. When I was first in the habit of seeing him in the Court of Chancery, Lord Eldon was upon the bench, and Sugden was the junior King's Counsel. Pepys, Bickersteth, Treglove, Knight, Pemberton, and Finney, who have since got silk gowns, were then behind the bar; and before it, I was daily accustomed to see Wetherell, Hart, Azar, Heald, Horne, Shadwell, and the subject of our sketch. They are all yet in the land of the living; but Horne and Sugden are the only two who are regularly to be found in their old place, pleading before a very different kind of Judge. Wetherell was the same clever, grotesque vehement person, that he still is in the House of Commons. Hart, who was subsequently Vice-Chancellor, and then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was a most singular-looking person, and quite a man for a portrait. He was a tall, or rather a long, ill-favoured elderly man, with a long ragged face, and small dark eyes, which used to glitter in a

strange, slow, lazy manner; he wore spectacles, which were uniformly fixed upon the point of a nose, so long, that had he been a short-sighted man, he would have required an eye-glass to see his spectacles. While he spoke, his principal action consisted in pulling off these nose ornaments, and putting them on again. He used to rest himself as tailors do, by standing up, or slowly pacing along with his hands behind him under his gown, as he may be seen in any of the old collections of the caricature shops. He was an extremely able lawyer, and pursued his argument with a most leisurely imperturbable obstinacy, in spite of the interruptions and cavilings of his learned friends on the other side. He was as slow and as sure as Lord Eldon himself. Sometimes he smiled, "and smiled in such a sort," as would scare any one accustomed only to smiles of honesty and simplicity. It was good for young lawyers to hear him and Lord Eldon discussing the points of a case; they both knew all its bearings as well as a city clerk does the geography of the desk, at which he has been sitting ten hours a day for five-and-forty years. Agar was loud, bustling, and vulgar, both in appearance and manner. Heald was a tall, handsome man, with a stoop, who spoke with a Lincolnshire brogue, and knew his business well; he was very rich; and when his spirits became very much depressed, he left the bar. Horne was, as he is, frowning and vigorous, and always breathing battle. Shadwell, now the Vice Chancellor, seemed always to be out of his place, with a lawyer's wig and gown on. His rosy complexion, effeminate voice, and continual simpering smile, gave him an effeminate appearance, and he appeared to be well pleased with himself, as he bent forward over his brief, his arms extended; and the points of the fingers and thumb of one hand, joined to the similar extremities of the other, while, smiling all the time, he addressed the court respecting exceptions, re-hearings, reports of the master, and other highly interesting topics. He knew practice, however, as well as any man of his standing.

Such were the men with whom Mr. Sugden had daily to compete in the exercise of his duties as a Chancery barrister; and he always appeared to advantage. He was always at his post, always ready for his cause, even when it was unexpectedly called on, and though he did not advocate it with eloquence, or any particular energy of expression, he spoke with much propriety and gentlemanly ease, and evidently with a most complete knowledge of his subject. Sir Edward is in court a man of agreeable though not commanding appearance; his figure is neat and small, his

face handsome, but the somewhat sunken cheek, and lawyer-like hue of his complexion, are witnesses of the laborious study to which he has devoted himself. The prevailing character of his appearance and manner is neatness. Every thing is compact—every thing ready—every thing well arranged, even to the holding of his pen, so as not to sully his fingers. He sits and stands unusually erect—one would suppose that having "consulted the authorities," and found that no man could, by taking thought, add a cubit to his stature, he resolved that he would at least not diminish his by a thoughtful stoop. In speaking, he holds his head as high as he possibly can, and rests his left hand on his brief, while his right is stretched out towards the judge, with the fore-finger extended. In this attitude, he will harangue you for three or four hours at a stretch, in a most even strain of conversational fluency. I do not know a more fluent man—no breaks, no stops, no difficulty in his discourse, but with no more passion or feeling in it, than in a French tragedy. He is correct, copious, smooth, and intelligible, but without one spark of the soul of oratory. While you listen to him, the blood never rushes to your brow nor the tear to your eye; you never clench your hand, nor stand with suspended breath—you think he is doing very well, yet you wish he had done—he is the Sir Robert Peel of the Court of Chancery. If he uses a strong expression, it is connected with something technical, which takes away the force, and he will tell the court that "his client could not *dice into the recesses of the plaintiff's heart*, and discover that he had determined to resist the *payment of costs*." Proud of the knowledge of the principles, and practice of equity law, he frequently delivers himself as if he were expounding the law to an auditory of pupils, rather than reasoning a particular case for adjudication; and he speaks as though he were reading from one of his books. The facility and neatness of the expression, as well as the nature of the matter spoken, serve to confirm the idea.

Sir Edward Sugden is well aware of his own qualifications, and does not always bear them with that meekness, and indulgence to others less informed, which is the best grace of superior ability. He sometimes becomes very elaborately indignant where there is but little occasion, and he is too often short and waspish to his juniors. It is but fair to suppose, however, that there are defects of temper rather than of the heart; and his humane interference respecting the unfortunate people confined for contempt of court, deserves to be mentioned to his praise, and as

a proof that he can feel for the distresses of others, and exert himself for their relief.

In Parliament Sir Edward Sugden does not appear to advantage. When he parts with such adventitious dignity as the legal class affords to personal appearance, he loses more than he can afford, and his parliamentary speaking has the common fault of lawyers' speeches in parliament—it is too prolix, too much about one thing, for the House of Commons. The pernicious habit which barristers so uniformly indulge in before the judges, of speaking a long time, and dwelling upon every ramification of the case, in order to twist the mind of the court or jury from the truth, and the uniformity and declamatory style of their speaking, make them for the most part incapable of taking up the manner which parliament requires. Lawyers, when they come into the House of Commons, forget that the judges before whom they usually speak are paid some five or six thousand a-year each for the trouble of listening, and therefore they will listen, though not in the least interested nor amused; but the members of the house are very differently circumstanced, and they must be interested or amused, in order to induce them to hear a speech patiently. Sir Edward Sugden is rather dull and lengthy, and Chancery-barristerish.

We cannot close a sketch of Sir Edward Sugden at the present time, without some allusion to the palpable hostility which he bears to the present Lord Chancellor, and which he has lately shown in so marked and disagreeable a manner in the Court of Chancery. To employ a trite but expressive phrase, Sir Edward Sugden has never been "right in his mind" since Lord Brougham ascended the woolsack. Loss of place together with that circumstance, seems to have utterly spoiled the learned gentleman's temper, and he bears himself as one crazed in love of office. When Mr. Brougham took his leave of the bar, it was remarked that Sir Edward Sugden alone neglected to rise and acknowledge his parting salutes, as though he would express, "I will not rise to you, whose rise has stopped my rising."

ON ELLAR'S EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE OF HARLEQUIN.

Two actors for two several stages born,
"Old Dury" and "The Garden" did adorn:
The first, in humour rich and quaint surpassed,
In animal vivacity the last;
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two—
And a whole trio we behold within
Thy single person—Ellar, Harley-Quin.

CALMUC TARTARY.

THE hordes that inhabit the vast plains extending northward from the Black Sea and Mount Caucasus, on both sides of the Volga, are best known under the name of Calmucs; they belong to the great stock of the Mogals, who occupy the highlands of Middle Asia, lying within the fortieth and fiftieth degrees of latitude between the dominions of Russia and China. Great numbers of the Calmucs accompanied, in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, the armies of Alexander, whom they acknowledged as the head of at least all those of their tribes that range over the steppes of Astracan. These steppes, over which the Tartars also wander for pasture, as well as the Calmucs, are among the most desert parts of the Russian empire. It is the opinion of some geologists that they were formerly the bottom of the sea, which, in some convulsion of nature, forced its way into the Mediterranean, through the straits of Marmora; the Caspian, the Euxine, the sea of Asoph, and the lakes in their neighbourhood, having still remained, as being the deepest part of that primitive ocean. This opinion is strengthened by the fact, that pits and salt ponds, and a great quantity of shells are still to be seen upon the surface of the country, and that the soil, which consists almost entirely of yellow clay, without stones, is impregnated with various salts in abundance. There is no mountain upon these steppes, except Segdo, which is of a majestic height; and although they are sometimes called plains, they seldom exhibit, for any considerable extent, a level surface. They are, for the most part, undulating into hill and vale, and the prospect is consequently limited, generally, to a few miles. Tufts of grass and wormwood form the principal vegetation, and these grow in scattered solitary bunches, the yellow soil being visible between them. The valleys are more fertile, and produce salt herbs, which, however, the camel only can consume. In the spring, the iris and the tulip, and other bulbous-rooted plants, adorn some favoured portions of these deserts, but they are soon withered, in the summer, by the raging beams of the sun, which there is no tree to intercept, and no rain to mitigate. In winter, the cold is equally intolerable, in consequence of the east wind which rushes over the steppes, in an irresistible current, from the ice-covered heights of Mongolia. Something in the nature of the

† Calmuc Tartary; or a Journey from Sarepta to several of the Calmuc Hordes of the Astracan Government. By H. A. Zwick. London, 1831. Holds-worth and Ball.

mirage, more properly called a *looming*, one of the most beautiful delusions of nature, may be occasionally observed in these wild regions. It is caused by the reflection of the rays of the sun from the heated surface of the earth, and by their refraction through the medium of the dew which is drawn from the vegetation. Hence it happens, that objects which are not within the actual range of vision, are pictured in the air, at the edge of the mist, as if reared in a stream of water. The images sink, by degrees, lower and lower as the spectator approaches, till at last the stream vanishes, and the real landscape is seen, at a greater distance, and smaller than it appeared on the mist.

It is in the steppes that the locusts, those destructive armies which lay waste whole provinces, are supposed to have their birth. Serpents, lizards, scorpions, and particularly the scorpion spider, which is much dreaded; are every where to be met with. Foxes, wolves, and antelopes also abound. Bees never trust themselves to these desolate wilds, and form no part of the wealth of the Calmucs, which consists chiefly of camels, horses, oxen, sheep and goats, animals calculated to supply almost all their wants. Some of the tribes are supplied with guns, and subsist, in summer, by the chase of antelopes; some feed for a season upon wormwood and other dry herbs. The Calmucs who are within the jurisdiction of the Astracan government, are estimated at about twenty thousand tents, or families. The different tribes, of which they are composed, are generally at war one with another. The imperial authority seldom interferes in their disputes, unless by way of mediation. Wells of excellent water are found in many parts of the steppes, and are justly supposed to be the work of some ancient pastoral nation. The Calmucs, a lazy race, take no trouble to keep them in order. The dung found near the wells serves the traveller for fuel; by a slight application of heat it burns like turf. It is obtained in greater quantities than one would expect, the wells being the rendezvous of all the animals that inhabit the desert. Many tumuli are seen upon these steppes, belonging to different ages and races, but chiefly, it is supposed, to the Tartars of the ancient Kamchatkan empire. Those on which stone pillars are found, are of still greater antiquity. They were in existence before the time of Ruisbroek, in the year 1260, and were then considered as the graves of a nation which had long passed away—most probably of the Huns, who, in the fourth century, swarmed from the borders of China, and; by driving before them the Goths and other Teutonic

nations, caused that extensive migration which, in the fifth century, inundated the most fertile regions of Europe.

The tents of the Calmucs are usually pitched in a valley in which good wells are to be found: those of the Princes and Lama (High Priest); and those which serve as temples and the halls of justice, are distinguished by their commanding situation, their size, and the whiteness of their covering. Round the temples, and the hut of the Lama, in a semicircle, are the tents of the inferior priests, and these again are enclosed by those of the Prince's ministers and servants. The doors of all the tents open towards the principal temple.

It would appear that the religion of the Calmucs was derived in early ages from India. The reputed founder, Schagdchaninni, is supposed to have lived long before the time of Christ, and to have delivered precepts, some of which were committed to writing by his disciples during his life, and some after that period. The world he held to be God, and it was his doctrine that every thing was produced by circular motion; that there is a gradation of beings from perfect divinity down to the lowest animal on earth, and to a brood of fiends which inhabit its interior; that by means of transmigration, and according to their good or bad actions, the souls of men may be elevated to perfect divinity, or debased to the state of fiends. This religion has its redeemer too, and a system of penance, discipline, and prayer, and an order of priesthood, at the head of which is the Lama. It has also its superstitions from the poets of Tangris and Assuris, such as good and evil spirits who dwell upon mountains and in streams, and busy themselves much in human affairs;—a fabulous mountain, in the centre of the earth, which is surrounded by seven golden hills, inhabited by men, and creatures resembling men, of different forms and habits;—and an earthly paradise; west of Thibet, where those who have arrived at a state of perfection dwell in the enjoyment of happiness. The Calmucs have images, to which, however, they pay no worship on their own account. "As the senses" they say, "cannot reach the invisible Deity, they like to have a visible representation before them in prayer. But this is not essential; when they cannot have images, (in travelling across the steppes for example), they are accustomed to worship without any symbol addressed to the senses." The most curious part of the Calmuc system of religion is their mode of praying by means of machinery!

"It consists of hollow wooden cylinders, of different sizes, filled with Tangut writ-

ings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters, in the Sanscrit character, commonly, containing the formula Omma-in-bad-ma-chum; each of these is fixed upon an iron axis, which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable of being shut up flat, and is formed upon a small scale, much like a weaver's sheering machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross, there is a hole, in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank in the spindle, the machine can be kept in motion, so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grind-stone (only upright) upon its axis. Before the fire at Sarepta, they had two large Kurds of this kind, with Tangud writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another round the spindle, in the inside of the cylinder, to the length altogether of some hundred feet. These prayer-mills perform a much more important office than a rosary, which only serves to assist the person who prays. The Moguls believe, that it is meritorious respectfully to set in motion (whether by the wind or otherwise), such writings as contain prayers and other religious documents, that the noise of these scraps of theology may reach to the gods, and bring down their blessing. As these prayer-machines usually contain the Tangud formula, which is serviceable to all living creatures (repeated it may be ten thousand times, so that there is a multiplication of power like that in the English Machines, equivalent to the labour of so many individuals),—as prayer can, in this manner, be carried on like a wholesale manufactory, it is not very surprising that prayer-mills are so commonly to be found in the houses of the Moguls. An ingenious contrivance this, for storming heaven with the least possible trouble."

In his journeys to the encampments of the various tribes, Mr. Zwick observed frequent flights of locusts, of which formidable animal he gives the following description:—

"The locust (*gryllus migratorius*) is from three to four inches in length, and, at its full size, is longer and narrower than other insects of the same species, the grasshopper for instance, which is known in Germany, and which has a more prominent breast, and shorter wing. The head is round, with short feelers, and, like the breast, of a dingy green; the throat is dark brown, its large eyes black, the exterior case of the wing of a dirty yellowish green, with many dark spots, showing the black wings at a little distance; the body and the legs are pale yellow, with black marks on the side of the legs next the body. In their first state, the locusts

have very imperfect wings, which do not cover the whole of the body, whereas, when they are full grown, they reach much beyond it. Well might the prophet Joel (chapters 1st and 2nd), refer to the locusts as the agents of a chastising Providence, for they are a real scourge to the nation in which they appear, laying waste whole districts in a very short time, by their dreadful rapacity and great numbers. Wherever they settle, they devour not only every thing green, but the stems of the shrubs, and the weeds of the sea: the Calmucs told us that the very felt on their tents was entirely consumed if they suffered a swarm of these enemies to descend unmolested. As they soon strip the position they have chosen, they are compelled to migrate in search of food, and this usually takes place about dusk. Their long wings enable them to traverse large districts. This species of locust, as well as the *gryllus cristatus*, which was the food of John the Baptist, and is still eaten in Arabia, is prepared in many different ways by the Oriental nations. In Morocco they are so highly esteemed, that the price of provisions falls when the locusts have entered the neighbourhood. The Calmucs do not use them as food, but we were told that wolves, dogs, antelopes, sheep, and other animals which have fattened upon them, are much sought after. The wolves seldom or never attack the flocks of the Calmucs when the locusts are at hand, because they can satisfy themselves with these insects. A circumstance which happened some years ago at Sarepta, is sufficient to prove that locusts are excellent food: the hogs in that neighbourhood became unusually fat, by having been fed for some time entirely upon dead locusts which had been drowned in the Volga, and thrown in heaps on the shore. The swarm of locusts which I have just mentioned was so numerous, that the whole ground was covered with them, and looked as if it had been sprinkled with pea-shells. It was curious to observe, that their heads were all turned to the west, and that in this direction they were devouring every blade of grass with frightful assiduity. In the sunshine their wings appeared like silver or glass, and reflected a tremulous light. Where we passed through their ranks, they rose in thick clouds, with a loud rattling caused by the flapping of their wings against one another, and continued whizzing in irregular groups through the space around us, like snow when it falls in large flakes. The path which they left for us was about twenty paces wider than our line of march, and it was immediately filled up at the same distance behind us, as if by falling

clouds. They were so nimble, that we found it difficult to catch any of them, particularly as our journey took place in the heat of the day, and in the sunshine, when they are always most active. The dogs were highly delighted with chasing these swarms, and snapping as many as they could out of the air, which they accomplished with more facility in the cool of the evening. Many of these locusts were in their first state, when they are of a dark orange colour, others had nearly reached their full growth. After a few days, they had almost all completed their change, and they were able to rise like their comrades into the air, to seek out new districts. Once when I went in search of insects at this place (which I always did secretly, that I might give no offence to the Calmucs who consider it a great sin to kill any creature, and more particularly an insect), I was observed by some Calmucs, whose curiosity was excited by my stooping so often. They came slowly up to me, to see what I was looking for. I commonly satisfied all inquiries, with the pretext that I was looking for medicinal herbs, which they thought the more probable, as they had a high opinion of our science in the art of healing. On this occasion, I took advantage of the transformation of the locusts, as they happened to be in sight. This spectacle they had never before remarked, and it occasioned the greatest astonishment. Such locusts as were ready for their transformation, were to be seen in numbers, climbing up the stalk of a plant, and then holding themselves in an inverted position with their long legs. After a little while, the creature begins to rock itself backwards and forwards, resting at intervals as if almost exhausted, and then shaking itself again with increasing violence, until the breast and head break through, the old covering by continued effort is thrown off, and the insect appears in its perfect state. The wings now grow to their full size, and appear to strengthen before the eyes of the observer, and acquire, by exposure to the air, their natural colour and splendour. While the boys were busied in seeking more blades of grass with locusts upon them, the spectators unceasingly repeated their exclamations of Dalai Lama! Dalai Lama! Chair Khan! Chair Khan! or Kuhrku! Kuhrku! at the sight of a process of nature which had been unknown to them, though it had passed under their eyes."

We have paid more attention to the information collected by Mr. Zwick during his residence among the Calmucs, than to the object which had induced himself and his companions to undertake a journey so

little inviting in the way of amusement. The fact is, that they were employed by the Moravians of Sarepta to distribute the Bible among the Calmuc tribes. They returned, however, without having succeeded in circulating more than *two copies*! The opposition of the Lamas and their priests to the introduction of a new religion was found utterly insurmountable, and even if it had not been so determined, what beneficial effect could the Bible have produced among a nation of wandering tribes, of whom not one person in a thousand can read? Besides, it is to be observed, that although the Russian government permits the free distribution of the Scriptures among its subjects, the Russian church allows no converts to be made throughout the empire, except to its own tenets, and all missionaries of a different religion, who are permitted to distribute the sacred book in that country or its dependencies, are prohibited to accompany it by a single syllable of explanation! We cannot, therefore, be surprised at the failure of Mr. Zwick, a young German of apparently respectable character. Even among the Calmucs who had been in the civilised parts of Europe in 1814, he found no disposition towards education or improvement of any description. One of these, who was constantly recounting the wonders he had seen in Paris, said, among other extravagant things, that "the English had wings"—probably mistaking, says the author, on account of the resemblance of *Angli* and *Angeli*, "English" for "angels." The same travelled barbarian further assured his countrymen, that he saw the moon so low down in the sky of France, that he could almost throw a noose over its horns!

ANECDOTES OF ARIOSTO THE POET.

From a fear probably that his son might entirely lose his taste for study, if he confined him to that of the law, Niccolò was induced to desist from his intended plans. Having seen him, therefore, reach the age of twenty without exhibiting any signs of legal ability, he had the good sense to call him home, and again free him to the cultivation of general literature. This, however, does not appear to have been done till he had employed his authority and reproofs, again and again, to no purpose. Lodovico cherished the most respectful affection for his parent, but in this one point he strove in vain to exercise it, and

perhaps considered it as a duty by no means imperative to sacrifice his feelings and the peace of his life to the hope of making a fortune. A curious anecdote is related to show how impenetrable he was to all exhortations on the subject. It happened one day that Niccolo was more than usually severe in expressing himself respecting the indifference and idleness of which he was guilty. The young poet seemed to listen attentively, but made no attempt at defending himself, till his father went out of the room, when his brother Gabriel, who had been present at the interview, renewed the attack. On this, the accused commenced a serious argument on the points in dispute and made out so clear a case, that his brother asked in astonishment, why he had not answered his father in a similar manner! "Because," replied Lodovico, "while he was storming, my mind was wholly occupied with observing his words and actions, for in a scene of the play I am writing I introduce a young man and his father disputing as we have been."

A singular instance is on record illustrative of the popularity he enjoyed:—being obliged one day to pass over a wild part of the district, the forests of which were known to be the resort of banditti, led by the celebrated chiefs Dominico Marocco and Filippo Parchione, he was somewhat disconcerted at seeing his path crossed by a large body of armed men coming out of the woods. As he was attended by only six followers, resistance to an attack he knew would be vain. Neither he nor his party, however, encountered any interruption till his servant, who had loitered behind, on coming up, was asked by one of the banditti who the gentleman was that had just passed them. Being answered that it was Ariosto the poet, he immediately spurred his horse forward, and pulling off his hat as he approached him said that he was Filippo Parchione, and was come to apologize for having suffered so great a man as Ariosto to pass him unsaluted.

On his return to Ferrara he established himself, with his two unmarried sisters, in the house he had built near the church of St. Benedict, and resumed his former occupations. Of his lighter amusements, gardening was that in which he took most pleasure; and it is curious to know that he was as fond of altering the plan of both his house and grounds, as he was of remodelling the stanzas of the Orlando. His son Virgilio proposed writing an account of his illustrious father's life; but, unfortunately, he never pursued his design beyond the commencement, and a few memorandums are all that have come

down to us. From these, however, we learn the singular fastidiousness of Ariosto in his horticultural amusements, and some other traits of his character, which render him not the less an object of our veneration, by showing us the simplicity as well as power of his mind. "In gardening," says Virgilio, "he pursued the same plan as with his verses, never leaving any thing he had planted more than three months in the same place; and, if he set a fruit tree, or sowed seed of any kind, he would go so often to examine it, and see if it were growing, that he generally ended with spoiling or breaking off the bud. As his knowledge also of flowers was very limited, he many times mistook the plants which might be springing up by chance in the neighbourhood, for those he had set, and he would watch them with the greatest care till he was past beyond doubt as to his mistake. I remember, that having once sown some cucumber-seed, he went every day to see what progress they were making, and was delighted, in a short time, with observing that they flourished extraordinarily well; he, at last, however, discovered, that he had mistaken a young elder-bush for his cucumbers, and that his plants were not yet above ground."—*Scolding's Lives of the Italian Poets.*

VARIETIES.

Traveller's Tastes.—It is singular how tradition, which is sometimes a sure guide to truth, is, in other cases, prone to mislead us. In the celebrated field of battle at Killiecrankie, the traveller is struck with one of those rugged pillars of rough stone, which indicate the scenes of ancient conflict. A friend of the author, well acquainted with the circumstances of the battle, was standing near this large stone, and looking on the scene around, when a Highland shepherd hurried down from the hill, to offer his services as cicerone and proceeded to inform him, that Dundee was slain at that stone, which was raised to his memory. "Fie, Donald," answered my friend, "how can you tell such a story to a stranger? I am sure you know well enough that Dundee was killed at a considerable distance from this place, near the house of Fascal, and that this stone was here long before the battle, in 1688." "Oich! oich!" said Donald, no way abashed, "and your honour's in the right, and I see you ken a' about it. And he wasna killed on the spot neither, but lived till the next morning; but a' the Baron

gentlemen like best to hear he was killed at the great stake."—*Said to the Abbot.*

Tables.—A party seated at a long table will either break up into little knots of two or three, or fall into speech-making; at a round table the conversation will be general and miscellaneous,—in the way of narration, never exceeding a short anecdote; and at no table at all, but placed in a semi-circle about the fire, one's qualification for story-telling will be brought into requisition.

Calculating Boy.—A Sicilian boy, Vincenzo Zuccaro, has lately given repeated proofs of a most extraordinary facility in performing arithmetical computations. He is seven years old, and of good general talents, but is still a mere child, and of no education. The city of Palermo, where he was born, assigned him a pension, which has been subsequently authorised by government, that he may enjoy the advantage of careful instruction, from which his station in society (he is the son of an itinerant fiddler) would otherwise have perhaps excluded him. The answer to one question, which he solved perfectly correctly, contained no fewer than fourteen figures. He could not enumerate such an elevated quantity, but said the figures one after another as independent sums. He computes arithmetical and geometrical progressions, extracts the square and cube roots, and performs any of the common equations. Another precocious boy, Carlo Pace, who at the age of eleven, appeared in the extraordinary character of a public improvisatore, and who was placed in one of the royal seminaries, that lack of fortune might not prejudice his improvement, has written a sonnet on Zuccaro. I subjoin it, though it is no great matter, and is generally considered inferior to his extemporaneous effusions: it is, however, a curiosity, as being written by a boy of thirteen on a child of seven.

This is the child! e'en this! oh, what surprise
Steals to my bosom and enchains my tongue!
Perhaps an angel 'tis, who left the skies
To live th' inhabitants of earth among.
Things that to know require e'en ages might,
Thou sudden seest, and piercest the thick veil.
Glabbing beam of the eternal light—
O child divine and dear! I bid thee hail!
Nought was the genius, at thy age, whose fame
Makes England proud; and nought that other
name

Who but a fulcrum, asked to move all earth.
Why did ill stars, alas! deny thee birth
In old heroic times! Incessant and wreaths
Had given the bard who now thy praises breathes.
Letter from Naples.

Effects of the French Revolution on French Literature.—The year 1830, which may well be designated the year of revolutions, has been an unfortunate one in the annals of French literature. However beneficial the results of the memorable week of July

may ultimately prove to the liberties and permanent interests of the nation, it is a melancholy truth that its immediate effects have been most especially disastrous to the cause of literature. This has been proved by the extraordinary number of failures which have taken place among the booksellers in Paris since that time; it falls little short of two hundred. Some relief has been afforded by the loan which was advanced by the government to the commerce of the metropolis. But the results will be more readily seen by a comparison of the books published in 1829 and 1830. The total number of books registered in the weekly list, entitled "Journal de la Librairie," for the year 1829, was 7823—the same for the year 1830, was 6739. If we take the numbers for the corresponding periods of the years, the difference will still be more striking.

From January 3 to July 23, 1829,	the number was	4651
From January 2 to July 24, 1830		4176

Difference		475
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From August 1 to December 26,	1829, there were	3172	
While from July 31, (the week of	the Revolution), to December 23,	1830, there were only	2563

Difference		609
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Levels in London above the lowest Water Mark:—

	ft.	in.
North end of Northumberland-street, Strand	19	7½
North of Wellington-street, Strand	35	6
North of Essex-street, Strand	27	0
West of Coventry-street	52	0
South of St. James's-street	13	3
South of Air-street, Piccadilly	49	8
North of St. James's-street	46	7
West of Gerard-street	61	4
North of Drury-lane	65	0
South of Beider's-street	74	3
South of Stratford-place	59	4
North of Regent-street	76	0
South of Orchard-street	70	4
North of Cleveland-street	80	10
Centre of Regent-circus	77	2
North of Gloucester-place	72	3
Northside of Aqueduct crossing Regent's Canal	102	6
Opposite south-end of King-street, Great George-street	5	6

The whole of Westminster, except the Abbey and part of the Horseferry-road, is below the level of the highest tide.—*Scientific Gazette.*

Characteristic anecdote of Louis the Fourteenth.—A short time before the death of

Louis the Thirteenth; his young son of five years old, the dauphin, was brought to his bedside. "What is your name?" asked the languid monarch. "Louis the Fourteenth," replied the boy, who had early learned the secret of his dignity. "Not yet, not yet," observed his sire.—*Crowe's History of France.*

Statistics of Great Britain.—The following conclusions, drawn by an ingenious and industrious mind, from authentic data, relative to the statistics of Great Britain, must prove interesting:—The number of men, from fifteen to sixty years of age, is two million two hundred and forty-four thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, or about four in every seventeen males. There are about ninety thousand marriages yearly, and of every sixty-three marriages, three only are observed to be without offspring. The deaths every year, are about three hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred; every month, about twenty-five thousand, five hundred and ninety-two; every week, six thousand three hundred and ninety-eight; every day, two hundred and fourteen; every hour, about forty. The proportion of the deaths of women to those of men, is as fifty to fifty-four. *Married women live longer than those who are not married.* In country places there are, on an average, four children born of each marriage; in cities and large towns the proportion is seven to every two marriages. The married women are, to all the female inhabitants of a country, as one to three; and the married men to all the males, as three to five. The number of widows is to that of widowers, as three to one; but of widows who re-marry to that of widowers, as four to five. The number of old persons who die during the cold weather, is to those who die during a warm season, as seven to four. Half of all that are born, die before they attain seventeen years. The number of twins is to that of single births, as one to sixty-five. Old Boerhaave says, the healthiest children are born in January, February, and March: only one out of three thousand one hundred and twenty-five reaches one hundred years. The greatest number of births is in February and March. The small-pox, in the *natural way*, usually carries off eight out of every one hundred it attacks; by inoculation, one dies out of every three hundred. The proportion of males born to that of females, is as twenty-six to twenty-five. In our sea-ports, there are one hundred and thirty-two females to one hundred males, and in the manufacturing towns, one hundred and thirteen females to one hundred males.—*Monthly Review.*

Curates.—The following list of curates employed throughout England is given in a recent publication:—The curates employed in the several dioceses are—in St. Asaph, thirty; Bangor, fifty-eight; Bath and Wells, one hundred and ninety; Bristol, one hundred and three; Canterbury, one hundred and thirty-five; Carlisle, forty-four; Chester, one hundred and fifty-eight; Cloucester, one hundred and ten; St. David's, one hundred and ninety-four; Durham, seventy-eight; Ely, seventy-one; Exeter, two hundred and fifty-six; Gloucester, one hundred and twenty-eight; Hereford, one hundred and fifty-three; Llandaff, ninety-four; Lichfield and Coventry, two hundred and sixty-eight; Lincoln, five hundred and fifty; London, two hundred and thirty-four; Norwich, four hundred and seventy-three; Oxford, sixty-nine; Peterborough, one hundred and sixteen; Rochester, forty-seven; Salisbury, one hundred and seventy-four; Winchester, one hundred and seventy-seven; Worcester, eighty-three; York, two hundred and sixty; total four thousand two hundred and fifty-four. Of this number one thousand three hundred and ninety-three reside in the glebe-house, and eight hundred and five in the parish; three thousand six hundred are licensed curates. The following statement of stipends affords a melancholy aspect:—six curates receive under 20*l.*; fifty-nine under 30*l.*; one hundred and seventy-three under 40*l.*; four hundred and forty-one under 50*l.*; eight hundred and ninety-two; under 60*l.*; three hundred under 70*l.*; four hundred and fifteen under 80*l.*; four hundred and fifty-eight under 90*l.*; One hundred and fifty-six under 100*l.*; five hundred under 110*l.*; sixty-nine under 120*l.*; two hundred and seven under 130*l.*; fifty-two under 140*l.*; thirty-two under 150*l.*; one hundred and sixty-two under 160*l.*; twenty-six under 170*l.*; fifteen under 180*l.*; five under 190*l.*; three under 200*l.*; seventeen under 210*l.*; two under 220*l.*; two under 230*l.*; two under 240*l.*; three under 250*l.*; four under 260*l.*; one under 290*l.*; two under 310*l.*; one under 320*l.*; and one under 340*l.* There are forty-three who receive the whole income of the benefices they serve; two receive one-half of the income; and one is paid two guineas each Sunday. With respect to the gross value of livings where the incumbents are non-residents, it is stated that there are two thousand four hundred and ninety-six under 300*l.* and one thousand two hundred and thirty-three of the value of 300*l.* and upwards.

SOUTHEY'S UNEDUCATED
POETS.†

In the autumn of 1827, Mr. Southey was spending a few weeks with his family at Harrogate, when a letter reached him from John Jones, butler to a country gentleman in that district of Yorkshire, who, hearing that the poet laureate was so near him, had plucked up courage to submit to his notice some of his own "attempts in verse." He was touched by the modest address of this humble aspirant; and the inclosed specimen of his rhymes, however rude and imperfect, exhibited such simplicity of thought and kindness of disposition—such minute and intelligent observation of Nature—such lively sensibility—and, withal, such occasional felicities of diction—that he was induced to make further inquiries into the history of the man. It turned out that Jones had maintained through a long life the character of a most faithful and exemplary domestic, having been no fewer than twenty-four years with the family, who, still retaining him in their service, had long since learned to regard and value him as a friend. The poet laureate encouraged him, therefore, to transmit more of his verses, and the result is the volume before us.

John Jones gives a simple chronicle of his earlier life, and of the circumstances under which his attempts were produced; he says:—

"I entered into the family which I am now serving in January, 1804, and have continued in it, first with the father, and then with the son, only during an interval of eighteen months, up to the present hour; and during which period most of my trifles have been composed, and some of my former attempts brought (perhaps) a little nearer perfection: but I have seldom sat down to study anything; for in many instances when I have done so, a ring at the bell, or a knock at the door, or something or other, would disturb me; and not wishing to be seen, I frequently used to either crumple my paper up in my pocket, or take the trouble to lock it up, and before I could arrange it again, I was often, sir, again disturbed; from this, sir, I got into the habit of trusting entirely to my memory, and most of my little pieces have been completed and borne in mind for weeks before I have committed them

to paper. From this I am led to believe, that there are but few situations in life in which attempts of the kind may not be made under less discouraging circumstances. Having a wife and three children to support, sir, I have had some little difficulties to contend with; but, thank God, I have encountered them pretty well. I have received many little helps from the family, for which I hope, sir, I may be allowed to say that I have shown my gratitude, by a faithful discharge of my duty; but, within the last year, my children have all gone to service. Having been rather busy this last week, sir, I have taken up but little time in the preparation of this, and I am fearful you will think it comes before you in a discreditable shape; but I hope you will be able to collect from it all that may be required for your benevolent purpose: but should you wish to be empowered to speak with greater confidence of my character, by having the testimony of others in support of my own, I believe, sir, I should not find much difficulty in obtaining it; for it affords me some little gratification, sir, to think that in the few families I have served, I have lived respected, for in none do I remember of ever being accused of an immoral action, nor with all my propensity to rhyme have I been charged with a neglect of duty. I therefore hope, sir, that if some of the fruits of my humble muse be destined to see the light, and should not be thought worthy of commendation, no person of a beneficent disposition will regret any little encouragement given to an old servant under such circumstances."

The stanzas which first claimed and won the favourable consideration ‡ of the poet laureate, were these:—

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

"Sweet social bird, with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee!
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability;

Thy cheerful song in winter's cold,
And, when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old,
Where fear appals each other bird;

Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Creep to the love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

The gleamings of the sumptuous board,
Convey'd by some indulgent fair,
Are in a nook of safety stored,
And not dispensed till thou art there.

‡ It may be heresy to say so, but our opinion of the merit of these stanzas by no means coincides with that of the poet laureate. We have quoted them, as most of the poetry in this article, merely as specimens.—ED. P.S.

† Abridged from the Quarterly Review.—No. LXXXVII. of—Attempts in Verse. By John Jones, an Old Servant. With some Account of the Writer, written by Himself, and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our Uneducated Poets. By Robert Southey, Esq. London, 1831. Murray.

In stately hall and rustic dome,
The gaily robed and homely poor
Will watch the hour when thou shalt come
And bid thee welcome to the door.

The herdsman on the upland hill,
The ploughman in the hamlet near
Are prone thy little paunch to fill,
And pleased thy little psalm to hear.

The woodman seated on a log
His meal divides between the three,
And now himself, and now his dog,
And now he casts a crumb to thee.

For thee a feast the schoolboy strews
At noontide, when the form's forsook;
A worm to thee the deliver throws,
And angler when he baits his hook.

At tents where tawny gipsies dwell,
In woods where hunters chase the hind,
And at the hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou some crumbs of comfort find.

Nor are thy little wants forgot
In beggar's hut or Crispin's stall;
The miser only feeds thee not,
Who suffers ne'er a crumb to fall.

The youth who strays, with dark design,
To make each well-stored nest a prey,
If dusky hues denote them thine,
Will draw his pilfering hand away.

The finch a spangled robe may wear,
The nightingale delightful sing,
The lark ascend most high in air,
The swallow fly most swift on wing.

The peacock's plumes in pride may swell,
The parrot prate eternally,
But yet no bird man loves so well,
As thou with thy simplicity."

Among many affectionate tributes to the kind family in whose service he has spent so many years, not the worst are some lines occasioned by the death of Miss Sadlier Bruere, written a few months afterwards (Dec, 1826) at Tours:—

"Thou wert miss'd in the group when the eye
look'd around,
And miss'd by the ear was thy voice in the sound;
Thy chamber was darksome, thy bell was unring,
Thy footstep unheard, and thy lyre unstring;
A stillness prevail'd at the mournful repast;
In tears was the eye on thy vacant seat cast;
Each scene wearing gloom, and each brow bearing
care,
Too plainly denoted that death had been there."

In his preface, Mr. Southey adduces the following as one of his reasons for aiding in the publication of Jones's "Attempts"—

"Moreover, I considered that as the age of reason had commenced, and we were advancing with quick step in the march of intellect, Mr. Jones would in all likelihood be the last versifier of his class—something might properly be said of his predecessors, the poets in low life, who with more or less good fortune had obtained notice in their day."

Mr. Southey is mistaken in this supposition. So far from John Jones being

the "last versifier of his class," during the year 1830 several humble poets have published volumes,† which would have attracted more notice than Mr. Jones's—but that "*curent vate sacro*"—they have not been so fortunate as to come before the world with prefaces from pens such as Mr. Southey's.

In the "Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our Uneducated Poets," which will float John Jones to posterity, the editor has by no means exhausted his subject, but he has selected an interesting and multifarious bead-roll of specimens; for example, a Thames waterman—a farm-servant from Wiltshire—a village cobbler from the neighbourhood of Birmingham—a journeyman shoemaker of Woodstock—a milk-woman, and a maker of tobacco-pipes, both from his own native city of Bristol. As their names have probably never met the eye of the reader, at least with the exception of John Taylor, the "water-poet," who enjoyed in his day greater fame than all the rest put together, and occupies a proportionate space in the poet laureate's Essay, we shall give some account of the more prominent ones. We shall begin with the "water-poet." John Taylor was born somewhere in Gloucestershire, in the year 1580, and in due season put to the village school, where he proved, by his own account, no very hopeful scholar:—

"And reading but from *possum* to *posset*,
There I was mired, and could no further get."

He was therefore taken from school and bound apprentice to a Thames waterman—as soon, probably, as he could handle a scull. This calling was most likely his own choice, for he was evidently a bold, hardy lad, fond of exertion and of sport, and nowise averse to danger; and in those days the waterman's life had enough of all these elements of excitement. It was, besides, a thriving occupation. Greenwich was the favourite residence of the court; at London, the river was bestridden by only one narrow and inconvenient bridge; there were no hackney coaches; the places of public amusement were almost all on the Surrey side; and, as Taylor says, "the number of watermen, and those that lived and were maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, could not be fewer than forty thousand." There may be some exaggeration here, but we must remember, that in Elizabeth's time the

† We have collected from another source a slight notice of these humble poets, which we shall subjoin, with a specimen of their muse.—ED. P. S.

Thames had always been looked to as the great nursery of the navy. Every summer during her wars, some two thousand of the watermen were employed in her ships; and in her service Taylor himself made not less than sixteen voyages, including the expeditions under Essex at Cadiz and the Azores. He might therefore have announced himself in his title-page as an old seaman, had that denomination sounded in those days more respectably than his own.

No other occupation could have furnished him with more opportunities of leisure for reading; and, idle as he had been at school, he soon became a very diligent reader.

"There are many in these days," says Mr. S., "who set up, not alone for simple authors in prose or rhyme, but as critics by profession, upon a much smaller stock of book-knowledge than Taylor the Water-Poet had laid in.

"I care to get good books, and I take heed
And care what I do either write or read . . .
Godfrey of Bulloigne, well by Fairfax done;
Du Bartas, that much love hath rightly won;
Old Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Nash—
I dipt my finger where they used to wash . . .
Of histories I have perused some store,
As no man of my function hath done more.
The Golden Legend I did overtoose,
And found the gold mixt with a deal of dross.
I have read Plutarch's Morals and his Lives,
And like a bee sucked honey from those hives.
Josephus of the Jews, Knowles of the Turks,
Marcus Aurelius, and Guevara's works;
Lloyd, Grimstone, Moutaigne, and Suetonius,
Agrippa, whom some call Cornelius,
Grive Seneca and Camibden, Purchas, Speed,
Old monumental Fox and Hollinshed;
And that sole Book of Books which God hath given,
The blest eternal Testaments of Heaven,
That I have read, and I with care confess
Myself unworthy of such happiness."

But Taylor had had other helps besides reading. The old "license of wit" on the Thames, which lasted even as late as Dr. Johnson's time, was then in its most palmy state, and afforded an excellent school for the sort of ability which he possessed. His calling on the river brought him to constant intercourse with persons of all descriptions. He could hardly pursue it without being a habitual visiter of the theatres on the *bank-side*. The business of the waterman had much fallen off before Taylor became known for his verses. The peaceful policy of James had put an end to the annual drain for the sea service: and, as misfortunes seldom come single, several of the players' companies had removed to the Middlesex side of the river—so that there were more hands than before, and less work to be divided among them. Taylor therefore hoped, that, by occasional broadsides and

pamphlets, he might eke out his means of subsistence; and, in effect, this subsidiary trade of his appears to have been crowned with very considerable success.

"The manner in which he published his books, which were separately of little bulk, was to print them at his own cost, make presents of them, and then hope for "sweet remuneration" from the persons whom he had thus delighted to honour. This mode of publication was not regarded in those days so close akin to mendicancy as it would now be deemed; pecuniary gifts of trifling amount being then given and accepted, where it would now be deemed an insult to offer, and a disgrace to receive them. The Earl of Holderness was one of his good patrons, and moved King James to bestow a place upon him. What this place was does not appear in his writings, nor have his biographers stated; one office, which must have been much to his liking, he held at the Tower by appointment of Sir William Wade; it was that of receiving for the lieutenant his perquisite of "two black leathern bottles or bombards of wine," (beings in quantity six gallons), from every ship that brought wine into the river Thames, a custom which had continued at that time more than three hundred years. This was a prosperous part of Taylor's life, and if he did not write like Homer in those days, it was not for any failure in drinking, like Agamemnon.

"But the spirit of reform was abroad: the merchants complained that the bottles were made bigger than they used to be, and "waged law" with the lieutenant; and had it not been for the Wine-Poet's exertions, in finding and bringing into court those witnesses, who could swear to the size of the bottles for fifty years, they would have carried their cause. Poor Taylor was ill-rewarded for his services; no sooner had he established the right, than the office which he had held was put to sale, and he was discharged because he would not buy it. "I would not," he says, "or durst not, venture upon so dishonest a novelty, it being sold indeed at so high a rate, that whoso bought it must pay thrice the value of it."

John Taylor's productions are of the most heterogeneous sort—of all lengths and on all subjects: epitaph—epithalamium—song—ballad—serious, comic, serio-comic, didactic, narrative, descriptive, and downright rampant nonsense, of which last we have one specimen, in the Cambyases' vein truly:

"Think'st thou a wolf thrust through a sheepskin-
glove
Can make me take this goblin for a lamb?
Or that a crocodile in barley-broth

Is not a dish to feast Don Belzebub?
Give me a medal in a field of blue
Wript up stigmatically in a dream,
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,
To cause him fetch a sword of massy cialk
With which he won the fatal Theban field
From Rome's great mitted metropolitan."

"If any celebrated person died, he was ready with an elegy; and this sort of tribute always obtained the acknowledgment in expectation of which it was offered."

When the civil war broke out, the loyal water-poet retired to Oxford, where he supported himself by keeping an eating-house, employed his pen valiantly against the Roundheads, and made himself, it is said, "much esteemed for his facetious company." Some humble humorist may commonly be found hanging on the skirts of an English university, half butt, half pet to the "young bloods;" but neither Oxford nor Cambridge records such another non-graduate of this class as Taylor. When the royal cause was ruined, he returned to Westminster, and kept a public house in Phoenix Alley, near Long Acre. Here, after the king's death, he set up a mourning crown for his sign; but this he soon found necessary to take down, and hung his own effigies in its stead. His old age was healthful and merry; he died in 1664; in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's Covent Garden.

"There is a portrait of him (says Mr. S.) bearing date 1655, by his nephew, who was a painter at Oxford, and presented it to the Bodleian, where it was thought not unworthy of a place. He is represented in a black scull-cap, and black gown, or rather cloak. The countenance is described to me as one of well-fed rotundity: the portrait now is, like the building in which it has thus long been preserved, in a state of rapid decay:—I hope," says the friend to whom I am obliged for this account of it, "his verse is of a more durable quality:—for *ut pictura poësis* would annihilate him altogether."

Stephen Duck (now hardly remembered but by Swift's malicious epigram) attracted by his verses, while a poor hard-working farm-servant, the notice of a young Oxonian, by name Stanley, who gave him such encouragement, and such advice, that he at last deserved and obtained the patronage of Queen Caroline. Her Majesty settled 30*l.* a-year on him (which was then no poor provision), made him a yeoman of the guard, and soon afterwards keeper of her private library at Richmond, where he had apartments given him, and was encouraged to pursue his studies with a view to holy orders. His poems being published by subscription,

under the care of Mr. Spence, met with very considerable success; and he himself was at length preferred to the living of Byfleet in Surrey, where he maintained the character of an exemplary parish priest; and long after his first celebrity had worn itself out, was much followed as a preacher. Stephen united keen susceptibility of temperament with patience, modesty, and all those household virtues, which it has been the cant to proclaim hardly reconcilable with the impulses of the "*mens divinior*." But his end was unhappy: the sensibilities which originally drew him from obscurity, and for which, when his mind had been opened by instruction, he discovered himself to be gifted with no such powers of expression as could hold out the prospect of lasting distinction in literature, seem to have turned inwards with fatal violence. Placed in a situation of external comfort and respectability far beyond the warmest dreams of his youth—surrounded with honourable duties, which he discharged not only blamelessly, but with general applause—the one darling hope, on which his boyish heart had fastened in ambition, had withered, exactly as his reading and intercourse with the upper world had extended—he went mad, and drowned himself near Reading, in 1756. The best of his verses are among the earliest of them; and no one can read some of the descriptions of rural life, so unlike the effusions of the pastoral-mongers, which they contain, without admitting that his original patrons had some reason to expect from his maturer pen "things that the world would not willingly let die." A small specimen must suffice here:—

"The birds salute us as we work we go,
And with new life our blooms seem to glow.
On our right shoulder hangs the crooked blade,
The weapon destined to uncloath the mead;
Our left supports the whetstone, scarp, and beer,
This for our scythes, and these ourselves to cheer.
With heat and labour toil'd, our scythes we quit,
Search out a shady tree, and down we sit;
From scarp and bottle hope new strength to gain;
But scarp and bottle too are tried in vain.
Down our parch'd throats we scarce the bread can get,
And, quite o'erpent with toil, but faintly eat;
Nor can the bottle only answer all;
The bottle and the beer are both too small.
Time flows: again we rise from off the grass;
Again each mower takes his proper place;
We often whet, and often view the sun;
As often wish his tedious race was won.
At length he veils his purple face from sight,
And bids the weary labourer good night.
Homewards we move, but spent so much with toil,
We slowly walk and rest at every stile.
Ours good expecting wives, who think we stay,
Got to the door, soon eye us in the way.
Then from the pot the dumpling's catch'd in haste,
And homely by its side the bacon placed;
Supper and sleep by morn new strength supply,
And out we set again; our work to try."

"At one time," says Mr. Southey, "he

was in such reputation, that Lord Palmerston appropriated the rent of an acre of land, for ever, to provide a dinner and strong beer for the threshers of Charlton at a public-house in that valley, in honour of their former comrade. The dinner is given on the 30th of June. The poet himself was present at one of these anniversaries, probably the first. Mr. Southey proceeds to the cobbler of Rowley, James Woodhouse, who had the good fortune to have the benevolent Shenstone for his neighbour, and therefore wanted neither advice nor assistance, so soon as his turn for ballad-inditing had made him known beyond his stall. This too was a good, honest, sober, humble-minded man; and, being judiciously patronised in his own calling, so as to improve his condition, but not subjected to the hazardous experiment of a forcible elevation out of his natural sphere and method of life, his days were passed and ended in more comfort than has fallen to the lot of most of the masters in the art. The sedentary occupation which he followed leaves abundant opportunity for meditation; and if, as has been alleged, more than their just proportion of the murders recorded in our Newgate Catendars belongs to this brooding fraternity, it may serve to balance the account, that it has also produced more rhymers than any of the handicrafts.

"Shenstone found that the poor applicant (Woodhouse) used to work with a pen and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap;—the head at one employ, the hands at another; and when he had composed a couplet or a stanza, he wrote it on his knee. In one of the pieces thus composed, and entitled Spring, there are these affecting stanzas:—

"But now domestic cares employ
And busy every sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy
But's furnish'd out from thence:

Save what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling at my knee.

Not that my Daphne's charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring,
'Tis these inspire content alone;
'Tis all I've left of spring.

I wish not, dear connubial state,
'To break thy silken bands;
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose;
But oh! it wounds my soul to hear
My Daphne's melting woes!

For oft she sighs and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head,
While blood her furrow'd anger sleeps,
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold,
Our labours are begun:
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone."

The once familiar name of Anne Yearsley, the milkwoman of Bristol, follows; and Mr. Southey, being himself by birth a Bristol man, tells her story with lively interest and mournful effect. She was first heard of in 1784, when some verses were shown to Miss Hannah Moore as the production of a poor illiterate female who gained her living by selling milk from door to door.

"The story," says Miss More, "did not engage my faith, but the verses excited my attention; for, though incorrect, they breathed the genuine spirit of poetry, and were rendered still more interesting by a certain natural and strong expression of misery, which seemed to fill the head and mind of the author. On making diligent inquiry into her history and character, I found that she had been born and bred in her present humble station, and had never received the least education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was also a milkwoman, appears to have had sense and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about eight-and-twenty, and was married very young to a man who is said to be honest and sober, but of a turn of mind very different from her own. Repeated losses and a numerous family, for they had six children in seven years, reduced them very low; and the rigour of the last severe winter sunk them to the extremity of distress. Her aged mother, her six little infants, and herself, (expecting every hour to lie in) were actually on the point of perishing, when the gentleman (Mr. Vaughan), so gratefully mentioned in her poems, providentially heard of their distress, which, I am afraid, she had too carefully concealed, and hastened to their relief. The poor woman and her children were preserved; but for the unhappy mother all assistance came too late; she had the joy to see it arrive, but it was a joy she was no longer able to bear, and it was more fatal to her than famine had been." This "left a settled impression of sorrow on Mrs. Yearsley's mind."

"When I went to see her," Miss More continues, "I observed a perfect simplicity in her manners, without the least affectation or pretension of any kind; she neither attempted to raise my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts. But on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reason to be surprised at the justness of her taste, the faculty I least expected to find in her. In truth, her re-

marks on the books she had read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that from this very circumstance they would appear trite and common-place to any one who had been in habits of society; for without having ever conversed with any body above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking."

Under this good lady's patronage Ann Yearsley now read, and studied, and composed; and presently a small volume of poems was published with such success that the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds was placed in the funds under the names of Miss More and Mrs. Mountagne, as trustees, for the benefit of the authoress and her children. Mrs. Yearsley fancied that she ought to have had the management of the money herself,—disputes arose,—and the result was a lasting breach between her and the person who had been her first, and would have continued to be her best, friend. She set up a circulating library, which she did not know how to manage; her affairs became sorely embarrassed; she tried a tragedy, and a novel,—things obviously beyond her reach,—and, it is said, sunk from despondency into insanity sometime before she died, in 1806, at Melksham. Her disposition had, from the beginning, been a melancholy one.

"The culture which she received, such as it was, came too late; nor does she appear to have derived any other advantage from it than that it enabled her to write with common grammatical accuracy. With extraordinary talents, strong feelings, and an ardent mind, she never produced a poem which found its way into any popular collection; and very few passages can be extracted from her writings which would have any other value than as indicating powers which the possessor knew not how to employ. But it ought to be observed here, that I have never seen either her novel or her tragedy. The best lines which I have noticed are in her second publication.

"Cruel the hand
Which tears the veil of time from black dishonour;
Or, with the iron pen of Justice, cuts
Her cypher on the scars of early shame."

There is a like felicity of expression in these lines on the remembrance of her mother:—

"How oft with thee, when life's keen tempest
howl'd
Around our heads, and I contented sit,
Drinking the wiser accents of thy tongue,
Listless of threatening ill *My tender eye*
Was fix'd on thine, inquisitively sad,
Whilst thine was dim with sorrow. Yet thy soul
Betray'd no innate weakness, but resolv'd
To tread thy sojourn calm and undismay'd."

"Flourishing reputations (of the gonnard tribe) have been made by writers of much less feeling and less capability than are evident in these lines. Ann Yearsley, though gifted with voice, had no strain of her own whereby to be remembered, but she was no mocking-bird."

"I do not introduce Robert Bloomfield here, because his poems are worthy of preservation separately, and in general collections; and because it is my intention one day to manifest at more length my respect for one whose talents were of no common standard, and whose character was in all respects exemplary. It is little to the credit of the age, that the latter days of a man whose name was at one time so deservedly popular, should have been passed in poverty, and perhaps shortened by distress, that distress having been brought on by no misconduct or imprudence of his own."

The proud name of Robert Burns does not occur in this Essay; Mr. Southey estimates him too justly to class him, on any pretext, with uneducated poets. That extraordinary man, before he had produced any of the pieces on which his fame is built, had educated himself abundantly; and when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, knew more of books, as well as of men, than fifty out of a hundred in any of the learned professions in any country of the world are ever likely to do. We might speak in nearly the same way of Burns' two popular successors in Scottish minstrelsy. When the Ettrick Shepherd was first heard of, he had indeed but just learned to write by copying the letters of a printed ballad, as he lay watching his flock on the mountains; but thirty years or more have passed since then, and his acquisitions are now such, that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronizing him, might be justly said to honour a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius. Mr. Allan Cunningham needs no testimony either to his intellectual accomplishments or his moral worth; nor, thanks to his own virtuous diligence, does he need any patronage. He has been fortunate enough to secure a respectable establishment in the studio of a great artist, who is not less good than great, and would thus be sufficiently in the eye of the world, even were his literary talents less industriously exercised than they have hitherto been. His recent lives of the British Painters and Sculptors form one of the most agreeable books in the language; and it will always remain one of the most remarkable and delightful facts in the history of letters, that such a work—one conveying so much valuable knowledge in a style so unaffectedly attractive—so im-

bued throughout, not only with lively sensibility, amiable feelings, honesty and candour, but mature and liberal taste, was produced by a man who, some twenty years before, earned his daily bread as a common stone-mason in the wilds of Nithsdale. Examples like these will plead the cause of struggling genius, wherever it may be found, more powerfully than all the arguments in the world.

The authors of "The Retrospect," "Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse," and "The Mechanics' Saturday Night," respectively published in 1830, are individuals whose fortune it has been to be placed in situations of life, which afforded neither the means nor the opportunities of cultivating their minds. We shall present along with a specimen of their talents, the letters of the two former, where they urge their claims to be treated with indulgence. The first is from John Wright, author of the "Retrospect."

"Glasgow, October 1830.

"SIR,—I have taken the freedom of sending you a copy of the Retrospect, a poem of mine, newly published, to which I trust you will give a timely perusal; at the same time making much allowance for a young man, in the largest sense of the word—illiterate, who was never under the tuition of any one except for six months, at a very early age, though I am fully sensible that no circumstances whatever can apologize for insipid poetry. If you judge it worthy of being noticed in your periodical you will oblige

"Yours,
"JOHN WRIGHT."

The "Retrospect" is a poem of considerable length, after the *Childe Harold* fashion. We quote some stanzas descriptive of the fantastic shapes of Autumnal clouds.

"For ever lovely, thy deep thoughtful hue,
Soft Autumn eve! these clouds thy spirit fair,
Like necromantic chariots posting through
The blue expanse, here life all, lifeless there.

"Here towers a golden statue, borne in air
By pebbly rock, and poised by gentler wind;
These witch-forms scamper 'mongst the moon-
beams fair,
Or sail along on hills, their charms unbind:
As they withdraw relaxing, like the hind,
In overseer's wished absence, or removed,
An army, from its leader; now reclined
On the horizon hills;—and now, unmoved,
Unner'd, the cold, pale moon, less lovely, yet be-
loved.

"As lovers lingering in each other's sight,
The more apart, more fixed the fettered eye;
As bard the eagle, in its upward flight

Surveys, through air, cleft clouds; and yielding
As mariner tossed on ocean, surging high,
His bark o'er-set, hails land, afar unfurled;
Thus greet we these fair forms, and still decry
Enchantment there—live emblem of the world!
Poetry and passion, thus, all subsultory whirled.

"Though fetter'd to the spot, we first begin
To live—and die, unseen the world by sight,
The beauty and sublimity therein;
And though our hearts ne'er heaved on Alpine
height,
Nor sailed on iceberg through the Polar night,
Oh! deem not thou, aloft where fortune shines,
Our day-spring darkness, our enjoyments slight—
In lovelier, lofter dome the bard reclines,
These dread stupendous forms his Alps and Ap-
penines."

Mr. Manley, author of "Miscellaneous Poems," writes as follows:

"SIR,—I take the liberty of soliciting your opinion of the inclosed book. It may be necessary to inform you, its contents are the youthful productions of one moving almost in one of the humblest situations in life, whose scholastic advantages have not exceeded a country charity school education, and who, thus far through life, has had to struggle with poverty, and latterly with a lingering illness. It may be deemed a boldness in a poor and perfect stranger to make such a request; but, after a perusal, should you deem it worthy a review, your opinion of it will, perhaps contribute to the welfare of your very humble servant,

"R. MANLEY.

"Southmolton, Devon, September 4, 1830."

Mr. Manly has many pieces of a tender and affecting nature, which is the general character of his lyrics. We quote his lines on death.

"How chill thy bed, and how dreary thy regions!
What darkness surrounds thee! how boundless
thy reign!
How rueful thy wastes! and, what numberless
legions
Go, shivering, down to thy gloomy domain!

"The sage and the hero thou takest, nor sparest
The wife of the bosom, the child of the heart;
And often, alas! are the friends we love dearest,
The first who submit to thy terrible dart.

"How our nature starts back from that moment of
anguish,
And hope is the last that submits to the blow;
Even those who in sorrow and poverty languish,
Are afraid of thy coming, and deem thee their foe.

"The Christian, alone, redeem'd from life's errors,
Can meet thee with courage and cheerfully sing,
O grave, thou art vanquish'd, and where are thy
terrors!
O death! thou art conquer'd, and where is thy
sling!"

In the *Mechanic's "Saturday Night,"* the author gives a graphic description of a Saturday night; such alas! as it is too often found to realize. It opens with a

representation of the tap-room, and the progress of the *score* during the evening. The interruption of the revels which is described in the following stanzas, is both excellently well imagined and executed.

"And then came in a gentle looking creature,
Seeking her husband, woelessly she stept,
Grief and dismay seem'd busy in each feature,
And in her arms a half-clad baby slept.
Handsome she had been, but a train of sorrows
Had chas'd the roses from her cheeks away,
And in their stead pale want had laid her furrows,
And dimm'd the lustre of her dark eye's ray,
And in their half-raised lids a tear did ling'ring stay.

"She spoke not harshly, but assay'd to lure him
Unto his home with accents kindly mild,
Then angel-like she bent her knee before him,
And shew'd him his sweet sleeping lovely child;
Pleading for home and child in vain she stood,
Her kind looks he return'd with angry frown,
And rais'd himself in shameful attitude,
Prepar'd to strike her and her infant down,
Poor thing! she then retir'd, for she'd submissive
grown."

The picture of a *row*, far too natural not to be expected as a necessary scene in such a poem, then follows.

"A *row* across the tables now begins,
Three frowning ones on each fierce side engage,
The blood from twisted noses quickly spins,
And trembling neutrals reddens into rage:
Full in the centre of the room descry
A wrathful pair engag'd in combat dire,
With tongue and red-hot poker brandish'd high,
They heat each other's skull with phœnician ire,
And for a *reg'lar row* the company's on fire.

"Then murder! thieves! fire! watch! ascended,
In deep infernal tones, and mournfully,
A sound of sadness with the wail howl blended,
Of one half-strangled, "in his agony;"
The landlord then his myrmidons assembled,
In his brave band the kitchen poker swung;
Beside him too the short fat pot-boy trembled,
Beneath a bludgeon o'er his shoulder slung,
And the good landlady around the landlord clung."

ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.†

It is the sacred duty of posterity to pay every mark of honour to the memory of those worthy men, who, in times of great danger, have signalised themselves as the defenders of their country, and descended to their tombs in its service. Were we not animated by this feeling, we should have allowed these two volumes to enjoy undisturbed repose, since, in a literary point of view, they have not succeeded by any means in engaging much of our attention. The notices of Lord Rodney's life, given by Major-General Mundy, are

† The Life and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Rodney. By Major-General Mundy. In 2 vols. London, 1830. Murray.

exceedingly scanty and uninteresting; he leaves the Venerable Admiral to tell his own story for the most part, not in private letters, which, being familiar and unreserved, might have been attractive, but in public dispatches, and other official papers, which being always formal, and covered with as smooth a gloss as possible, never afford entertainment to the mind, and very seldom instruction.

The controversy which has been carried on for some time, in professional circles and publications, concerning the right of original property, in what has been called the invention of breaking the enemy's line, as well as the justly celebrated character of the hero himself,—the predecessor in glory of Nelson, who, alone, perhaps, outshines Rodney in naval fame,—will render this work acceptable to a numerous class of readers connected with the service. Into that controversy it is not our intention to enter, further than by observing, that no great merit appears, in our humble opinion, to be due to any man for the mere invention of a manœuvre so simple in itself, and so easily suggested to the mind of a lion-hearted commander. It is to him who dares to undertake it, and who, like Rodney, has the firmness and good fortune to carry it into execution, that the glory of the achievement must ever belong. We may add, by the way, that there is good evidence to show, that the invention of breaking the enemy's line, if there be in it any thing worth owning, belongs really to a jesuit named Paul Hoste, who was employed in the service of Louis XIV. This appears so clearly from the father's description of the manœuvre, that we are astonished to find the claim set up on behalf of Sir Charles Douglas, so long persevered in.

We shall condense, into a narrow compass, such of the particulars of Lord Rodney's life, as may be likely to prove interesting to general readers. Descending from an ancient and respectable English family, he was born on the 19th of February, 1718, and after receiving a brief education at Harrow, he obtained from the king a letter of service, the last, it is said, that ever was granted; he went to sea in the twelfth year of his age; in his eighteenth year became a lieutenant, and in his twenty-first, a captain. Such was the expedition of promotion, in those days, at least in the case of young men specially patronised by the king, who was Rodney's god-father. After having been employed during several years, in various parts of the world, he was appointed Rear-Admiral in 1759, when he may be said to have commenced the more important part of his career, with the bombardment of Havre

de Grace, which he completely destroyed as a naval arsenal. He succeeded also in rendering useless a number of flat-bottomed boats, a species of machine upon which the French, at that period, as well as in the time of Napoleon, placed much reliance. The admiral was next appointed (1761) to superintend the naval operations of the grand armament, destined for the attack of Martinique, then the most populous and flourishing of all the French settlements, beyond the Atlantic. This service he performed in the most gallant manner, and soon added to Martinique most of the other islands, colonised by the French, in the West Indies. These were, with some exceptions, afterwards exchanged by the treaty of peace (1763) for Canada, and other French possessions in the north, arrangements which were much disapproved of at the time, by the nation at large. No part of the blame, justly attached to the treaty, fell, however, upon Admiral Rodney, who, upon his return home, was raised to the rank of a baronet, having been already made vice-admiral of the blue; was married to an amiable woman, by whom he had several children (four of whom are still living); and was appointed governor of the royal hospital at Greenwich, where he is still remembered, as one of the best friends the pensioners of that noble establishment ever had.

Having gone through the various shades of rank, from blue, to white and red, Sir George Rodney was again sent (1771) to the West Indies, where he was appointed commander-in-chief at Jamaica, with a considerable squadron under his orders, as it was apprehended that Spain wanted only a decent pretext to come to an open rupture with England. To this disposition, it was said at the time, that Admiral Rodney gave as much provocation as he could, by his demeanour towards the Spanish authorities, with whom he, or his officers, happened to come in contact. It is not improbable that this conduct, added to some complaints connected with the details of the service which were made against him at home, caused him not only to be recalled, in 1774, but to be consigned, during the ensuing four years, to the most disheartening neglect. This was the period of what astronomers would call, the obscuration of the star of his destiny. His rank and fame had already introduced him into fashionable society, for which he had every necessary requisite, being of a handsome exterior, and courteous manners. Unfortunately he had not the courage to resist one of the greatest vices of those days, as it is of these—that of gambling. He was a frequent guest at the Duchess of Bedford's assemblies, where many a for-

tune was won and lost. He had, moreover been involved in more than one election contest; and such was the embarrassed state of his finances, that he was obliged to take refuge from his creditors, in France.

He here lived, in very straitened circumstances, until better days came; and to the credit of that gallant nation it must be mentioned, that they treated the English Belisarius with the respect due to his fame and misfortunes. Upon the breaking out of the American war, he wrote to the admiralty, at the head of which was then Lord Sandwich, his great friend and patron, to make an offer of his services; but to his infinite mortification, the only acknowledgment which his letter received, was the mere usual dry official one, that his communication was laid before their lordships!—while promotions were prodigally lavished upon officers, not only his juniors in the service, but confessedly inferior to him in every respect. This treatment wounded him so deeply, that he was determined to present himself to the king to protest against it; but he was without pecuniary means sufficient to enable him to leave Paris, where he had contracted debts for his ordinary expences. It would appear, that at this time the admiral, and his family, had been subjected to severe privations. He applied for assistance to his friends in England, but without effect. In the midst of his disappointments, the thought of his country was, however, always uppermost in his mind. One or two extracts from his letters to lady Rodney, at this period, will be read with a melancholy interest, when it is recollected, that they were written by the man who, not long afterwards, inflicted a blow, then unparalleled in history, upon the fleet of the very nation, in which he found—what he failed to find at home—a generous and sincere friend in the hour of his adversity.

Paris—(no date.)

“Not hearing either from yourself or my son, by the last messengers, gives me uneasiness inexpressible, as the delay of completing what has been promised, obliges me to remain in the hotel where I am, at an expense I could wish to avoid, and daily adds to my embarrassments. What to do I really don't know. To speak to Lord Stormont I am unwilling, but I will talk to Mr. James upon the subject, as he is a good man, and feels the distresses I am driven to. I beg you will desire my son to see Lord North again, either at his house or his Levee. Delays are worse than death, especially at this critical time, when every hour teems with momentary expectation of war.”

Paris March 20, 1778.

"Since writing to you on Lord Stomont's recall, inclosing you a letter I sent him on my unhappy condition, in being obliged to remain in an enemy's country till such time as I should have a remittance sent me to pay my debts, which prevented my personally offering my services at this critical time, I have reason to believe that I shall be able to procure the sum necessary to enable me to leave this city. Should this desirable event take place in a day or two, you may expect me in London very shortly. I have again written a strong letter to Lord Sandwich, offering my services, and pressing him to employ me at this important juncture, as it will be the means of my serving my country, and at the same time the only method by which I can have an opportunity of honourably settling with my creditors."

The hope of assistance, to which the above letter alludes, was fully realised. It came, from a foreigner, a Frenchman, the celebrated Marechal Biron, who, in the most delicate manner, tendered to him whatever sum he might want; adding that "all France was sensible of the services which the admiral had rendered to his country, and that the treatment they all knew he had received, was a disgrace to the nation and its ministers." Undoubtedly it was so. It would be vain now to speculate upon what the consequences might have been, if the admiral had been detained by his necessities in France during the war, or if, stung by the neglect of which he was the victim, he had attached himself to the nation which had produced so great an ornament to human nature as Marechal Biron. It will be sufficient to add, that Sir George Rodney, with the greatest reluctance, and not until all other resources had failed him, accepted from the Marechal one thousand Louis.

"Nothing," he writes in May, 1778, with a spirit poignantly wounded, "but a total inattention to the distressed state I was in, could have prevailed upon me to have availed myself of his voluntary proposal; but not having had, for more than a month past, a letter from any person but Mr. Hotham, and yourself, and my passport being expired, it was impossible for me to remain in this city at the risk of being sued by my creditors, who grew so clamorous, it was impossible for me to bear; and had they not been over-awed by the lieutenant of the police, would have carried their prosecutions to the greatest length. Their demands were all satisfied this day; and the few days I remain in this city will be occupied in visiting all those great families from whom I

have received so many civilities, and whose attention in paying me daily and constant visit, in a great measure kept my creditors from being so troublesome as they otherwise would have been."

It is stated, though not upon very satisfactory authority, that the marechal had waited upon Sir George with an offer from the king of France, of a high command in his fleet, which he instantly and indignantly refused. It is due to the character of the house of Drummond to observe, that as soon as the admiral arrived in London, and mentioned to whom he was indebted for the assistance which he had received, they enabled him forthwith to repay the loan.

It was not, however, until the autumn of 1779, that, chiefly through the influence of the king, Sir George Rodney was again employed as commander in chief of the Leeward Islands and Barbadoes. On his way thither, he encountered a Spanish squadron, and after a smart battle obtained a complete victory, thus securing the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, which had been, for some time, shut up from our commerce. The merit of his victory was the greater, as, at the time when it was fought, the British navy had almost lost all discipline, in consequence of the party spirit which had been excited in it, as well as in the whole nation, by the war with America. Added to this, the navy, generally, had been badly treated for some years by the government; the dissatisfaction which existed, reached from the highest to the lowest branches of the service, and, on more than one occasion, broke out into open mutiny. It was to this state of things, that the admiral was indebted for a severe disappointment which he experienced, soon after his arrival in the West Indies, when, having encountered the French fleet of twenty-three ships, and having a prospect before him of another splendid victory, he saw it escape from his hands, in consequence of the neglect with which his signals were treated. To the restoration of discipline all his attention was, therefore, most forcibly directed; and having in the West Indies an active sphere for exercise, he soon reformed the service thoroughly, and made it capable of those gallant actions which soon afterwards crowned his exertions.

Among these, was the capture of St. Eustatius and other Dutch Islands, on account of the hostile and treacherous part which they took in the American war,—a capture, however, which, though apparently promising a golden harvest to the captors, involved the admiral in a course of litigation with private indivi-

duals, which was attended with endless losses and anxiety. The confiscation of the property found in St. Eustatius, which was immense, created various disputes at home, together with accusations in Parliament, which gave him the greatest annoyance. A severe complaint having obliged him to return to England, in the latter part of 1781, he had an opportunity of successfully vindicating himself in the House of Commons. Bad as his health was at that time, no sooner did the unfortunate news arrive of the drawn battle between the French and British fleets off the Chesapeake, and of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army; than he offered to return to the West Indies without delay, where he arrived in March, 1782, in time to put a stop to the conquests which the enemy were every day making, and to forward arrangements for a general battle, to which he was determined to bring them on the first opportunity.

The French fleet, which consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, and two ships of fifty guns, and having on board five thousand four hundred men, accompanied with heavy cannon and every other requisite for the reduction of Jamaica, their immediate object, was at this period anchored in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, under the command of a very brave officer, the Count de la Grasse. It was his design to form a junction, if possible, with the Spanish fleet and land forces waiting at St. Domingo, in order that the combined hosts might overwhelm the British fleet in case of resistance. To prevent this junction, to preserve the West Indies, and even the independence of England itself,—which was never more seriously endangered—was the tremendous task that now devolved upon the man, who a few years before, was an exile from her shores. How gloriously that great duty was accomplished, we need not say. Many narratives of the battle have long been before the world. We shall only glance at a few of its leading features.

Intelligence was received by Rodney, on the morning of the 8th of April, that the French fleet had unmoored and were putting to sea. The British fleet, which had been waiting prepared for this event, without loss of time stood towards the enemy with all the sail they could crowd. The next morning they came in sight of each other, and a partial action ensued, which, together with an accident that happened to one of their vessels, reduced the French fleet to thirty-two ships of the line. By great efforts, however, de Grasse avoided further encounter during that and the two following days. But on the 12th he was so much pressed by Rodney that

he could no longer think of escaping, and the line of battle was formed.

Sir Gilbert Blane, who attended Rodney as his Physician, gives to Lord Cranstoun the credit of suggesting the breaking of the enemy's line. His narrative of the battle is concise and animated.

"About half an hour before the engagement commenced, at breakfast on board the Formidable, the company consisting of the Admiral, Sir Charles Douglas, captain of the fleet (an officer whose functions nearly correspond with those of the adjutant-general of an army), Captain Simmons, commander of the ship, Lord Cranstoun, a volunteer post captain, the admiral's secretary, and myself, the conversation naturally turned on the glorious prospects of the day; and Lord Cranstoun remarked, that if our fleet maintained its present relative position, steering the same course close hauled on the opposite tack to the enemy, we must necessarily pass through the line in running along, and closing with it in action. The Admiral visibly caught the idea, and no doubt decided in his own mind at that moment, to attempt a manœuvre at that time hitherto unpractised in naval tactics. It was accordingly practised by him with the most complete success, setting the illustrious example in the ship which bore his own flag; for the signal for close action being thrown out, and adhered to in letter and spirit for about an hour, and after taking and returning the fire of one half of the French force, under one general blaze and peal of thunder along both lines, the Formidable broke through that of the enemy. In the act of doing so, we passed within pistol-shot of the Glorieux, of seventy-four guns, which was so roughly handled, that, being shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign staff, but with the white flag nailed to the stump of one of the masts, breathing defiance as it were in her last moments, became a motionless hulk, presenting a spectacle which struck our Admiral's fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero, for being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed, that now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus; but the contest was already at an end, for the enemy's fleet being separated, fell into confusion, a total rout ensued, and victory was no longer doubtful."

The admiral, writing to Lady Rodney, says:—

"The battle began at seven in the morning, and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours; and by persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which, I believe, was the severest that was ever

fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. We have taken five, and sunk another. Among the prizes, the *Ville de Paris*, and the French admiral, grace our victory. Comte de Grasse, who is at this moment sitting in my stern gallery, tells me that he thought his fleet superior to mine, and does so still, though I had two more in number; and I am of his opinion, as his was composed of all large ships, and ten of mine only sixty-fours."

When the news of this decisive victory arrived at home, the nation, which had, of late, been greatly depressed, by the series of disasters with which the American war was attended, became almost frantic with joy; thanks were voted by the two houses of parliament, and the dignity of the peerage conferred upon Rodney, as well as a pension of 2000*l.* He was compelled, however, suddenly to quit the scene of his glory, having been peremptorily recalled by the new ministry, who had come into power on the 19th of March. The order of recall was, indeed, given before they could have heard of the victory; but the manner in which he was universally received, upon his return to England, more than compensated for this slight, which, though ill-intended, contributed only to raise him to a higher station in the public esteem. The peace which followed left no further opportunity of employment to Lord Rodney. He had been much subject to the gout, and after enduring repeated paroxysms of this malady, it at length attacked him in the stomach, and terminated his existence on the 23d of May, 1792, in the 74th year of his age, he having been then in the navy sixty-two years, and upwards of fifty years in commission.

One or two anecdotes of Rodney's kindness of heart will be read with pleasure:—

"When a woman, who had, contrary to the rules of the navy, secreted herself in her husband's cabin, and fought a quarter-deck gun in the room of her wounded husband, who was down in the cockpit, was discovered, Lord Rodney severely reprimanded her for a breach of orders, but gave her, immediately after, ten guineas, for so valiantly sustaining the post of her wounded husband.

"The little bantam-cock, which, in the action of the 12th of April, perched himself upon the poop, and, at every broadside poured into the *Ville de Paris*, cheered the crew with his shrill clarion, and clapped his wings, as if in approbation, was ordered by Admiral Rodney to be pampered and protected during life."

SPIRIT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.†

The French and the English can no longer be accused of mutual contempt. After a jealousy of eight hundred years, we have begun to conquer our prejudices, and those national sentiments "grave with a bright disdain," of *Monsieur* and *soup maigre* which gave so patriotic a character to the British Theatre, will never more awaken a sympathising gallery to the "loud collision of applauding hands." The character of the French and English, and the spirit of society in the two countries, are, in many respects, remarkably different. When a French mob are excited, they clamour for glory—when an English mob are inclined to be riotous, they are thirsty for beer. But leaving this, it is our intention to make a few observations on that Spirit of Society, which is formed among the higher classes, and imitated among those possessing less aristocratical distinction. The great distinction of *fashion* in France, as it was—and in England as it is—we consider to be this. In the former country the natural advantages were affected, in the latter we covet the acquired. There the aspirants to fashion pretended to wit—here they pretend to wealth. In this country, from causes sufficiently obvious, social reputation has long been measured by the extent of a rent-roll; respectability has been another word for money; and the point on which competitors have been the most anxious to vie with each other, has been that exact point in which personal merit can have the least possible weight in the competition. The ambition of the French gallant, if devoted to a frivolous object, was at least more calculated to impress society with a graceful and gay tone than the inactive and unrelieved ostentation of the English pretender. And those circles to which a *bon mot* was the passport, could scarcely fail to be more agreeable than circles, in which, to be the most courted, it is sufficient to be the first born. A Frenchman had, at least, one intellectual incentive to his social ambition; to obtain access to the most fashionable, was to obtain access to the most pleasant, the most witty circles in his capital. But to enjoy the most difficult society of London, is to partake of the insipidity of a decorated and silent crowd, or the mere sensual gratification of a costly dinner.

To give acerbity to the tone of our fashion—while it is far from increasing its

† Abridged from the *Edinburgh Review*.—No. CIV.

refinement—there is a sort of negative opposition made by the titled aristocrats to that order, from which it must be allowed the majority have sprung themselves. Descended, for the most part, from the unpedigreed rich, they affect to preserve from that class, circles exclusive and impassible. Fashion to their heaven is like the lotus to Mahomet's; it is at once the ornament and the barrier. To the opulent, who command power, they pretend, while worshipping opulence, to deny *ton*; a generation passes, and the proscribed class have become the exclusive. This mock contest, in which riches ultimately triumph, encourages the rich to a field in which they are ridiculous till they conquer; and makes the one race servile, that the race succeeding may earn the privilege to be insolent. If the merchant or the banker has the sense to prefer the station in which he is respectable, to attempting success in one that destroys his real eminence, while it apes a shadowy distinction, his wife, his daughters, his son in the guards, are not often so wise. If one class of the great remain aloof, another class are sought, partly to defy, and partly to decoy;—and ruinous entertainments are given, not for the sake of pleasure, but with a prospective yearning to the columns of the *Morning Post*. They do not relieve dullness, but they render it pompous: and instead of suffering wealth to be the commander of enjoyment, they render it the slave to a vanity, that, of all the species of that unquiet passion, is the most susceptible to pain. Circles there are in London, in which to be admitted is to be pleased and to admire; but those circles are composed of persons above the fashion; or aloof from it. Of those where that tawdry deity presides, would it be extravagant to say that existence is a course of strife, subserviency, hypocrisy, meanness, ineratitnde, insolence, and mortification; and that to judge of the motives which urge to such a life, we have only to imagine the wish to be everywhere in the pursuit of nothings?

Fashion in this country is also distinguished from her sister in France, by our want of social enthusiasm for genius. It showed, not the power of appreciating his talents, but a capacity for admiring the more exalted order of talents, (which we will take leave to say is far from a ridiculous trait in national character), that the silent and inelegant Hume was yet in high request in the brilliant coteries of Paris. In England, the enthusiasm is for distinction of a more sounding kind. Were a great author to arrive in London, he might certainly be neglected; but a petty prince could not

fail of being eagerly courted. A man of that species of genius which amuses—not exalts—might indeed create a momentary sensation. The oracle of science—the discoverer of truth, might be occasionally asked to the *soirées* of some noble Mæceus; but every drawing-room, for one season at least, would be thrown open to the new actress, or the imported musician. Such is the natural order of things in our wealthy aristocracy, among whom there can be as little sympathy with those who instruct, as there must be gratitude to those who entertain, till the entertainment has become the prey of satiety, and the hobbyhorse of the new season replaces the rattle of the last.

Here, we cannot but feel the necessity of subjecting our gallantry to our reason, and inquiring how far the indifference to what is great, and the passion for what is frivolous, may be occasioned by the present tone of that influence which women necessarily exercise in this country, as in all modern civilized communities. Whoever is disposed to give accurate attention to the constitution of fashion, (which fashion in the higher classes is, in other words, the spirit of society), must at once perceive how largely that fashion is formed, and how absolutely it is governed, by the gentler sex. Our fashion may indeed be considered the aggregate of the opinions of our women. In order to account for the tone that fashion receives, we have but to inquire into the education bestowed upon women. Have we, then, instilled into them those public principles, (as well as private accomplishments), which are calculated to ennoble opinion, and to furnish their own peculiar inducements of reward to a solid and lofty merit in the opposite sex? Our women are divided into two classes—the domestic and the dissipated. The latter employ their lives in the pettiest intrigues, or at best, in a round of vanities that usurp the name of amusements. Women of the highest rank alone take much immediate share in politics; and that share, it must be confessed, brings any thing but advantage to the state. No one will assert that these soft aspirants have any ardour for the public—any sympathy with measures that are pure and unselfish. No one will deny that they are the first to laugh at principles, which it is but just to say, the education we have given them precludes them from comprehending—and to excite the parental emotions of the husband, by reminding him that the advancement of his sons requires interest with the minister. The domestic class of women are not now, we suspect, so numerous as they have been esteemed by speculators on our national character. We grant

their merits at once; and we inquire if the essence of these merits be not made to consist in the very refraining from an attempt to influence public opinion—in the very ignorance of all virtues connected with the community;—if we shall not be told that the proper sphere of woman is private life, and the proper limit to her virtues, the private affections. Now, were it true that women did not influence public opinion, we should be silent on the subject, and subscribe to all those charming commonplaces on retiring modesty and household attractions, that we have so long been accustomed to read and hear. But we hold that feminine influence, however secret, is unavoidably great; and, owing to this landed ignorance of public matters, we hold it also to be unavoidably corrupt. It is clear that women of the class we speak of, attaching an implied blame to the exercise of the reasoning faculty, are necessarily the reservoir of unexamined opinions and established prejudices—that those opinions and prejudices colour the education they give to their children, and the advice they bestow upon their husbands. We allow them to be the soothing companion and the tender nurse—(these are admirable merits—these are all their own)—but, in an hour of wavering between principle and interest, on which side would their influence lie?—would they inculcate the shame of a pension, or the glory of a sacrifice to the public interest? On the contrary, how often has the worldly tenderness of the mother been the secret cause of the tarnished character and venal vote of the husband; or, to come to a pettier source of emotion, how often has a wound, or an artful pampering, to some feminine vanity, led to the renunciation of one party advocating honest measures, or the adherence to another subsisting upon courtly intrigues! In more limited circles, how vast that influence in forming the national character, which you would deny because it is secret!—how evident a proof of the influence of those whose minds you will not enlarge, is that living which exceeds means—so pre-eminently English—so wretched in its consequences—so paltry in its object! Who shall say that the whole comfortless, senseless, heartless system of ostentation which pervades society, has no cause—not in women, if you like—but in the education we give them?

We are far from wishing that women, of what rank soever, should intermeddle with party politics, or covet the feverish notoriety of state intrigues, any more than we wish they should possess the universal genius ascribed to Lady Anne Clifford by Dr. Donne, and be able to argue on all subjects, “from pre-destination to sleep.”

We are far from desiring them to neglect one domestic duty, or one household tie; but we say—for women as for men—there is no sound or true morality, where there is no knowledge of—no devotion to—public virtue. In the education women receive, we would enlarge their ideas to the comprehension of political integrity; and in the variety of events with which life tries the honesty of men, we would leave to those principles we have inculcated—unpolluted as they would be by the close contagion of party—undisturbed by the heat and riot of action—that calm influence, which could then scarcely fail to be as felicitous and just as we deem it now not unoften unhappy and dishonouring. But of all the inducements to female artifice and ambition, our peculiar custom of selling our daughters to the best advantage is the most universal. We are a match-making nation. The system in France, and formerly existent in this country, of betrothing children, had at least with us one good effect among many bad. If unfriendly to chastity in France, it does not appear to have produced so pernicious an effect in England; but while it did not impair the endearments of domestic life, it rendered women less professionally hollow and designing at that period of life when love ceases to encourage deceit; it did not absorb their acutest faculties in a game in which there is no less hypocrisy requisite than in the amours of a *Dorimont* or a *Belinda*—but without the excuse of the affections. While this custom increases the insincerity of our social life, it is obvious that it must re-act also on its dullness; for wealth and rank being the objects sought, are the objects courted; and thus, another reason is given for crowding our circles with important stolidity, and weeding them of persons poor enough to be agreeable—and because agreeable—dangerous and unwelcome.

Would we wish, then, the influence of women to be less? We will evade the insidious question—We wish it to be differently directed. By contracting their minds, we weaken ourselves; by cramping their morality, we ruin our own; as we ennoble their motives, society will rise to a loftier tone—and even Fashion herself may be made to reward glory as well as frivolity. Nay, we shall not even be astonished if it ultimately encourages, with some portion of celebrity and enthusiasm, the man who has refused a bribe, or conferred some great benefit on his country, as well as the idol of Crockford's, or the heir to a dukedom.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the power of ridicule so generally cultivated

as a science in France, has scarcely exercised over the tone of feeling in that country as repressing an influence as it has among ourselves. It never destroyed in the French the love of theatrical effect; and even in the prevalence of those heartless manners formed under the old *régime*, it never deterred them from avowing romantic feeling, if uttered in courtly language. Nay, it was never quite out of fashion to affect a gallant sentiment, or a generous emotion; and the lofty verse of Corneille was echoed with enthusiasm by the courtiers of a Bourbon, and the friends of a Pompadour. But here, a certain measured and cold demeanour has been too often coupled with the disposition to sneer not only at expressions that are exaggerated, but at sentiments that are noble. Prodigy in action surprises, shocks, less than the profession of exalted motives, uttered in conversation, when, as a witty orator observed, "the reporters are shut out, and there is no occasion "to humbug." We confess that we think it a bad sign when lofty notions are readily condemned as bombast, and when a nation not much addicted to levity, or even liveliness, is, above all others, inclined to ridicule the bias to magnify and exalt. A shoeblack of twelve years old, plying his trade by the Champs Elysées, was struck by a shoeblack four years younger. He was about to return the blow—an old fruitwoman arrested his arm, exclaiming—"Have you then no greatness of soul!" Nothing could be more bombastic than the reproof. Granted. But who shall say how far such bombast influenced the magnanimity of the labouring classes in that late event, which was no less a revolution in France, than the triumph of the human species? Exaggeration of sentiment can rarely, as a national trait, be dangerous. With men of sense it unavoidably settles into greatness of mind; but moral debasement,—a sneer for what is high, a disbelief of what is good, is the very worst symptom a people can display.

We cannot quit our subject without glancing at what we consider an improvement in the condition of society, though it has lately been the subject of vulgar complaint, we allude to the alleged decline of country hospitality, at a time when that "first consin to a virtue" seems more deserving of commendation than at any other period.

In what did the hospitality of the last century consist? An interchange of dinner visits between country neighbours,—a journey some half a dozen miles over wretched roads, and a return home some eight hours afterwards, with the footman drunk, the coachman more drunk, and the

master most drunk. Hospitality, in a word, was, a profusion of port-wine; and the host welcomed his friends by ruining their constitutions. Houses, much less conveniently arranged than at present, were not often capable of affording accommodation, for days together, to visitors from a distance. Few, comparatively speaking, were the guests who found their way from the metropolis to these rustic receptacles of Silenus: and the strangers were then stared at for their novelty, or ridiculed for their refinement—oracles to the silly, and butts to the brutal. What an improvement in the present tone of country hospitality! Instead of solemn celebrations of inebriety—instead of jolting at one hour through the vilest of lanes, to return at another from the most senseless of revels, improved roads facilitate the visits of neighbours, improved houses accommodate a greater number of guests, and an improved hospitality gives to both a welcome reception, without endangering their health or making war on their reason. The visitors are more numerous; the victims less. To give a dinner, or to receive a gentleman from London, are not the events in a squire's life that they were in the last century. At stated periods of the year the house is filled with persons who can be cultivated as well as manly; and improvements in opinions are thus circulated throughout the country, as well as improvements in gun-locks.

ANECDOTES OF DR. BARROW.

THE powerful mind and vast acquirements of Dr. Isaac Barrow, acquired him the reputation of an admirable preacher; though Dr. Pope relates some curious scenes which occurred, as well by reason of his strange attire and attenuated aspect, (for he was not only worn down by study, but slovenly in his dress,) as by the detention of his congregation, and his discourses of an unconscionable length. In one instance, when he preached for Dr. Wilkins at St. Lawrence-Jewry, so uncouth and unpromising was his appearance, that the congregation scampered out of church before he could begin his sermon: the good doctor, however, taking no notice of this disturbance, proceeded, named his text, and preached away to the two or three that were gathered, or rather left together; of which number it happened that Mr. Baxter, the eminent non-conformist, was one, who afterwards declared to Dr. Wilkins that he never listened to a

better discourse: amongst those also that remained was a young man who appeared like an apprentice, or the foreman of a shop, and who pleased Barrow greatly by accosting him with these words of encouragement as he came down from the pulpit: *Sir, he not dismayed, for I assure you 'twas a good sermon.* When several parishioners came to expostulate with Dr. Wilkins on his suffering such an ignorant scandalous person to have the use of his pulpit, he referred them to Mr. Baxter, who candidly praised the sermon as it deserved, declaring that he could willingly have been an auditor all the day long. Confounded and put to shame by this judgment from a person whom they acknowledged as their superior, they soon confessed that they had not heard a word of the discourse which they thus abused, and began earnestly to entreat their rector that he would procure Dr. Barrow's services again, promising to make him amends by bringing their whole families to his sermon. All persons, however, had not the patience of the worthy non-conformist, as was evident when Barrow was preaching on a certain holyday at Westminster Abbey: for the servants of that church, who were then accustomed to shew the waxen effigies of the kings and queens, between services on holydays, to crowds of the lower orders, perceiving the doctor in the pulpit long after the hour was past, and fearing to lose that time in *hearing* which they thought could be so much more profitably employed in *receiving*, became so impatient, that they caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not cease till they had blown him down. Can Dr. Pope, however, be credited, when he assures us that his *spittle-sermon* before the lord mayor and aldermen occupied three hours and a half? One is almost tempted to suppose that the customary invitation to dinner had been forgotten, and that the preacher took this ingenious method of revenging himself for the neglect. Being asked on that occasion, when he came down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, his reply is said to have been—"Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with *standing* so long."—*Vulpy's Divines of the Church of England.*

THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

ALAS! how in the world we're made for,
Sins conquered, really are sins paid for!
We break a head, inspired by wine,
What plasters up the wound—a fine;
We steal a wife—we foul a name—
What mends the matter?—till the same!
In notes her sentence law dispenses,
And justice only means expenses.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE REBUILDING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.†

SIR Christopher Wren in the year 1663, received a commission under the great seal to inspect and restore the cathedral of St. Paul's. The difficulties he had to struggle with in this gigantic undertaking, from the narrow-minded opposition of his brother commissioners, who preferred patching to building, are pretty generally known. Indeed had not these bickerings been terminated by the destructive fire of 1666, which almost completely demolished the antique buildings, with the memorable recent improvements of Inigo Jones, it is extremely improbable that Sir Christopher would ever have had any opportunity of carrying his magnificent plans into effect. An order, however, was at last issued, on the 20th of July, 1668, by the king in council, to take down the ruinous walls and to clear the ground to the foundation.

The removal of the ruins of St. Paul's forms an instructive chapter in architecture. The walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower at least two hundred feet high, though cracked and swayed, and tottering, stuck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by stone, was found tedious and dangerous. At first, men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, then canted them over, and labourers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses there lay a street only some thirty feet wide) made this way slow and unsafe; several men lost their lives, and the piles of stone grew steep and large. "Thus, however, Wren proceeded," says his son, "gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower, that bore the steeple, the remains of the tower being near two hundred feet high, the labourers were afraid to work above, thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the use of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the side of the north-west pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet diameter; when he had dug to the foundation, he then with crows and tools made on purpose, wrought a hole two feet square hard into the centre of the pillar; there he placed a little deal box containing eighteen pounds of powder and no more; a cane was fixed to the box with a quick match, as gunners call it,

† From the Family Library, Vol. XIX.—*Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.*

within the cane, which reached from the box to the ground above, and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match; after the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the top of the ground, he then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches which rested upon it; but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them; and this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruins in the place without scattering; it was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places and emitted some smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder; eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand labourers. The fall of so great a weight from an height of two hundred feet, gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants around took for an earthquake. During Wren's absence, his superintendent made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and, neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object; but one stone was displaced with such violence, that it flew to the opposite side of the church-yard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood so much, that they united in petitioning that no more powder should be used.

Wren yielded to their solicitations, and resolved to try the effect of that ancient and formidable engine the battering ram.

"He took a strong mast," says his son, "of about forty feet long, arming the bigger end with a great spike of iron fortified with bars along the mast and ferrels; this mast in two pieces was hung up by one ring with strong tackle, and so suspended level to a triangle-prop, such as they weigh great guns with; thirty men, fifteen on a side, vibrated this machine to and again, and beat in one place against the wall the whole day; they believed it was to little purpose, not discerning any immediate effect; he bid them not despair, but proceed another day: on the second day, the wall was perceived to tremble at the top, and in a few hours it fell.

It was not, however, until the year 1675 that the approved plan of the structure was returned to the hands of the patient architect with the long-expected authority to proceed with the cathedral.

Wren had had the sagacity to make various designs, for there were many judges—he desired to show that he was alike prepared for all tastes, from the simple to the magnificent. The form of the classic temple, he imagined, suited the reformed worship best, being compact and simple, without long aisles, our religion not using processions like that of Rome; he accordingly planned a church of moderate size, of good proportion: a convenient choir with a vestibule and porticos, and a dome conspicuous above the houses. "This design," says his son, "was applauded by persons of good understanding as containing all that was necessary for the church of the metropolis, of a beautiful figure, and of an expense that reasonably might have been compassed: but being contrived in the Roman style, was not so well understood and relished by others; some thought it not stately enough, and contended that, for the honour of the nation and city of London, it ought not to be exceeded in magnificence by any church in Europe." Much as this plan was approved, it was nevertheless one of those which he sketched "merely," as he said, "for discourse sake;" he had bestowed his study upon two designs, both of which he liked; though one of them he preferred, and justly, above the other. The ground plans of both were in the form of the cross; that which pleased Charles, the Duke of York, and the courtiers, retained the primitive figure with all its sharp advancing and receding angles: the one after Wren's own heart substituted curves for these deep indentations, by which one unbroken and beautiful winding line was obtained for the exterior, while the interior accommodation which it afforded, and the elegance which it introduced, were such as must have struck every beholder. But if we may credit Spence, taste had no share in deciding the choice of the design. He says, on the authority of Harding, that the Duke of York and his party influenced all; the future king even then contemplated the revival of the popish service, and desired to have a cathedral with long side aisles for the sake of processions. This not only caused the rejection of Wren's favourite design, but materially affected the other, which was approved. The side oratories were proposed by the duke, and though this narrowed the building and broke much in upon the breadth and harmony of the interior elevation, and though it was resisted by Wren even to tears, all was in vain—the architect was obliged to comply. He made the proposed changes with a heavy heart and an unwilling hand—he

knew that he was injuring the unity of the structure; that he was sacrificing for the sake of the unnecessary oratories much that conduced to the beauty and lucid arrangement of the parts; he felt that his fame would suffer, and as he was a sincere and pious man, he might mourn for the land which he suspected was, at no distant day, to experience the revival of religious strife. As soon as the king had approved of the plan, Wren resolved to make no more models, nor publicly expose his drawings, which experience taught him occasioned much loss of time and much idle controversy with incompetent judges. His favourite model was now laid aside—that on which he had expended so much thought and time; it was made to scale with great accuracy, and carved with all its proper ornaments, and consisting of one order only, the Corinthian, exhibited a structure at once classic and picturesque. This beautiful and costly work, when St. Paul's was finished, found sanctuary along with a fine model (likewise rejected) for the high altar, over the morning prayer chapel, and there they still remain, not a little injured and neglected; the original drawings are preserved, with much care, in the library of All Souls' Oxford.

The approved design has been called a free imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, avoiding the defects of that structure, and including more than its beauties. Wren took the Gothic form of building, and sought, as he informed his son, to reconcile it to a better manner of architecture, with a cupola, and above that, instead of a lantern, a lofty spire, and large porticos. Those who estimate the genius displayed in this splendid work have to consider, first, the injurious change in the original plan occasioned by the interference of the Duke of York—and secondly, the nature of the materials with which Wren had to rear his structure. The former has robbed the exterior of much of its elegance and simplicity: and the latter has compelled the architect to sacrifice breadth and majesty for littleness of parts and neatness of combination. It is the nature of classic architecture that no lofty work can be built without such immense masses of stone as British quarries cannot at all times, for a continuance, yield: the Parthenon may be attempted in freestone, but where would we find materials for such a temple as that of Diana, at Ephesus? Now the loftiness which St. Paul's required compelled the architect to imitate the Italian style of building in preference to the ancient Grecian; by successive stories of columns and courses of pilasters, he gained

that altitude which could not have been attained by the small stones of our quarries, had the more simple style of antiquity been adopted.

Wren, after fifteen years of sketching and controversy, having seen all obstacles removed, commenced building with great spirit and under favourable auspices. "In the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's," says his son, "an accident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen. When the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was desired to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, such as should first come to hand, to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word, in large capitals, RESURGAM." This omen has the look of premeditation.

The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, had twelve architects, and took one hundred and forty-five years to build; that of St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years, and had but one architect. There are other differences still. On the artists who conceived and raised the Roman fabric, nineteen successive Popes showered honours, wealth, and indulgencies; on the architect of St. Paul's, the king bestowed £200 a year; his brother injured the unity of the design out of love for oratories; the clerical lay commissioners harassed him with captious and ignorant criticisms; and, before the last stone was laid, persecuted him with ridiculous and groundless charges.

PRICES AND QUALITIES OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN TEAS.†

THE means of deciding as to the use which the India Company have made of their monopoly, are accessible to every one. Though they have succeeded in getting their countrymen excluded from the trade to China, they have not been able to extend this exclusion to foreigners. The merchants of Liverpool and Glasgow dare not send a single ship to Canton, or import a single pound of tea; but the merchants of New York and Hamburg labour under no such prohibition. They

† Abridged from the Edinburgh Review.—No. CIV.

engage in the trade to China, as they engage in that to France, Brazil, or any other country, and conduct it on the principle of free and unfettered competition. Here, then, we have an unerring standard by which to try the proceedings of the Company. If they be really as self-denying as their apologists would have us to believe, the prices at which they sell teas will not be higher than those at which they are sold in the great trading cities not subjected to any monopoly; for no one has ever ventured to contend that there either is or can be any reason, other than the difference between a free and a monopoly system, why the price of tea should materially differ in London from its price in Hamburgh, New York, &c. Accounts of the quantities of the different sorts of tea sold at the East India Company's sales, and the prices at which they were sold, from 1814-15 to 1828-29, have been printed by order of the House of Commons. (Parliamentary Papers, No. 22, Session 1830). Now, to determine whether the prices charged by the company be excessive or not, we have only to compare those given in this account, with the prices

of similar teas at Hamburgh, New York, &c., as deduced from the Price Currents published in those cities. But in so far as regards the year 1828-29, we are furnished *officially* with the means of comparing our prices with those of foreigners. In order partly to obviate any cavils that might be made as to the statements in Price Currents, and partly, as will afterwards be seen, for other purposes, letters were sent, in 1829, by direction of the Board of Control, to most of our Consuls at the principal foreign emporia, directing them to purchase and send home samples of the different species of tea in ordinary use in those places, with a note of their prices, &c. These prices were afterwards submitted, by order of the Committee of the House of Lords, to Dr. Kelly, the author of the "Cambist," who converted them into equivalent ones in sterling money per pound weight. Comparing, therefore, the prices and quantities of teas sold by the company in 1828-29, with the prices of the same descriptions of teas at Hamburgh, the results, neglecting fractions of a penny, are as follow:—

Comparative Account of the Prices of Tea at London and Hamburgh.

Species of Tea.	Company's selling price per pound in 1828-29.		Prices at Hamburgh, per pound, in 1828-29.		Excess of Company's prices over those of Hamburgh.	Excess of Hamburgh prices over those of the Company.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bohea	1	6	0	8	0	10
Congou	2	4	1	1	1	3
Campoi	2	9	1	2	1	7
Souchong	2	10	1	1	1	9
Pekoe	3	9	4	6	—	0 9
Twankay	2	5	1	2	1	3
Hyson-skin	2	4	0	11	1	5
Hyson	4	1	2	8	1	5
Gunpowder.	6	6	3	5	3	1

Now, it will be observed, that, with the exception of Pekoe, the prices of all the Company's teas exceed the prices of the samples bought at Hamburgh by the Board of Control; and, therefore, to determine the total sum which the tea monopoly costs the people of Britain, we have only to multiply the quantities of the different

teas (with the exception of Pekoe) disposed of at the Company's sales by the excess of their prices over those of Hamburgh, and to deduct from this sum the quantity of Pekoe, multiplied by the excess of the Hamburgh price over that of the Company.—The account stands as follows: .

Species of Tea.	Quantities of Tea sold by the Company in 1828-29.	Excess of Company's price per pound, over price at Hamburg; (Neglecting fractions of a penny.)	Excess of price received by the Company.
	lbs.	s. d.	l.
Bohea	3,778,012	0 10	157,417
Congon	20,142,073	1 3	1,258,878
Campoi	284,187	1 7	25,673
Sonchong	601,739	1 8	37,607
Twankay	4,101,845	1 3	273,456
Hyson-skin	213,933	1 4	14,261
Hyson	1,014,923	1 5	71,889
Gunpowder	615	3 1	98
			1,837,279
Deduct Pekoes, 131,281 lbs at 9d.			4,923
Total excess of price received by the Company over and above the price of similar teas at Hamburg			1,832,356

We may further remark, that Mr. Thornely, a very intelligent merchant of Liverpool, has deduced, from a careful calculation of the prime cost of tea in China, and the expense of freight, insurance, &c. the excess of price charged by the company at 1,727,934. Mr. Rickard's calculations gives very nearly the same results.

It appears from this authentic comparison of the accounts rendered by the East India Company with those furnished by the Board of Control, that the Company sold their teas in 1828-29, for the immense sum of 1,832,356*l.* more than they would have fetched had the trade been free! From the same official accounts rendered by the company, it also appears, that the average price of the different sorts of tea sold by them in 1828-29, amounted to 2*s.* 4*d.* per *lib.*; and it appears from the statements now laid before the reader, that the average excess of the price of the company's teas, over the price of the teas sold at Hamburg, amounts to 1*s.* 3*d.* per *lib.*, being an excess of more than FIFTY-THREE per cent.

But the Company's advocates are not easily driven from any position. We admit, say they, that it would appear, on the face of such accounts as the above, that the Company sell their teas at an enormously enhanced price; but nothing can be more fallacious. The teas sold by the Company are, they allege, incomparably superior in point of *quality* to those to be met with on the continent or the United States; and this, they add, is the natural result of our mode of managing the trade at Canton, where, we are told, the company's agents have the choice of all the teas brought to market; the Americans and other foreigners being

obliged to content themselves with the damaged samples, with the refuse, in fact, that is thrown aside by the Company. Those who brought forward this statement, imagined, no doubt, that they had made a masterly diversion in favour of the company, and that by withdrawing the public attention from accounts of sales and the statements in Price Currents, to fix it on an unprofitable and endless discussion about *tastes and qualities*, comparatively little opposition would be made to a renewal of the monopoly. But this ingenious scheme has been totally subverted; and, what is yet more galling, it has been subverted by those to whom the Company looked up for support. The delegates from Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, had nothing to do in the matter. The Board of Control has the merit of having proved, to the conviction of every one, that the teas sold by the Company, instead of being superior, are actually inferior to those sold by the free traders on the continent and in America.

We have already alluded to the circumstance of the Board having ordered samples of tea to be purchased and sent home from a great variety of foreign markets. When brought home, the Board of Control, desirous, we presume, of doing a service to the Company by demonstrating the truth of their statements as to the superiority of their teas, had the samples submitted to the inspection of the most skilful tea-brokers of London, who were requested to fix the prices which they supposed they would bring at the Company's sales. Nothing, it is clear, could be fairer than this proceeding. The brokers knew nothing of the prices paid by the Board of Control for the teas, neither did they know whence they came.

or for what object they were called upon to decide as to their qualities. They could not, therefore, have any bias one way or another; so that their decision was that of the most unprejudiced, and at the same

time the most intelligent, judges that could be selected. The results of the award of this most competent tribunal will be seen in the following comparison:—

Species of Tea.	Prices per pound at the Company's sales in 1828-29.	Prices of samples bought at Hamburgh, as fixed by the brokers.
	s. d.	s. d.
Bohea	1 6	1 4
Congou	2 4	2 4
Campoi	2 9	2 1
Souchong	2 10	2 2
Pekoe	3 9	6 8
Twankay	2 5	2 8
Hyson-skin	2 4	2 2
Hyson	4 2	4 3
Gunpowder	6 6	5 6

It appears from this decisive statement, that the common teas, such as bohea and congou, sold at Hamburgh, are about as good as those sold at the Company's sales; and that most of the finer teas, as pekoe, twankay, hyson, &c. are decidedly better. Let us, therefore, hear no more as to the superior quality of the Company's teas. Those who would vindicate their monopoly must take up other grounds than this. The fact is demonstrated that the Company sell their teas for fifty-three per cent more than they would be sold for were the trade open; and that the teas for which they exact this monstrous overcharge, are, speaking generally, of a comparatively inferior quality.

But the more skilful or cunning of the Company's advocates do not pretend that they sell their tea as cheap as it would be sold were the trade open. They take another ground. They affect the utmost candour, and admit that abuses exist in the monopoly, and some of them go so far as to say that they are inseparable from it; but they contend that the existence of the monopoly is indispensable to the existence of the trade; that the Chinese are a peculiar people, whose habits and modes of thinking and acting are quite different from those of other nations; that the East India Company have luckily found out the secret of managing them; but that private traders would infallibly get embroiled; and that were the experiment of opening the trade once made, the inevitable consequence would be, that we should, in a very short time be driven from the Chinese markets, losing at one and the same time our supplies of tea, and the revenue of about £3,200,000 derived from it.

Even before the schoolmaster was

abroad, such statements would, we apprehend, have been listened to with suspicion. They might do very well in Dahomey or Spain, but they are rather too much for the meridian of London. Has not the experience of the Americans decided this question? Are they not private traders, influenced solely by the love of gain? And have they ever, during the forty-six years that they have traded to China, been seriously embroiled with the natives, or suffered half as many interruptions to their commerce as we have done? The truth is, that the Chinese, though, in many respects a peculiar, are a *highly commercial people*. They are the great traders of the Eastern Archipelago. Vast numbers of them are settled at Batavia, Singapore, and other commercial emporia, and are all actively engaged in trade, or in some species of useful industry. They are in the Eastern what the Hollanders are, or rather were, in the Western world. Numbers of Chinese ships, or, as they are called, junks, some of them of 800 and 1000 tons burden, annually sail from the southern ports of the empire, laden with the most precious commodities, to Java, Borneo, Celebes, Singapore, &c. And, notwithstanding the statements so often rung in our ears as to the anti-commercial character of the Chinese, it is a fact, that they have at this moment a far larger amount of tonnage engaged, under a system of free competition in the trade with the Indian archipelago, than the East India Company employ in their trade with China, notwithstanding their possession of the monopoly of the British markets!

The body of *Hong* or *Cohong* merchants, is one of the bugbears held by the Company to make those unacquainted with the

circumstance believe, that there is something in the Chinese institutions to justify their monopoly. The fact is, that the Chinese government continues wedded to those maxims of commercial policy to which Mr. Sadler has lent the sanction of his authority. They have not, indeed, attempted to suppress foreign trade, but they have subjected it to certain regulations. Among others, they have established, not in Canton only, but in every port of the empire, a limited number of persons denominated *Hong* or *security* merchant; and every foreign ship must, on her arrival, get one of these merchants to become security for the import and export duties payable on the inward and outward cargoes, and for the conduct of the crew. It may be supposed, perhaps, that difficulties are occasionally experienced before such surety is obtained. But such is not really the case. Not the least hesitation has ever been evinced by a Hong merchant about securing a ship. The Americans, who have had as many as forty ships in one year in China, have never met with a refusal. The captain of a merchant ship may resort to any Hong merchant he pleases, and, by way of making him some return for his becoming surety, he generally buys from him 100*l.* or 200*l.* worth of goods. Individuals are, however, at perfect liberty to deal with any Hong merchant, whether he has secured their ship or not, or with any *outside merchant*, that is with any Chinese merchant not belonging to the Hong. So that, though there are only eight or ten Hong merchants at Canton, there is, notwithstanding, quite as extensive a choice of merchants with whom to deal in that city as in Liverpool or New York. The East India company are the only foreigners trading to China who never deal except with the Hong merchants. The Company's factory at Canton divide their business among them in shares at their own option; the profit accruing upon which is very considerable. We need not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that the Company have considerable influence with the Hong merchants, and neither need we be surprised to learn the use they have attempted to make of it. The substantially free trade carried on at Canton has been established, not merely without any assistance from them, but in despite of their machinations. The Americans, by dealing for the most part with the outside merchants, had virtually set aside the Hong merchants, and, by so doing, had very much increased the facilities for carrying on an advantageous trade. The pampered servants employed by the Company at Canton, instead of endeavouring

to oppose the competition of the Americans by increased activity, deemed it a more congenial course to stimulate the Hong merchants to petition the viceroy to prevent the Americans from dealing with the outside merchants. The Hong merchants are said to have entered with reluctance into this precious scheme. But, be that as it may, the proclamation which the viceroy issued upon the subject, in 1828, was as little regarded as his imperial master's edicts against opium. The trade speedily returned to its old channels. And, at this moment, dealings may be as easily, and as openly and avowedly, carried on with the outside merchants as with the Hong merchants.

MILTON AND SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

IN Dr. Paris's "Life of Davy," there is this passage:—

"A great poetic genius has said, 'If Davy had not been the first chemist, he would have been the first poet of his age.' Upon this question I do not feel myself a competent judge: but where is the modern Esau who would exchange his Bakerian lecture for a poem, though it should equal in design and execution the 'Paradise Lost?'"

We believe if this choice were proposed, the number of *Esaus* would be very considerable indeed; not because there are many who really enjoy and prize the poetry of Milton, but because most persons think it necessary and proper to profess an admiration for his "Paradise Lost," while few know any thing whatever of the "Bakerian Lecture. The vast majority of Dr. Paris's readers will be startled by seeing the two performances mentioned in the same sentence. The national admiration for Milton is of a very general, and also of a very distantly respectful kind; it is commonly quite clear of intimacy, for people venerate without troubling themselves to know his writings. Speak of Milton, and you hear of Satan's Address to the Son, and such other passages as have become familiar through "Entick's Speaker," the "Elegant Extracts," and, perhaps, Addison's "Critical Notices." But though the admiration of Milton is an ignorant admiration of a name supposed to imply all poetic excellence of the noblest kind, yet it is not certain that the preference which this blind respect would dictate would not be the preference accordant with reason.

The choice may be right, though the motives are insufficient. The Esau who, knowing nothing whatever of the "Bakerian Lecture," and little of Milton but the common honour in which his name is held, should prefer the "Paradise Lost," may make the proper choice, though moved to it only by an adopted admiration. As we happen to be blest both with "Paradise Lost" and the "Bakerian Lecture," it is not now very profitable to consider which might have been dispensed with for the possession of the other; but supposing the necessity of foregoing one, we are far from satisfied that the choice of wisdom would have been that which seems to Dr. Paris the necessary preference. The discoveries of science are discoveries of truths, always existing, and which every hour of experience is tending to lay bare: at some period or other they are sure to be made, and the forward or fortunate genius of any one man only accelerates the discovery by some short time. The inventions of poetry are in the mind of the poet only, and if they are lost in him they are found in no other brain. Had Milton not written his "Paradise Lost," we may be quite sure that to the end of time no other author would, in the same words, and with the same thoughts, have supplied the omission, and our language would have wanted the grandest manifestation of its power; but had a Davy not existed to propound the "Bakerian Lecture," another philosopher would, in all human probability, ere this have developed the identically same doctrines. Imagination is a personality, science depends on a reality; the first is lost with the man—the truths of the latter are co-existent with the scheme of nature, and ever waiting discovery.

VARIETIES.

Turkish Musical Taste.—A band of an English ambassador at Constantinople once performed a concert for the entertainment of the sultan and his court. At the conclusion it was asked, which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favourite air, began tuning their instruments, when his highness instantly exclaimed, "Inshallah! heaven be praised, that is it!" The Turkish prince may be excused, when it is known

that at the commemoration of Handel in 1784, Dr. Burney thought the mere tuning of that host of instruments more gratifying than the ordinary performances to which he had been accustomed.—*Harmonicon*.

Kings of France.—It is worthy of remark, that none of the kings of France have been succeeded by their sons for nearly two centuries. Philippe, the present king of the French, succeeded to the regal sway in consequence of the dethronement of Charles the Tenth; who succeeded his brother, Louis the Eighteenth; who succeeded his brother, Louis the Sixteenth; who succeeded his grandfather, Louis the Fifteenth; who likewise succeeded his grandfather, Louis the Fourteenth, when only five years of age.

Net Produce of the Public Revenue at the Accession of Successive Sovereigns.—The following is the net produce of the public revenue (exclusive of the expenses of collecting) at the accession of successive sovereigns:—

On the accession of		
James I.	1603	£600,000
Charles I.	1625	896,819
The Commonwealth	1648	1,517,247
Charles II.	1660	1,800,000
James II.	1685	200,000
William and Mary	1688	2,001,855
Anne	1701	3,895,905
George I.	1714	5,691,803
George II.	1727	6,762,643
George III.	1760	8,523,540
George IV.	1820	46,132,634
William IV.	1830	47,139,873

Improvement in the Fire Engine effected by a Boy.—One of the greatest improvements that has been made in the fire-engine since its invention, was the discovery of a boy, who wanted to save his own labour. When these engines were first used, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of these boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his play-fellows.—*Smith's Wealth of Nations*.

Madame de Staël's merit as a Mother.—Madame de Staël's merit as a mother was great; sincerity was her only system; she would not even tolerate the little games by which children are played into the elements of knowledge: she was candid with them, as some might fancy, to excess; yet she maintained authority, considering that its just and temperate exercise saves a thousand false-

hoods; and that the perpetual use of reasoning and sentiment often wearies and indurates the heart. She so treated her children that they passionately loved and esteemed her. "At the age of five or six," says the Duchess de Broglie, "we disputed in order to know whom she loved best; and when she allowed us a *little-à-little*, it was a favour that almost excited jealousy. She pushed her scruples on our account almost too far, reproaching herself even for our defects. 'If you have faults,' she would say, 'I shall not only be unhappy, I shall feel remorse.' Never was a mother at once more confiding and more dignified."—*Athenæum*.

Origin of Negus.—This popular name for wine and water owes its origin to Francis Negus, Esq., in the reign of George I. A party of Whigs and Tories having assembled to drink wine fell into a high dispute, and Mr. Negus being present, recommended them in future to dilute their wine as he did. This suggestion changed the argument to one on wine and water, which concluded by nicknaming the drink Negus.—*Ibid*.

Worsted.—Worsted was named from its being originally manufactured in great quantities at Worsted, in Norfolk, once a large town but now reduced to a village; the manufacture being removed to Norwich and its vicinity.

Development of the Vegetable Germ.—M. Mirhel has offered to the Academy, in a new memoir, the results of his observations on the vegetable egg. It is, as he conceives, the history of the organization and of the development of the ovules. He distinguishes five periods. In the first, the vegetable egg is in a nascent state. It is a pulposus conical excreescence without any opening. In the second, the exostome and the endostome open and dilate until they have acquired the maximum of their amplitude. In the third, the *primine* and the *secondine*, soldered together, take an extraordinary growth, and hide the *tercine*, which often becomes a membranous substance. In the fourth, the quartine originates from the whole surface of the internal walls of the ovulum. It lengthens, and we discover, under the form of a globe, suspended by a very slack thread the first outline of the embryo. In the fifth period the embryo develops its cotyledons, as well as its radicle, and attains its natural size.

The Laigh Green.—Some years ago, a poor boy went into a shop in Glasgow, which belonged to one of the bailies. The boy having an interesting appearance, the magistrate put some question to him respecting his education and moral instruction. Upon these points he found the boy

very ignorant, as might be expected. The magistrate also inquired of him how he was employed on the Sunday, and was told that he begged on the week days, and played himself on the Sabbath day. "What!" says the bailie, "is that the way you spend the Sabbath day? Do you know, my lad, where all those go that play themselves on the Sabbath day?"—"Ay, sir," says the boy; "they gang to the Laigh Green."—*Chamber's Anecdotes*.

Who was Jesse?—An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils once a week through Watts's "Scripture History," and afterwards asked them promiscuously such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was? when the boy briskly replied, "The Flower of Dumblane, sir."—*Ibid*.

No Pay no Play.—When the first Musical Festival took place at Edinburgh, there was a great bustle for some time before among the musicians, and much fear was expressed lest there should not be a sufficient number of violin-players in town to fill that department of the orchestra. An old woman who conducted a wretched performer, her husband, through the streets, and who thought, perhaps, that the Musical Festival would be an affair little better than a penny wedding, hearing of the great demand for fiddlers, remarked one day to a friend—"Faith, they'll no get our John, unless they pay him well."—*Ibid*.

Philosophic Emotion.—Gibbon, in his memoirs, relates, that he was present at the delivery of Sheridan's speech on Warren Hastings' trial, and that, in common with all others who heard that masterpiece of modern eloquence, he was deeply affected. He adds, that he, moreover, experienced from it a personal gratification as delightful as it was unexpected, for the orator, in the course of his speech, referred to the "History of the Decline and Fall" in terms of flattering commendation. The conclusion of his anecdote enables us to judge of the effect of strong excitement upon the philosophical temperament, for he tells us, that "when the speech was ended, I took the opportunity of inquiring of a reporter, who sat in the same box, what number of words he supposed a fluent orator commonly uttered in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking—when the reporter informed me, that he reckoned it at somewhere between seven thousand and seven thousand five hundred; this," adds Gibbon, "gives an average of about seven thousand two hundred per hour, being at the rate of one hundred and twenty a minute."

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.†

NOTHING has so much exposed the public to the designs of those who profess to cure diseases by methods unknown to the regular faculty, as the extreme ignorance of the public in general concerning the structure and functions of the human frame, and the nature of the diseases to which it is liable. The studies of anatomy and physiology are so extremely interesting, that their addition to what is commonly called a general education would afford a most agreeable occupation for many hours now much less profitably employed, and do more to abolish quacks and quackery, than half a dozen acts of parliaments, or the verdicts of a hundred juries. It would be seen that the human body is a very intricate and a very delicate machine, and that in order to rectify its movements it is necessary to understand them. Of all the subjects of quackery, the most profitable are those diseases which are in their nature either extremely lingering, or avowedly incurable. Nobody dies to a quack doctor for relief in a violent attack of sore throat, or sends for him when afflicted with inflammation of the bowels. He is never thought of when all the children have the measles, and would be justly looked upon as a dangerous intruder when the father of a numerous family is lying ill of a typhus fever. Of those diseases in which quackery is productive of the most unfortunate effects, and yet of which the character most exposes the friends of the patient to the delusions of unprincipled interlopers in medicine, is consumption. It is often lingering in its course, and it is almost invariably fatal in its termination. It exhibits fluctuations which encourage hope, and it is sometimes simulated by such general disorder of the health as is curable by great attention to diet and regimen, the chief remedial agents of those who profess to use secret remedies. It may not, therefore, be an unacceptable service to our readers, if we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the appearance of the second edition of M. Andral's valuable practical work, to lay before them, in a simple and popular form, such information with respect to this too common disorder, as may be readily understood.

The chest, or that part of the body which is enclosed by the ribs, may be said to be entirely occupied by the heart and

the lungs. The heart is one of the simplest organs in the body, composed of muscular fibres, and divided into four cavities, namely, a right auricle and ventricle, and a left auricle and ventricle. Red blood is sent from the left side of the heart into the aorta or large pipe leading from it, which soon forms an arch in the chest, and descends to carry blood to the abdomen and lower limbs; other vessels being given off from the arch itself, which supply the upper limbs and the head. Losing its florid colour in its course, the blood is brought back of a dark hue to the right side of the heart by the veins; and before it again passes to the left side of the heart, it is driven through the lungs, in them to be reconverted, by the action of the inspired air, into its florid or arterial state; after which it is again propelled into the aorta, to travel through the arteries as before. Just before the blood in the veins of the head and neck is transmitted to the heart, it receives, from a peculiar duct, a supply of chyle, which has been brought upwards along that duct from the organs of digestion, in a state to be mixed with the blood; and in the lungs the mixture becomes complete. The lungs, in which this doubly important office of converting the chyle into blood, and the venous blood into arterial, is performed, cannot consequently but be regarded as organs of extreme importance; and it is found that their well-being is quite essential to health, and even to ordinary comfort. They are of great size, filling up all the chest not occupied by the heart. Their texture is light and spongy, and they are divided into innumerable cells, communicating with the countless ramifications from the two great divisions of the wind-pipe: these two main divisions, uniting at the upper part of the chest, form a cartilaginous tube, passing upwards along the front of the neck, and terminating superiorly in the larynx, of which the cartilages are distinctly felt at the upper part of the throat. At each inspiration, air is received between these cartilages, and through this tube, and passes down the wind-pipe into its two great bifurcations, and from them into every corner of the elastic and expanding lungs. Each little cell, or at least each minute ramification, to its very extremity, becomes dilated with air, and the admitted blood, travelling in small vessels along the walls of these cells, undergoes the changes already mentioned. The air is then expired, altered in its qualities, and the renovated blood passes to its destination in the left cavities of the heart; the next inspiration bringing fresh air into the cells, and more blood into the lungs, to

† Abridged from the Foreign Quarterly Review. —No. XIII.—Of, Clinical Medicine; or a selection of Cases from the Wards of M. Lermier, at the Hospital of La Charité. By G. Andral, Professor in the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Paris, 1829.

receive the benefit of it. This wonderful process, on which life hangs, is performed by day and by night, whether we are sleeping or waking, from birth until the last moment of life.

Now the term pulmonary consumption has been applied to two distinct affections of the lungs. One of these, being nothing more than a chronic inflammation of the lining membrane of the wind-pipe and its many ramifications, is perhaps generally a curable disease. The membrane becomes very irritable, and even thickened or ulcerated, and sometimes the patient sinks under the malady. But this form is so often relieved, as not unfrequently to create an opinion of the probable cure of a true pulmonary consumption much more favourable than medical experience sanctions.

The nature of a true pulmonary consumption is this:—numerous small, hard, grayish bodies are deposited in the soft, elastic, spongy tissue of the lungs themselves. These are, commonly at least, very numerous. They are sometimes in clusters, and sometimes scattered all through the lungs; sometimes confined to one lung, often extended to both. These small bodies are what, in medical language, are called *tubercles*. It is their nature to enlarge, and, beginning to soften in the centre, to break down into a fluid mass. The lung immediately surrounding a tubercle which is undergoing this change becomes inflamed; a communication is established between the softened tubercle and one of the many ramifications of the air-passages, and thus the tubercle is expectorated in the form of a yellow or purulent fluid. When the tubercles are in a cluster, many commonly break down together, and, being expectorated, leave a considerable cavity in the lungs. If the tubercles are not numerous, all of them may be thus got rid of, the cavity may be obliterated, or cicatrised, and a person who has been affected with true pulmonary consumption may in this way actually recover. But this is a rare occurrence. The tubercles generally exist in great number. When some are softening, others are forming; and when the first are got rid of, the second have yet to be got rid of. This long process irritates the constitution; and the irritation, being protracted, destroys life. The action of the heart becomes quickened, the stomach and intestines become highly disordered, the patient is tormented with hectic fever, and wasted to a skeleton; although often, notwithstanding these obvious sources of suffering and symptoms of decay, cheerful and full of hope to the last.

Human skill, we fear, has yet achieved

little, either for the prevention or the cure of this terrible malady, to which, it has been calculated, that no less than sixty thousand persons fall a sacrifice in every year in Great Britain alone. Whilst it is most common in temperate climates, no degree of heat or of cold seems an absolute protection from it. It is no less fatal, and it is hardly less prevalent, in France than in England, and it is very common all along the shores of the Mediterranean. It is found in all parts of our own island, and is almost equally common in all; though perhaps most common in the maritime counties.

The presence of tubercles in the lungs is generally first indicated by some slight oppression of the function of respiration. The chest seems not to be sufficiently expanded in the act of breathing, and the inspirations are short and frequent. Next in order comes a hard and peculiar cough, first heard, perhaps, in the winter or spring; but not disappearing in summer or in autumn. Sometimes there is a slight spitting of blood thus early, although that circumstance, taken by itself, is by no means decisive of the nature of the malady. There is often little or no expectation; but the cough is distressing when the patient lies down at night, or begins to dress in the morning. The face and figure soon put on the peculiar external characters of consumption. The hair becomes thin, and the circumscribed scarlet hue of the cheeks is strongly contrasted with the paleness of the face, and of the white part of the eyes. The shoulders seem pointed, and the chest narrowed. The hands become pale and slender; emaciation and debility keep pace together. From the very commencement of the disease, the action of the heart and pulse is frequent, above a hundred pulsations being generally counted in a minute. Morning chilliness is succeeded, by evening heat and thirst; and to evening hectic, for such the exacerbation soon becomes, succeed wasting night perspirations. The appetite for food is often little affected, although irritability of the stomach and vomiting are common. The bowels are generally irritable as the disease advances, and diarrhoea alternates with the night perspirations. The lining membrane of the air passages becomes irritated, inflamed, ulcerated, or even studded with tubercles. Worn and harassed by these complicated sufferings, the patient still, very commonly, indulges in sanguine hopes of recovery; there is, in fact, a mental excitement, which passes on, in the latest stage, to a mild delirium.

What constitution of body most pre-

disposes to the creation of tubercles in the lungs can only be expressed by saying, that it is one of which the predominant feature is debility. This debility is often connected with a scrofulous character, but not invariably or necessarily. Circumstances of a nature to reduce the strength, and perhaps at the same time to affect the nervous system, may bring a healthy individual into that state in which tubercles may become formed in the lungs. Thus nothing is more common than for symptoms of consumption to appear not long after a patient has struggled through a fever; or for the complaint to be induced by a course of reckless dissipation; and we have seen it plainly brought on by deep and long-continued mental affliction. Frequent exposure to wet and cold, with its common consequences, frequent attacks of catarrh, undoubtedly dispose the lungs to disease and to the creation of tubercles; and that poor diet may be a powerful predisposing cause will readily be credited by those who know how invariably some of the inferior animals may be brought into a state of disease, and that tubercles are formed in their lungs at will, by confining them to particular kinds of food. Habitual confinement in a deteriorated air, in close apartments, in crowded schools where a number of scholars are kept together for several consecutive hours, seems to be not an uncommon cause of that state of body which favours the development of tubercles. To the predisposing causes M. Andral adds, want of sufficient exposure to the influence of the sun. Some of the diseases of early life—as the measles and whooping cough, are also presumed to dispose to the formation of tubercles, by producing a considerable accumulation of blood in the pulmonary tissues. It is to be observed, that the age at which symptoms of consumption may appear, is not so constant, or even so limited as has frequently been asserted, and as many medical authors still assert. We are ourselves disposed, after some attention to this particular fact, to believe, that of all ages at which phthisis shows itself, the most common is that between thirty and forty. Instances have not been wanting in which the malady has become fatal at a much later time of life, or in which it has even made its first appearance in advanced age. M. Andral mentions the case of a patient of sixty-eight, who had enjoyed previous good health, and in whom symptoms of phthisis then first showed themselves; the complaint proved fatal after a few months; and numerous tubercles were found in both lungs; which, judging from the patient's health having previously been

uninterrupted, would seem to have been recently developed.

The duration of the malady after it has been incontestably declared is also very variable, or rather, to speak more correctly, the malady is capable of suspension for considerable intervals, with occasional returns, which at length prove fatal. In such cases the patient is generally more or less a valetudinarian; cannot endure much exertion; his respiration is soon oppressed, and his heart is irritable: he suffers much on every attack of common catarrh, and seems at last, from this cause, to fall into consumption. M. Andral says he has known individuals remain in this intermediate state, between illness and health, from early life to thirty or forty years of age. Far more commonly, consumption destroys the patient in a much shorter time. The average duration of life, after the disorder is actually established, cannot be stated as greater than two years. Many patients are worn out by the disease much within that period; some sink in less than a year, and some are hurried to the grave in a few months, or, though more rarely, even in a few weeks. The latter description of cases are so striking, even to common observers, as to be designated, in popular language, *galloping consumptions*.

Such being the hopeless character of consumption when once established, the fact of its establishment becomes of the greatest importance, and the means of determining either its absence or its presence cannot be too carefully studied. By these means, supposing them to exist, a protection may be given against the deceptions of the quack, who pretends to cure what does not exist; and in other cases, where the disorder is but too well established, a protection of another kind may be afforded to the unfortunate patients themselves, who may be spared the infliction of remedies which are powerless to heal, and may yet obtain much relief by palliative measures, adopted in consequence of sound views being entertained of the actual state of the lungs.

Two methods of investigating all diseases of the lungs and of the heart have, for some years past, occupied the attention of medical practitioners, in addition to an observation of what are commonly called symptoms. These are, percussion of the chest, and auscultation. The first is a revived invention, the second a very recent discovery; or, at least, recent and novel in the extent and accuracy of its application. As these are methods by which the presence of tubercles in the lungs may sometimes be positively ascertained,

and as the principle of their employment is very simple, it may be worth while shortly to explain both of them to readers to whom it is probable that the terms percussion and auscultation may convey no very clear signification.

The light texture of the lungs, the manner in which their innumerable cells are filled with air, and the extent to which they fill the chest, have already been described. What is called the chest, therefore, may in some sort be compared to a box or barrel filled with air; and when the chest is struck with the fingers it returns, in most parts of it, exactly the sound we should expect to be given. Percussion of the chest is but the eliciting of this sound, by the steady and consecutive striking of the ends of two or three of the fingers on all parts of the chest. It requires to be done with some care; the points of the fingers should be held evenly, and the chest be struck smartly; the examination of each part of one side of the chest should be compared with that of the corresponding part of the other side of the chest; and the same parts on both sides should be struck as nearly as possible at the same angles. When the front part of the chest is subjected to this kind of examination, it is most convenient that the person examined should cross his arms behind him; and when the back of the chest is examined, the arms may be folded before the patient. Thus examined, the whole of the chest returns a hollow sound, except on the lower part of the left side, where the heart intervenes between the lung and the hand; and on the lower part of the right side, where the liver is situated, and seems to encroach on what is commonly called the chest. Where there is the least soft and unsonorous substance interposed between the lungs and the hand, the sound is clearest; as at the sides and along parts of the front of the chest: where there is the most soft matter, muscle, fat, or other substance, there the sound is duller; as at the top of the chest behind, above the shoulder blades, and in fat persons and females on the front of the chest. But the sound of the corresponding parts of each side of the chest will still, in health, be equal, and the natural differences of sound are consequently soon appreciated.

The application of these simple facts to the investigation of diseases of the lungs is very direct. Whatever becomes interposed—within the chest as well as without—between the hand and the air-expanded lung, lessens or modifies the sound returned when the chest is struck with the fingers in that part in which the interposed matter exists. The interposed

matter may be a fluid, and then the sound on the side of the chest where the fluid is, or to a certain height from the lower part of the chest, will be dull; whilst on the other side of the chest, or above the level of the fluid, it will be clear and natural. The difference in these cases may be appreciated by any ear. The same effect, or dulness of sound, may be produced by any part of the soft lung having become less pervious to air. This is the case in inflammation of the lungs: the substance of the lung, when the inflammation is severe, destroys for a time the elasticity of the lung, and its capacity of receiving air in the portion inflamed; and here also the dull sound will be returned when the chest is struck over the inflamed part, unless in the single case of the inflamed portion of lungs being in the centre, and healthy lung being interposed between it and the hand.

The description of tubercles which has already been given, will make it readily intelligible to all, that if they are numerous, or if many of them are collected together, they must constitute a mass of such a degree of density as to produce modifications of sound when percussion is employed. If they are not numerous, and not grouped together, little or no modification of sound can be expected; and the same want of distinct modification exists even when they are numerous, if they happen to be scattered over all parts of the lungs. When, however, in a patient who has some of the symptoms of consumption, a dull sound is returned on one side of the chest, particularly at the upper part, and the corresponding part of the other side of the chest returns the usual sound, there is the strongest reason to believe that many tubercles are collected in the part of the lung where the dull sound is given, and the opinion given in such a case is generally very unfavourable. We have several times found this sign distinct at an early stage of the ordinary symptoms, and have seldom been deceived by it.

The principle of what is called auscultation is no less simple than that of percussion. The manner in which blood and air are received into the lungs, and transmitted from them, has been already explained. When the ear is applied to the chest, these actions are found to be productive of a low but distinct sound, or murmur, which murmur is heard all over the chest, with the exceptions just alluded to, when speaking of percussion. Whatever diminishes the elasticity and light texture of the lungs—whatever intervenes between the lungs and the ear,—and whatever obstructs, in any

degree, the passages through which the air passes into the pulmonary substance, diminishes or modifies the respiratory murmur, and thus becomes an indication of disease, and of the nature of the disease. *Mediate auscultation* signifies the employment of a perforated cylinder of wood, called the stethoscope, one end of which, scooped out like a funnel, is placed steadily and evenly on the chest, whilst the ear is accurately applied to the other.

It will be seen at once, that the use of the stethoscope, or of auscultation, must be limited in the case of consumption by the same circumstances which circumscribe the utility of percussion in the same disorder. If the tubercles are numerous, if clustered together, if near the surface of the lungs, they will render the respiratory murmur less distinct. If few in number, if small, if scattered over the lungs, they so slightly modify the respiratory sounds that, even if we admit that the practised ear can appreciate the modification, such modification cannot be understood as being available to the general course of practice; and we may almost say, therefore, that in such circumstances the stethoscope is of no use in phthisical cases. The strong and decisive evidence, however, which is afforded by its employment in those cases in which percussion has indicated a dull sound on one side or in one part of the chest, and the certainty acquired in such cases by the employment of both methods in conjunction, are sufficient to show that even in consumption the stethoscope is an instrument not to be neglected. Its use too, is by no means thus limited in this disorder, in the progress of which it affords other and perhaps infallible diagnostics. In a number of cases, observes M. Andral, auscultation renders the recognition of phthisis more precise and more exact; and it marks, much better than any other method of investigation, the extent, the seat, and the degree of the alteration which the lungs have undergone. By its means, the existence of cavities in the lungs, the product of softened tubercles, has been ascertained in cases in which the patients were previously supposed to be suffering from a simple bronchial affection, or perhaps only suspected of being in the very first stage of consumption.

One of the most striking of the phenomena which may be discovered by the use of the stethoscope in consumption is what is called *pectoriloquism*, or the sensation, if the patient speaks during the time when the stethoscope is applied to the chest and the ear to the stethoscope, of the voice of the patient passing *directly* through the instrument. This sign is found when a

cavity is already produced in the lungs by the softening of numerous tubercles; and it is of course not often heard in cases affording the least hope of recovery.

Such are some of the principal facts relating to the nature and progress of this malady, and to the means of detecting its existence. Its treatment does not obtain much consideration in the work before us, of which the chief objects are to illustrate the symptoms and the morbid anatomy of diseases. But we cannot thus dismiss the subject at a time when the public attention has been challenged with more than common effrontery, and in the face of facts of an appalling kind, to the efficacy of a mode of cure professed by a man apparently unacquainted with the rudiments of medical science. The declared destruction of a few patients, and the suspected murder of many more, are probably less calculated to shake a confidence which rests on no reasonable ground, than a mere consideration of the prospect of cure afforded by the actual nature of the malady itself.

If we suppose the disease to be established, or tubercles to be actually formed in the lungs, there would seem to be two especial indications of treatment; namely, to prevent the progress of these foreign bodies, and to check the symptoms of irritation produced by them, not only in the lungs but in other organs. The presence of the tubercles is often declared more strongly by the supervention of these secondary irritations than by any primary embarrassment in the functions of the lungs themselves. It is, consequently, against these secondary states that the efforts of the practitioner are very frequently directed; and some of them—inflammation of portions of the pulmonary tissue for example—demand the promptest attention, inasmuch as they tend to hasten the progress of the tubercles, before existing in a passive condition, into that stage in which they work the most serious effects on the general constitution. The means of preventing at once the inconveniences of the different supervening irritations, and the acceleration of the process of tubercular change, are, generally all such as are calculated to prevent excitement of the vascular system. The presence of actual inflammation may make it necessary to prescribe moderate bleeding, and this may become again occasionally necessary, although the wasting character of consumption is sufficiently declarative of the impropriety of the repeated, and as it were periodical, bleedings, to which practitioners have sometimes resorted. Bleeding the chest, as near as possible to the inflamed part of the lung, the exact situa-

tion of which may be ascertained by the stethoscope, is a powerful auxiliary to the venesection; and, in many cases, if resorted to after the application of leeches, may render it unnecessary to incur the inconvenience of a general bleeding. Irritations of the larynx and trachea (wind-pipe), and also of the bronchial ramifications, may generally be alleviated by these means, and by other methods of producing external irritation; as well as that distressing disturbance of the stomach which is exceedingly troublesome to the greater number of phthisical patients. With the same intentions, various soothing medicines, chiefly mucilaginous and anodyne, are found to be serviceable; and the adoption of a system of diet which is moderately nutritious, but from which every thing that could cause excitement is carefully excluded. Every part of the regimen of the patient should be so ordered as to conform to this system; violent bodily and mental exertions, late hours, exposure to vicissitudes of weather, insufficient clothing and every kind of irregularity are to be diligently avoided.

By the early and rigid adoption of measures of this kind, many individuals, whose lungs tubercles actually exist, are enabled to maintain a condition of health very little interrupted, and the duration of life may, in some cases, be greatly prolonged. Both of the indications already mentioned are indeed thus simultaneously accomplished.

In variable climates like our own, there is always an additional difficulty to be contended against, arising out of the perpetual irritation of the air-passages, by the actual contact and unavoidable reception of the air itself. If, desirous altogether to avoid this inconvenience, the patient is restricted to the air of rooms of which the temperature is carefully regulated, the want of invigorating freshness is too often productive of general effects which induce some other disadvantages, both as regards the general health and the pulmonary disease; and if attempts are made to secure the benefit of that freshness which the external air alone can impart, hardly any care or watching can long prevent some accidental exposure which brings on an aggravation of symptoms which it is most desirable to repel. The hope of securing the advantage, without incurring the counterbalancing disadvantages, produces the numerous annual migrations of the consumptive to various parts of foreign countries and of our own; and these again impart a high degree of interest to the character of particular countries of the continent, or of particular islands to which so many sail in quest of

health, or of particular parts of our own island, to which those who are unwilling or unable to leave their native country commonly resort. The desired climate for a consumptive patient is one which is dry, warm or temperate, and subject to few vicissitudes. There is, unfortunately, much difficulty in finding such a climate in our own country. We may obtain warmth in Devonshire, and generally along the southern coast of England; but not warmth with dryness, or warmth free from vicissitudes. Dryness is to be found on the heights of Clifton or Malvern, but dryness without sufficient warmth, or sufficient protection from severe winds. The sheltered valleys in the neighbourhood of Clifton, or the coast of Devonshire, or the southern parts of the Isle of Wight, seem to afford the best winter residence. During that season the temperature of Devonshire is five deg. above that of London. Hastings, and the beautiful part of the Isle of Wight called Undercliff, are perhaps the most sheltered from the piercing winds of spring. In the heat of summer, the heights of Clifton or of Malvern offer some advantages; and during the autumnal heats, probably no situation is better than Brighton.

That which gives to any place or district a decided propriety over another, is the equal distribution of heat throughout its year. A climate, like that of Paris, where the heat of summer is very great, and the coldness of the winter excessive, is worse for the consumptive patient than any part of our own island. Yet patients are sometimes contented to "go abroad for their health," leaving their residence to be determined by accident; and seeming to imagine that some peculiar virtue is attached to every acre of a foreign soil. But the same country, or certainly a country so extensive as France, may contain climates of the most opposite character. That of the south-east of France, for instance, differs exceedingly from that of the south-west of that country, which, like the south-west parts of England, is warm and relaxing, but subject to violent winds; whilst that of the south-east, although three deg. above the south-west in mere temperature, is subject to sharper winds, which try the consumptive invalid much more severely. No where in Europe is there perfect shelter from the winds of the springs. Even at Nice, where the winter is so mild, the months of March and April are particularly unsuitable to pulmonary invalids; and the same may be said of Montpellier and Marseilles. There are spots in Italy which are less exposed to these disadvantages. Yet even in Rome, distinguished for its soft and delightful air,

and for its general dryness, it is very common in spring to have cold winds prevailing until sunset; and the malaria renders it an undesirable residence in the summer. The winter of Naples is well adapted to an invalid; but at Naples also they complain of the coldness of the spring. Summer, too, brings its disadvantages in a warm climate; although there are situations in the neighbourhood of that city which are considered agreeable even in that season; but excepting such situations, and the baths of Lucca, the warmth of an Italian summer is too much for invalids to bear with impunity. For this reason the suffering patient is often compelled to undertake a fatiguing journey, either to England or into Switzerland, or to what seems better than either, for a summer residence, to Eins on the Rhine. By a sufficiently prolonged residence at any one of the places which we have mentioned, particularly if care is taken to guard the invalid from the particular vicissitudes which are found most to distress him, we feel confident that the progress of consumption may be delayed, and all the inevitable irritations attending its progress much alleviated.

More sanguine hopes arise at the mention of the island of Madeira; which boasts of a climate far superior to that of France, or of any part of Italy; and one which combines the requisites both for a summer and a winter place of residence. Almost wholly exempt from the keen winds which prevail so generally over the European continent, and enjoying a high winter temperature, the equability of its climate is quite remarkable; and the summer is not so hot as to drive away those who seek its shelter from the severe winter of their own land. Thus it is stated by Dr. Clark, in his very valuable work on the Influence of Climate in the cure of Diseases, that whilst the Madeira winter is twenty deg. warmer than that of London, the summer-heat of Madeira only exceeds that of London by seven deg.; and whilst the winter at Madeira is twelve deg. warmer than the winter in Italy, the Madeira summer is five deg. cooler than the Italian summer. Nor are the variations of temperature from day to day sudden or considerable; and the rain which falls is commonly confined to the autumnal season. So that, altogether, there does not seem to be on the face of the globe a place more likely to preserve the life of those threatened or affected with consumption than Madeira. Still, it is to be remembered, that such is the state of the lungs in confirmed consumption, that much relief, or much prolongation of life are not to be

expected in any climate whatever; and that the cases benefited even by the salubrious air of Madeira are incipient cases. Of these, a large majority undergo such improvement as to maintain a very high character for the island as a place of refuge for consumptive invalids.

On the whole, a consideration of the nature of tubercles, and of the inevitable changes which they undergo, and the testimony of all experience, do but too strongly confirm the opinion, that human resources against the fatal progress of consumption are few and limited in power; that the retardation of the malady, and some mitigation of its attendant inconveniences, are nearly all that can be hoped for; and that perfect recovery, where the tubercles are numerous and far advanced, is not, under any circumstances to be expected. In the retardation of the malady, however, and, we would add, in its prevention in persons predisposed to it by birth or natural constitution, so much may yet be done by careful diet and regimen, by attention to clothing, and exercise more especially, as well to reward the pains required to order these particulars properly and effectually.

That tubercles already deposited in the lungs may be removed by absorption, or that the constitution can be supported through the processes by which even a large collection of them might possibly be eliminated from the lungs, are things which yet exist only in the dreams of the sanguine, or in the bold promises of those whom ignorance endows with confidence. That the public should readily believe in the curative power of inhalation, or in the efficacy of barbarous methods of destroying large portions of the integuments of the body by corrosive substances, unknown in medicine, and presumptuously borrowed from the coarser arts, can only, we fear, be regarded as a proof of the limited diffusion, even in these times, of really useful knowledge.

TO JULIET: A THOUGHT AT NIGHT.

In woe's taper's waning light,
An image of my heart I see;
It burns and a lonely night—
Its life the love of thee.
The staidest light its passion takes,
But slowly wastes while it flames;
And while my very life it makes,
My life itself consumes.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.†

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH (Commissioner of Indian Affairs).—The Right Hon. ex-Recorder of Bombay was originally a student in medicine in the Edinburgh University. From the hospital and the dissecting room, he passed into law and the metaphysics of the schoolmen; thence to Grotius and Puffendorf, and the *Lex Gentium*; thence to history, ancient and modern; and from these has settled down into a kind of *emeritus* commentatorship, on all three, in which, however, the influence of his earlier investigations is very discernible. The study of medicine, as has been well remarked by the late Professor Stewart with respect to Mr. Locke, is of all others most fitted to prepare the mind for those speculations which have engaged the attention of Sir James Mackintosh since the morning of his life; “the complicated and fugitive, and often equivocal phenomena of disease, requiring in the observer a far greater portion of discriminating sagacity than those of physics, strictly so called, resembling in this respect much more nearly the phenomena about which metaphysics, ethics, and politics, are conversant.” But for the very same reason, the study of medicine is apt to induce a habit of sceptical indifference, which almost precludes a rooted and warm affection to truth, without, it is true, disposing the mind the more to embrace error, but rather to regard it as a matter for the exercise of the critical faculties, than as an object of our moral disapprobation. It is owing to this influence of his medical studies, which even Mr. Locke’s surpassing sagacity and powers of self-examination failed in guarding him against, and not to a less worthy source, that I am inclined to trace the vacillations which have been censured in Sir James’s political and ethical opinions, and the want of fusing earnestness, and of *ardour* of purpose in his various speeches and essays. Be it a speech in the House of Commons, a lecture on the Law of Nations in Lincoln’s Inn Hall, an article in the Edinburgh Review, or a history of Ethical Philosophy, the Right Hon. and Learned Member is never the mere advocate of even his own views and opinions,—is never content with laying down and illustrating the arguments on his own side of the question; but, as a Judge, seems to feel himself bound to state all that has been, or can be said, pro and con, on both sides, with equal explicitness, and

with apparently equal earnestness. In every thing he is the learned expounder of all that has been said on the matter at issue, without, however, reflecting a new light, or *pouring* new warmth, from his own preponderating conviction. Hence, while he astonishes by the wonderful extent and accuracy of his reading, and by the no less wonderful readiness and accuracy of his memory, he seldom impresses you with a conviction of his being a man of commanding intellect, and never hurries you on in breathless enthusiasm, by the force of his own feelings. Hence the unimpressive—*from want of glowing warmth*—character of his speeches, in which as has been well observed by a late writer, you have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; in which the exception is laid down with as much earnestness as the rule or principle, and the objection as the argument, the doubt as the conviction, for the sole purpose, as it should seem, of showing off his critical acumen in rebutting and solving them. It is evident that he is a man of no ordinary talent, and of wonderful acquirement; but that he wants something Promethean to impart living fire to his closet abstractions,—that he would have done much better had he known less,—that, in fact, his original powers are weighed down under the weight of his researches into the opinions of others. His speeches in Parliament are too prosy and metaphysical, and abound too much in reference to the theory of politics and the law of nations; while his metaphysical and political articles are too colloquial, and smack too much of the gossip of the man of the world. He is evidently not wholly at home in either, and would shine more in the Professor’s chair of history or moral philosophy to some fashionable university. Then he is so indolent, so far as writing his thoughts is concerned, and, unfortunately for himself, excels so in conversation. But this would lead me beyond the range which I have laid down for myself in these notices of the Speakers and Speeches in Parliament. The countenance and general manner of Sir James Mackintosh are eminently expressive of the intellectual habits of his life, and of his naturally very benevolent disposition. Energy of will is wanting in the brow; and though the mouth and eye are cordially kind in their expression, they want that compression and fixedness, which betoken deep-felt undoubting conviction. In his very latest work, he says, that in speculative philosophy he is nearer to indifference than to an excluding spirit. This remarkable declaration, which may be extended to his other inquiries, shows how much the mere

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Scholastic logician has prevailed over the metaphysical philosopher; and, to those conversant with the springs of human action, affords a most satisfactory explanation of the causes of Sir James Mackintosh's not holding a higher place among statesmen and philosophers. As it is, however, he is by far the best informed and most philosophical speaker or writer in either House of Parliament—a compliment which my respect for his talents and acquirements make me regret is just now so little worthy of his acceptance. LORD JOHN RUSSELL (Paymaster of the Forces).—The advocate of the advance, in a moral and social point of view, of a titled aristocracy, like to that of which Lord John Russell is a member, might quote him as a favourable specimen. The Noble Lord was early taught that the name of Russell was synonymous with patriotism and honour, and, by the circumstances of his fortune and station in society, was exempted from all temptations to violate either. Hence, what was originally artificial and unconnected with sound morality, has become a habit of consistent high-motived public conduct; and hence—and this is important to the entire argument—his avowed conviction that such conduct is compatible with the breeding and usages of the less aristocratically born. This is the more worthy of notice, as neither in person, talents, nor information, does the Noble Lord exhibit those advantages usually sought for in one who affects to disdain the crowd. In figure and countenance he is scarcely less mean and insignificant than his friend Tom Moore, and, without that little worshipper of title and wealth's genius, is not a wit more uncommon in place and less superficial in his acquirements. He has written some pamphlets, two octavos, and one huge quarto; and made some half dozen speeches on Reform, in all of which we seek in vain for a single passage above mediocrity, or indicating originality or width of thought, or eloquence of expression, while in every sentence we are accosted by a "I am, Lord John Russell, the descendant and biographer (bless the mark!) of the great patriot martyr (the pensioner of the French king, if we may believe contemporary writers), Lord William Russell," a tone which would be less offensive, were it more the echo of natural egotism. And then his hemming, hesitating, hissing, hawing, effeminate voice, and the air of self-complacency of the polished nobleman, too proud to conciliate, too feeble to subdue, the prejudices of the multitude. But the day for aristocratic haughtiness is fortunately gone by; the supremacy of influence of one man over his fellows will, it is to be

hoped, in no distant period, be founded on his moral and intellectual pretensions, without a too exclusive regard to the accident of his birth.

MR. WYNN. (Secretary at War).—Mr. Wynn is the walking Hansell of the House of Commons—it is he, and not the Speaker, who lays down the law with respect to the proceedings of the House on all occasions. Is a petition, informally worded, laid on the table, or does a question arise touching the regularity of some Honourable Member's motion, requiring even a turnpike toll, Mr. Wynn quotes a host of precedents in point, and the matter is decided. The Right Honourable Gentleman would indeed seem to have made the rules and usages of parliament a careful study, whether with a view to filling the Speaker's chair as many believe, or in the spirit of a member of the Society of Antiquaries; it is not easy to determine; probably there was a mixture of both motives, in which the latter prevailed. It strikes me, that it was more as a curious branch of history that Mr. Wynn made himself so proficient in the laws and precedents of the Journals, than as a making himself up for the Speakership; and that his accidental proficiency was taken advantage of by his political friends as a valid ground for putting him forward as a candidate for the office, rather than that his proficiency was the result of an ambition to sit as chairman. Mr. Wynn labours under one defect, which is incompatible with the efficient performance of the duties of the Speaker of so important an assembly as the House of Commons—his voice is *utterly* shrill (hence he is called *Squeak Wynn*) and infantile, not unlike the tone and compass a schoolboy's broken penny trumpet; and this incurable defect, and it alone, has been the obstacle to the Right Honourable Gentleman's attaining a very commanding station among our modern statesmen. It would be a curiously instructive speculation, to estimate how much a man's success or ill fortune in life depends upon some apparently slight defects of physical conformation—one, indeed, much more considered with than are usually considered the bias and eccentricities of genius and character. The force of this observation, concerning Mr. Wynn's defect of voice, will appear the stronger to those who have heard the remarkable voice of Mr. Manners Sutton, the present Speaker. Who that has heard the Right Honourable gentleman *speaking* ("Order, order," can ever forget it; and yet it is not easy to describe it, but by negatives. His voice has nothing of mere noise in it, and yet it is singularly loud; it wants intellectual expression, and yet it savours not of the mere machine, and is imposing, grand, and organ-like; and it is not put on for the occasion, and yet it reminds one of what an archbishop's ought to be in full consistory.

talent, than a superficial observer could well imagine, and of which modern biography furnishes very interesting materials. Mr. Wynn is a man of talent, very extensive information, noble person, high principles, great courage, and influential connections, and yet possesses no weight, save on one subject, and that one generally considered beneath the dignity of men much less intellectual than himself, all owing, perhaps, to a thickening to the extent of half the breadth of a nail of the *chordæ vocales*, or some other member of the vocal organs. Had he more talent, or a spark of the invincible obstinacy of genius, it is not improbable that his defect would have operated as a stimulus to great and successful exertions.—had he less, he might have passed his days as a morose recluse, or, if cursed with a morbidly nervous sensibility of temperament, might have become actually insane. Considerations of all importance in the management of the young suggest themselves, which, however, it would be out of place now to enter upon.

LORD HOLLAND (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster).—I know not well how to tell the reader, without disparagement, that Lord Holland is in every thing, physical and mental, a miniature likeness of his immortal uncle. It would be nearer to my meaning to say, that if Mr. Fox be considered the quarto edition, his nephew is an exact octavo copy; for there is not that difference of degree between their capacities and acquirements, which the term miniature would imply. In features they are alike, save that Mr. Fox's were more massive—the brow was bolder, the mouth fuller, and the eye had less roving fire than Lord Holland's. They have the same inartificialness and occasional indistinctness of enunciation; and as with his uncle, Lord Holland is borne, as he warms in his subject, by the vehemence and variety of his feelings and ideas, so rapidly, that he outruns his breath, and after a high key screech effort—painful to witness—to give vent to his thronging emotions, actually loses his voice for about half a minute. Lord Holland too, among his friends.—I do not mean all those who are invited as curiosities to Holland House—has all that social warmth and ingenuous simplicity of manner, which won the hearts of all his great uncle's associates. The eloquence of both has the same *corpe vocis* and uncontrollable from Nature's well of feeling, unalloyed by the puerilities of rhetoric, without melody of sound, or any other embellishment than that with which manly good sense, heartfelt conviction, and an accomplished mind, spontaneously furnish it. As with Mr. Fox—though as

I have said before in degree.—Lord Holland is best in reply—whether it be that the necessary bracing for reply precludes the abruptness and apparent uncomminutiveness observable in his opening speeches or that his facetious jokes, and his palpable hits, tell then, with more raciness and effect, from their more unpremeditated air. Lord Holland, however, has not the force or the vigorous judgment, or the originality of his illustrious relative; neither has he his habitual slovenliness of arrangement, or his wordiness, or his too frequent defectiveness of style and grammar. If Earl Grey reminds us of the reserved—Martello tower taciturnity, so to speak—manner of Mr. Pitt,

“As if a man were author of himself,
And owed no other kin;”

Lord Holland equally reminds us of the warm, benevolent gregariousness of Charles Fox. Lord Grey or Mr. Pitt commands our respect; Lord Holland, like Mr. Fox, wins our love.

LORD DURHAM (Lord Privy Seal).—If the term *derisive*, not unfrequently in conversation, could receive a place in our dictionaries as a standard, it would be the predicate of Lord Durham's intellect. He never says any thing but what is cleverish; he has never said any thing that is more. He has about the mental calibre of Lord Antiquus Ellenborough, and indeed resembles that popular nobleman in more points than it is plain he would be inclined to boast of. Like him, Lord Durham is an assiduous cultivator of the graces; and like him, also, is seldom embarrassed by any unaided diffidence in his own knowledge or ability. They are both remarkably fluent and elegant—Lord Ellenborough particularly so; both are zealous cultivators of the outside ornaments of the head (the bust of either would be a window prize to a hair-cutter); and both have yet to prove that they are the heaven-born statesmen they evidently mistake themselves for.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM (First Lord of the Admiralty).—The late Mr. Tierney, on being asked his opinion of the right hon. representative of the county of Cumberland, replied, in his usual pithy, sarcastic manner, “Graham is a manly puppy—the cleverest of the set.” Harshly as this may sound, coming from Mr. Tierney, it meant high praise, and describes the man very graphically. The right hon. baronet is a powerfully made man, of almost Herculean proportions, smart and fluent in speech, indistinct and most pains-taking in making himself acquainted with his subject, but with the lisping, affected, half-whining delivery of a *capot-taught*. Then his precise dandyish attire, and the

air of Adonis self-complacency contrasts so provokingly with the information and good sense so abundant in his speeches. This mixture of the "nice lady's man" and the intelligent debater has given rise to opposite opinions of his merits equally remote from truth. By some he is described as a mere flippant, self-confident House of Commons coxcomb; by others, as a man of great knowledge and great statesmanlike abilities. He is neither the one, nor the other. Among mere dandies, he is an orator and a statesman; among orators and statesmen, a clever coxcomb. He is a man of no originality of either thought or expression; has made a character for himself simply by expressing in more neat phraseology, and at a riper moment of the public ear, what Mr. Hume has been boring the House with since he became a member of it. The pamphlet on "Corn and Currency" is clever, but only as a well-written and condensed statement of what has been repeated twenty times over by others; and so with his speeches last session on the civil list. Such a man must always be a most useful ally, whether for attack or defence; but for the very same reason will never rank higher than an ally. Had he "the stuff in him," as Mr. Windham used to say, he had a fine opportunity to reply (Jan. the 20th) to George Dawson and Sir Robert Peel. He made the attempt, but evidently came off but "second best." Talking of Sir Robert Peel, I never heard the ex-home secretary so elaborately jesuitical, nor so Joseph Surface candour professing. Mr. Hume's reply was much to the point, and shows how much the member for Middlesex has improved by practice.

SWAN RIVER.†

Perth Town, Swan River, Western Australia,
Oct. 4, 1830.

My dear —, A ship being about to sail in the course of a week for England, I must not lose the opportunity of giving you a few lines respecting our movements and the state of the colony. The information which I can give you may be implicitly depended on. By the late accounts from England, it appears that the most exaggerated and false reports prevail regarding the present state and probable prospects of the colony. They have been industriously disseminated by a set of idle,

worthless vagabonds, and have been eagerly taken up by the inhabitants of Capé Town and Van Dieman's Land. Those two places are so excessively jealous of the colony of Swan River, lest the tide of emigration should turn towards us, that the former use every means in their power to induce the settlers in their way here to remain with them; and they have been but too successful, having detained nearly two hundred labourers. The grounds of complaint are, that the colony is not equal to the representation given of it, and that it has not answered their expectations. The account in the *Quarterly Review*, as far as it goes, is correct, with one exception; but the impression it is calculated to make, when in unison with the hopes of needy adventurers, is too favourable to be resisted. The *Review* observes, that the land seen on the banks of the Swan is of a very superior description, and this is undoubtedly true; but the sanguine feelings of many have induced them to suppose that all the land on the banks of the Swan, and the whole country besides, is included in that description. Now, the good land is chiefly confined to the banks of the rivers, the rest is sandy, but it is covered throughout the year with luxuriant vegetation. The cause of this arises in some measure from the composition of the soil beneath, which, at an average depth of five or six feet, is principally clay, which holds the water in lagoons, that are to be met with in every hollow in every part of the country on this side the mountains. It unfortunately happens that none of the good land is to be seen even as far up the river as Perth, the whole soil of which is sandy; hence all new comers are at first disappointed, and, without taking any further trouble to examine the country, leave the colony in disgust altogether. But it has now been found that the land at Perth, notwithstanding its unpromising appearance possesses capabilities which intelligent and experienced persons foresaw, and that it only requires time and patience to develop its surprising qualities; at this moment there are vegetables growing to an enormous size, scarcely credible, and which, for the sake of truth, I actually measured. What say you to radishes twenty inches round, and grown in nothing but sand, without any manure or preparations of the ground? Turnips, cabbages, peas, lettuces, all flourish in the worst soils here; but I fear the climate is too warm for potatoes, though well adapted for most of the tropical fruits, as yams, bananas, &c. The soil and aspect of the country seems well suited for the vine, which, from the little experience we have had, does exceedingly well. There are

† We have copied from the *Literary Gazette*, No. 10000, the above recent and interesting account from this new colony.

no excellent productions worth mentioning indigenous, but there is some fine timber, which will no doubt become a valuable article of exportation; it is between the mahogany and the elder, and may be applied to all the purposes of the former; its greatest recommendation is, that the white ant. will not touch it, and it will consequently be a great desideratum where that insect abounds. We have likewise the red and blue gum, but in so great quantity, in the immediate vicinity of Perth. The animal productions are the same as on the other side of the island, as also the birds. The river swarms with fish, every one of which is good eating; but it is only lately that we have been well supplied with them. There is abundance of limestone ready at hand in most parts of the river, as well as the finest and strongest clay, plenty of which runs along the shore that bounds Perth, for a mile and a half. Of the mineral resources of the country nothing is as yet known; for every one has been too much occupied in locating himself, to give that subject any attention. By the reports from England, it appears that from the misfortunes which happened to the first ships that came out, a very unfavourable opinion is formed of the safety of the port. Gage's roads afford a very good anchorage during the summer months; but, being exposed to the north-west winds, it is a very insecure station during the winter, the ground being rocky and a loose sand; but this evil, I am happy to say, is in a great measure obviated by the discovery of a good anchorage about four miles to the southward of the mouth of the river, and called the Britannia roads. The bottom is firm holding ground, and has been proved to be a very secure anchorage during the late gales, when all the ships in Gage's roads went on shore, while those on the Britannia's roads rode it out, with the exception of one ship, which broke her anchor. Besides, a passage has lately been found out from Gage's roads to Cockburn, into which ships may run, if they are too much leeward of the Britannia roads; so that you see we may always have a refuge from the storm. I hope you will take care to give publicity to this circumstance, because it is one upon which the success of the colony mainly depends. The bar at the mouth of the river, and the flats in various parts of its course, are a great drawback to our internal communications; but these evils will no doubt be remedied in the course of time, and that without much expense. There is a clear channel all the way up the river for vessels of 500 tons, commencing about a mile and a half above Fremantle to Perth; then there are a succes-

sive of flats until you pass the islands, where the navigation continues clear for many miles up the river.

The climate of Swan River is the most delightful that can be imagined, and must always prove a most powerful recommendation of the place. The atmosphere is so exhilarating, and the heat of the day is so deliciously tempered by the sea-breezes, as to render it more salubrious and more congenial than any other on the face of the globe. I do not send you the range of the thermometer, because it does not altogether serve as a criterion to judge of the temperature, inasmuch as the degree of heat which would be intolerable in England is here most delightful. The prospects of the colony are every day improving, to the satisfaction of all classes; and the great number of respectable settlers, and their patience and perseverance in establishing themselves, are the surest grounds for the ultimate prosperity of the settlement. The only objections, as I can see, that can be urged with any degree of plausibility against the success of the colony, are, that the land at Perth, and in the neighbourhood, is not of that description to induce the settlers to cultivate, and that all the good land being now granted, there is no more on this side the mountains to satisfy the demands of new settlers; but these objections are, I am happy to say, about to be removed, as an ensign of the 63rd regiment (a Mr. Dale) has lately returned from a tour of discovery into the interior, and has brought intelligence, that to the eastward of the Swan River there is a large and fertile tract of beautiful country, with a river passing through it, which, from a subsequent visit by Mr. Erskine, a lieutenant of the 63rd, is likely to prove of the greatest importance to the colony. Those of the settlers who have not taken up their grants of land mean to secure them here, and myself among the number, a grant having been allowed me, at the rate of three thousand two hundred acres. The governor is quite delighted, and now considers the ultimate success of the colony to be certain: he intends visiting the country, and tracing the course of the river; and it is my wish to accompany him, if possible, that I may select my own grant.

Our society consists chiefly of the government officers and their families, and are all pleasant and agreeable. The governor is much liked, and justly so; he is a most active, intelligent, and zealous man; his conduct is above all praise; his attention to the wants of the settlers, and the interests of the colony, enable him to be called the father of the state. On the

24th of April, a levee was held at the Government House; and a dinner was afterwards given to his excellency by the magistrates and civil officers of the place, at the Perth hotel: we sat down about seventy, and at a time, too, when we were supposed to be in a state of starvation. The bachelors of Perth have issued invitations for a grand ball, to meet the governor and his lady, on the 21st instant. We have a literary and philosophical institution, supported by all the most respectable settlers; it combines the advantages of a museum, library, and news-room; there is a whist club likewise for the gentlemen of Perth, who meet in rotation at each other's houses every Friday evening, which generally concludes with a good supper, and all the convivialities of English society. Hence you will see that we are not so badly off, or so wretched, as reports will make us. In fact, the disagreeables and privations attendant upon the first stage of colonisation are passing by; every thing around us is assuming a more favourable appearance, and daily improving both in prospect and reality; tents and temporary sheds are giving way to substantial and comfortable buildings; and the settlers, beginning to enjoy themselves in a manner more congenial to their old habits, are happy and contented.

NATIVES SURROUNDING KING GEORGE'S SOUND.†

THE natives in the vicinity of King George's Sound, a race of whom hitherto little has been known, resemble in many respects, the aborigines of Sydney. Their only article of dress is a cloak of kangaroo skin, reaching to the knees, and fastened about the shoulders with a rush, so as to leave the right arm free. But, in common with all other Indians, they make a free use of a reddish-coloured earth, mixed with grease, with which they disfigure themselves. Painting their bodies is not, however, as at Sydney, a sign of war, but seems to be more general, and carefully attended to, as grease is more or less to be had; and when plentifully ob-

tained, their cloak undergoes the same process of painting as themselves. Another barbarous custom, that of cutting gashes in different parts of their body, but principally about their shoulders, is common among them; and a means of distinguishing the various tribes or families. From these gashes elevated cicatrices are raised; and are considered marks of distinction. They also perforate the septum of the nose, and wear a feather in it.

It appears that they have few or no chiefs; the most influential persons among them being doctors, or mulgarrocks, who claim to themselves supernatural powers. Mr. Nind witnessed an attempt of one of these mysterious persons to stop a thunder-storm. His process was to stand in the rain, making violent gesticulations, shouting loudly, throwing his arms about, and shaking his cloak, for a length of time. They also believe they can cure disease, but their attempts are attended with as little success, as they are likely to be on the elements. They are generally a healthy race, and are very particular in the diet of their sick. Roots only are at first eaten by them, then lizards, bandicoots, opossums, &c. Polygamy is general among them, but the customs relating to these matters, Mr. Nind says, are yet in obscurity. The whole of the natives are divided into two classes, and it is a law that they must intermarry with each other—those who break this law being subject to heavy punishment. The girls are promised by the fathers even before they are born, and are always at their disposal. There are instances, however, of elopements, as among ourselves; and the displeasure of the parents is great, during the temporary absence of the parties. A period of six months, or a year, with presents, is sufficient, however, to wear off the impression of such misconduct. They have a barbarous practice, in the event of any of their women having twins, of putting one to death—generally preserving a female, and asserting as a reason, that the mother has not sufficient milk for both.

Their principal method of taking game, is by setting fire to the face of the country, which, being generally dry burns very rapidly. The men place themselves in the paths which are most frequented by the animals, and vast numbers of kangaroos, opossums, and emus, are thus destroyed. In order to prevent the fire from extending too far, they burn it in consecutive portions. Snakes, it appears, form an article of their food. When they kill one, they are particularly careful to beat its head to atoms before they take it in their hands. If they find it has recently eaten

† The above is an abstract of an interesting paper relative to the natives in the vicinity of King George's Sound, communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, February 14, 1831, by Mr. Nind. The gentleman accompanied the party to form the settlement in that part of Australia, in 1826, in the capacity of medical attendant, and remained there till 1828.

FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.†

It is a well-authenticated fact, that many men distinguished for great personal bravery, and the most intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have on the eve of battle been overwhelmed with a *fatal presentiment* that they should not survive the combat; and that the self-doomed victim has in every case fallen as he had predicted. We can vouch for the authenticity of the following examples.

A young officer, of great promise, belonging to the ninety-second regiment, was observed on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be particularly low spirited; which was the more observable, as he was generally gay, cheerful, and full of spirits. His brother officers enquired the reason—rallied him, as brother officers are wont to do—but received no answer. On getting an opportunity, however, of conversing alone to one of them, to whom he was much attached, as he was a namesake, and a fellow countryman—“M.” said he, “I shall to a certainty never survive tomorrow. I know I shall not, and you will see it.” His friend tried to laugh him out of this notion; and said, it was childish, and unworthy of a man, who had so often and so heroically faced the enemy, to harbour such dismal forebodings. The next day after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident; and he who the day before had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted him with—“What, M.! I thought you were to have been killed:—did I not say you should not?” His friend replied, that nothing could convince him that he should ever see the sun of that day set; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the breast by a cannon shot, which instantly deprived him of existence.

There are few regiments that have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. Lieutenant M'D., of the forty-third, was so strongly possessed with this presentiment on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for Captain S., of the eighty-eighth, who was a countryman of his, and requested him to take charge of several little things, and to transmit them safely to his relations, particularly to his mother. Captain S., in surprise asked him the reason why he who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? M'D. replied, “I know I am in perfect health; and know, also, that I shall never return from the field to-morrow.” Knowing M'D. to be a particu-

larly brave man, for he had already repeatedly distinguished himself, and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S. was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that his poor friend was suffering from the delirium of fever. He, therefore, proceeded to remonstrate with him, and to endeavour, if possible, to rally him out of that desponding presentiment, which appeared to affect him so seriously. M'D. heard him calmly, and without taking any notice of what he said, repeated his request in so cool and collected a manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect possession of all his faculties. Captain S., therefore, readily promised to comply with his wishes, should he himself survive; they then separated, and each went to his post.

On the following day, after the tumult and *mêlée* of the battle had subsided, the British being as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S. joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M'D., but none of the survivors had seen him, or knew any thing of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded—the dead—and the dying. Nor did he search in vain. He found him, already stripped of part of his regimentals; but he knew him at once, his head and face being unharmed. Captain S. became deeply affected, and could not help shedding tears over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth, fore-doomed to a premature fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Sergeant Macdonald, from Lochabar, as brave a fellow as ever drew sword, or carried a halbert, and who had been in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so overwhelmed with the presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused their office, and his comrades had literally to support and assist the man, to whom they had been accustomed to look up as an example and model of a brave soldier. The battle had not lasted half an hour, before he was shot through the head.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless and dare-devil character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs of the 43rd, during the Peninsular war. He had a great deal of that coarse but effective wit and drollery, which never fail to excite laughter; he

† Abridged from Fraser's Magazine.—No. XIII.

abounded in anecdotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of *bonnets* and humour; and often did he beguile the watches of the night, as poor Alan did with Mungo Park, by singing the songs of his dear native land. The instant Mackay appeared, hunger, thirst, and fatigue were forgotten; the soldiers clustered round him, and seating themselves by the watch-fire, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in these parties, and to acknowledge the rough but powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor were his humour, mirth, and song, confined to the march and the camp: in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was as merry and as vivacious as in the bivouac! Yet this man was seized with a *fatal presentiment*. On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this alteration more apparent, and his comrades eagerly crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to jibe him with what they called his "Methodist face;" but on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him. It was his turn to go on duty to the outposts, and he, consequently, soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been chiefly instrumental in saving. "Ha, Mackay!" said the officer, "Is it you? Bless me, how ill you look! What's the matter? Are you unwell? Stay—I will go to the colonel, and request him to let some one else take your duty."—"I thank you kindly, Mr. M." said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer. "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favour to ask of you. You have always been kind—very kind to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it."—"What is it? Speak it out at once, man," said Mr. M. "It is *borne* in upon my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars: will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother? You know where she lives."

The veteran wept like a child; and the young officer was scarcely less affected. Taking the money, he broke away from Mackay in order to conceal his emotion; and he retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feelings which this strange scene had occasioned; but anxious, at the same time, to persuade him-

self that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, Mackay was missing: his presentiment was fulfilled. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The following instance of *this* kind, is one that will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it relates to individuals of great historical importance. Napoleon, on the 7th of May, 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Piacenza, while Beaulieu was expecting him at Valeggio, and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of the advanced guard, fixed his headquarters at Emmetri, between Fiombio, and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fiombio, which is only one league from the river; and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Liptay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him, and this, after an obstinate contest, was effected. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a slight resistance, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a picquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate in person the inhabitants of the farm houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned to the camp by a different route to that by which he had been observed to set out; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitring party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musketry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced by the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was dearly beloved. It was remarked, that during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, Laharpe seemed very absent and dejected; giving no orders—appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual energies, and entirely absorbed by a fatal presentiment. Laharpe was one of the bravest generals in the army of Italy—a grenadier both in stature and courage; and, although by birth a foreigner (a Swiss), he had raised himself to the rank of a general by his mere talent and bravery.

An anecdote, somewhat bearing upon the point, has just come into our recollection; and as it is characteristic and striking, we offer no apology for its in-

serfion. On the night before Masséna's attack on Lord Wellington's position on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, ignorant of the enemy's proximity, and fatigued with their day's march, had lain down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest: and both men and officers were soon fast asleep. Amongst them was the gallant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not, however, slept long, before he started up, apparently in great alarm; and calling a young officer of the same regiment, who lay close by him, he said, "D., I have just had a most extraordinary dream; such as I had once before, the night before an unexpected battle. Depend upon it, we shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward; and, after looking between him and the horizon, and listening attentively to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, he returned, and reported that all was still. The Colonel was satisfied, and they again lay down. In less than half an hour, however, the Colonel again started up, exclaiming in strong language, that, ere an hour elapsed, they should surely be attacked! On seeing the Colonel and his young friend throw aside their cloaks, and move off, several of the officers by them took the alarm. And it was high time; for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. Some of them had then reached the summit, and deployed into line, before the British were ready to attack them. They were immediately charged, broken, and driven down the declivity with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st of March, before the British position was attacked by the French, under cover of the darkness. The circumstance is certainly curious, although not exactly connected with the immediate subject of the present article.

DRAWING FOR THE CONSCRIPTION.

We have been much struck with the following picture of the drawing for the conscription, witnessed by Mr. St. John, from whose "Journal of a Residence in Normandy," we have extracted it.

"With some difficulty I found out the prefecture, in a narrow obscure street

near the Lycée. It is a large but mean-looking structure, surrounding three sides of a quadrangular court, and the business of the day was carried on in the central portion. On entering beneath the lofty gateway, I found that the great court was already filled with people, who were all crowding towards the entrance of the old palace with anxiety and fear, and every painful feeling depicted in their countenances. There were mothers and fathers come to behold their sons offered up as victims on the altar of war. There also were younger brothers and sisters, and other girls, who seemed to have all the delicate anxieties of love in their sun-burnt faces. In all this vast crowd every eye was turned towards the door, as if ready watching the performance of some sacrifice; and I instinctively assumed a commiserating, melancholy tone, as I inquired of a young woman, whom I met coming out of the door, whether it was there that they were drawing for the conscription. She looked in my face as if to assure herself that there was a being in the world ignorant of what she appeared to know but too well, and replied, almost reproachfully, 'Yes, sir.' I made my way as well as I could through the crowd, which consisted chiefly of women, and entered. The vast apartments were thronged to excess, especially about the fatal door, from which a loud official voice was heard to issue, pronouncing the names of the future defenders of France—Eugene, Victor, Alphonse, Alexis; while, at each startling sound, an answering voice from the crowd proved that the flower of the Norman youth were about me, replying, perhaps unwillingly, to the call of war. For several minutes I endeavoured to steal a glance of the mysterious apartment whence the stentorian voice of office proceeded; and, upon inquiring among the crowd, was informed that none except those who were to draw could enter. However, confiding in the name of *stranger*—which, all the world over, but especially in England and France, is a passport to every place—I at length elbowed my way up to one of the grenadiers who were parading backwards and forwards through the throng to keep clear the way of the door, and demanded whether a foreigner might be permitted to be present at the drawing. The man replied, [by politely desiring me to walk in; and every body now made way for me. On entering the room, I saw a long table, extending almost from one side of the apartment to the other, at one end of which sat the officiating person, while a number of military officers, who wore upon their brows 'the beard of Hercules and frowning Mars,' and various other officials,

sat round in conclave. A wooden seat, like a Turkish divan, but considerably narrower, ran round the room, and upon this the conscripts were seated side by side. Upon looking round, I found I was the only individual present not actually concerned in the business of the day. In the centre of the apartment stood the instrument for measuring the conscripts, popularly denominated 'La Toise,' and by the side of it a gigantic grenadier, booted to the hips and 'bearded like the pard.'

"The person charged with this part of the business now called out the name of one of the young men, and the individual seated at the extreme right started up, and ran barefooted across the room to the table, upon which there was an urn covered by a clean white napkin, containing those little ivory numbers, one of which was to decide his fate. The young man now put his hand into the urn under the napkin, and upon drawing out a number, showed it to the man in office, who in a loud voice made it known to the crowd. I observed, that when a high number was drawn, the drawer appeared to be pleased, and otherwise when it was a low one. The cause of this I discovered afterwards. Of the two hundred and odd whose fate was decided that morning, only the first forty-eight were to serve in the army. All the numbers above were so many blanks. A list of all those who drew were entered in the register of the department, with the number drawn marked opposite.

"The next operation the conscript had to perform was to step up to the toise, in order to have his height ascertained; and the result was declared with a loud voice by the giant who stood by the instrument. If any one appeared not to be ambitious of getting credit for his full height, the giant put one of his paws upon his back, and the other upon his chest, and thus soon brought him to the perpendicular line. When this part of the ceremony had been performed, the conscript picked up his shoes and his little cap, and made his exit by a different door from which he had entered, and another victim followed. The room thus became gradually empty, when one of the officials taking up a list of names and reading it aloud, brought in another batch; and thus the room was again filled. Then the same process of drawing, measuring, and shoe-and-cap gathering was repeated; and the crowd again ebbed away one by one at the above-mentioned door.

"I observed that among the young men there occasionally entered a man advanced in years, with bald or grey head, and unsteady footsteps, whose appearance

would seem to indicate that he was free from the conscription. Upon going up to one of these old men at the urn, the circumstance was explained—they were fathers come to draw for their sons, absent on business. I was particularly pleased with the behaviour of the officers towards these old men. It was gentle and humane in the extreme. They thee-and-thou'd them familiarly, like a brotherhood of quakers, and spoke with apparent friendliness of their boys, which was exactly as it should be. Their fate, poor old fellows, was hard enough in itself; and I thought that it argued a fine spirit in those who thus endeavoured, by an air of kindness and humanity, to make it fall as lightly upon them as possible."

THE MENAI BRIDGE.

(With an Engraving.)

THE suspension-bridge erected over the Menai Straits, and which unite by Caernarvonshire the Island of Anglesea to the main land, is the most attractive object as a work of art that adorns the British dominions. At the edge of the water are erected two towers, one hundred and sixty feet high, on each side; they are about forty feet wide, at the height of one hundred feet from the surface of the water; at this point two archways are left in them, through which passengers and carriages pass to the road-way. The distance between these two towers or piers, or that space which in ordinary bridges would be called the span of the bridge, is five hundred and fifty feet, or nearly four times as wide as the largest stone arch ever built. From the top of one of the towers to the top of the other are suspended very massive iron chains, which hang in a gentle curve, forming an inverted arch. The chains are continued in the same elegant festoon or curving form, from the top of each pillar to a considerable distance over the land, and the ends of them firmly secured many feet deep in the solid rock. These chains form the main support of the road-way, and the principle upon which they are made to keep their position may be illustrated by the tight-rope used for dancing upon in the theatre, the only difference between them is, that the chains of the bridge are so large and heavy, that it would be impossible to pull them so tight as the rope in the theatre. To the suspension chains are fastened a number of iron rods, five feet apart, which hang down perpendicularly, dividing the whole

line of the bridge into separate path ways. These rods are of different lengths; the short ones being of course fastened to that part of the main chain that hangs the lowest, and the longer rods to the other parts of it, in such a manner that the lower ends of these rods are all level with each other: to these ends is attached a wooden platform, that constitutes the road-way of the bridge, which is therefore nearly level. The road-way, that unites the suspended platform to the main land, is supported by stone arches of great size and beauty, in a similar manner to the arches of an ordinary bridge; but, notwithstanding this, there are here also rods of iron hanging down from the main suspension chains, and which are fastened in the stone-work above the arches. These rods serve as a balance to those in the suspension part of the bridge, and add greatly to the uniformity and general beauty of the structure. There are four different main suspension chains, and consequently four different rows of hanging rods; these divide the platform into three avenues or path-ways; the one in the middle is a narrow path, four feet wide, for foot passengers, and the two others on the outsides are each twelve feet wide for carriages and cattle; and of these two roads one is appropriated for carriages, &c. going in one direction, and the other for those going the opposite way. Although the road-way is suspended at so great a height from the water that large vessels in full sail can pass under it, yet the barricado of iron work on the sides of each path-way give such a perfect idea of security, that the most timid pass over without the slightest fear.

WATER.†

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THE purity of water is an essential consideration in many cases, where it is required to extract the soluble parts of animal and vegetable matter. The admixture of earthy, neutral or metallic salts will, in many cases, not only alter the power of water as a solvent, but produce essential changes on some of the substances when dissolved. Water affects the colouring matter of vegetables by the salts which it contains. Salts, with an earthy basis, oppose the solution of colouring matter; they cause various kinds to precipitate in consequence of combining with the earth, and render the colour deeper and fuller. The carbonates of lime and magnesia pre-

cipitate their earth upon the stuff during boiling, and thus prevent the access of the colouring particles. It is essential, therefore, that the dyer should be choice in his selection of water, and use that which is soft, clear, without smell, and does not curdle soft soap. Some of the earthy salts are, indeed, used in dyeing, but with the intent of heightening particular colours. Hard water is also improper for bleaching, as it decomposes the soap employed in that process; the oily earth adheres to the stuff, and leaves a yellow stain, difficult to be got out.

Hard water possesses a certain astringent property, and it is this which contracts the skin, as is observable in attempting to wash in it by soap. This effect is likewise produced upon the fibres of vegetables; for in bleaching linen it is well known that, after washing it with soft water, by being thrown into hard water, it obtains a peculiar firmness, whilst the soft water would leave the fibres lax. For this reason, muslins and cottons are thrown into pump water after washing.

In the preparation of animal skins, and in some other arts, water is used to extract all that is soluble in this liquid, and to leave the remaining substance proportionably clearer; or in some cases, to bring on a certain degree of fermentation, and thereby to alter the texture of the bodies. In all these cases it is evident, that a soft water is preferable to one whose salts render it somewhat antireptic, and diminish its solvent powers. Hard waters are, however, of use in many manufactures. Pump water alone is used in the manufacture of starch, and the hardest is preferred by masons for mixing mortar. Hard water is necessary for making gypsum into plaster, as rain water will not answer this purpose. In China, a particular sort of water is used to mix the porcelain earth into a paste, which water is impregnated with a peculiar sort of salt, said to refine and purify the clay. In some processes of dyeing, likewise, hard waters are preferred. Well water is preferred in dyeing red, and other colours that require astringency, as well as in the dyeing of stuffs of loose texture, as calico, fustian, and cotton.

Soft water, from its power of dissolving the extractive and saccharine matter of the malt, might be considered of the most value to the brewer; such, however, is not the fact, nor does it appear likely that pure water would answer his purpose. The choice of water is, however, a matter of considerable consequence to the brewer, more particularly as the different saline substances which it contains in solution, in

some instances, prove a useful adjunct to the beer, whilst in others they injure both its colour and taste.

Hard water is found, in many instances, favourable to the manufacture of beer; the Barnstaple and Liverpool ales, which are considered excellent in quality, and some others, are brewed with hard water. The Derby malt which is much used in Lancashire, is found to make better beer in that county than in Derbyshire; and it may be supposed, that the Lancashire waters, which generally contain much carbonate and sulphate of lime, occasion the difference. The river Trent has long been celebrated for the excellence of the ale made from its waters,—Burton, Nottingham, and the other towns that lie upon it, being famous for their malt liquor all over England. The river Trent is well known to run over calcareous strata in its course. The same brewer, cannot, with the same malt, produce an equal beer in any other part of the kingdom.

Any solution that would affect the colour of the ale must be perceptible in the water. The month of October, so famous from time immemorial, for the manufacture of good English beer, is that in which river water is most unfit for use. It is then loaded with vegetable decompositions and living animalculæ, neither of which are favourable to the vinous fermentation. A circumstance so incongruous, may probably be otherwise accounted for by the peculiar time of year being favourable to the manufacture.

The carbonates of lime, magnesia, and potash, are well known to be correctors of acidity; as such the former of these substances in the form of marble dust, crab's claws, or egg shells, is often put into spring-brewed ales for the purpose of absorbing the first germs of the acid fermentation. Carbonates of lime and magnesia are more frequent in well than in river water. The river Trent contains much carbonate of lime in solution, and hence, probably, one reason why Burton should be famous for its ale. Water, containing sulphate of lime in solution, has a less extractive power than that which contains carbonate of lime; but this substance is supposed to act as a preservative. Much of the water with which the Burton ale brewers are supplied, takes its rise in a rock of gypsum, and is almost saturated with the salt.

Sulphate of iron is often used in the preparation of beer, and it may be observed, that the prohibition of the legislature and vigilance of the excise officer are often singularly put into defiance by nature. Whilst the latter is threatening or prosecuting one brewer for putting a

small portion of sulphate of iron, gypsum or carbonate of lime into his porter, another, perhaps under the eye of the same officer, may have ten times the quantity naturally dissolved in the water which supplies his brew-house.

The purest and softest water makes the best bread. When the waters are hard they are found to impede fermentation, and the bread becomes less wholesome. We have analyzed several samples of suspected bread, for the peculiar appearance of which no adequate cause could be assigned, but in which we have detected sulphate of lime to some extent, and to which we have accounted for the unusual appearance. At Paris, where the water is hard, the baker cannot make so good bread as at Gormes. The purity of the water at Beanne, in Burgundy, was the cause why this bread was long celebrated as the whitest and best in France. Pure waters are found most valuable in bleaching wax, and in the manufacture of white paper. Such waters require less alkali and soap in cleansing and whitening the rags, and the paper made with soft water is thus found firmer, and to require less sizing than that made with hard water.—This circumstance is said to give the French paper a preference to the English or Dutch, whose waters, being harder, require more soap and lime, and consequently become more tender, and require more sizing than the French. The culinary uses of water are, either to soften the texture of animal and vegetable matter, or to extract from it, and present in a liquid form some of its soluble parts. Soft pure water will fulfil both of these objects better than hard water, and, at the same time, the colour of the substance employed will vary as well as its solution. In boiling beef and mutton, the use of these waters is particularly to be avoided, as they are generally reddened by the salts which they contain. In dressing fish, particularly a fresh cod, hard waters are of singular use. By cutting the fish in pieces, and letting it lie in cold spring water about one hour, and then boiling it in the same sort of water, it will harden, curdle, and keep its whiteness, and cut almost as firm as beef. Green vegetables and pulse are rendered quite pale, as well as tender, by boiling in soft water; whereas, in a hard water, the colour is more preserved and the texture less altered, because in the former case the colouring matter of the vegetable is readily extracted by the menstruum; whilst in the latter, more of it remains, and is likewise modified by the chemical action of the earthy or neutral salts.

ON THE ILLUMINATION OF LIGHT-HOUSES.

THE Philosophical Transactions for 1830, contains a paper by Lieutenant Drummond on the "Illumination of Light Houses." The Corporation of the Trinity Light-House having been induced, on reading Lieut. Drummond's account of a method of producing intense light, to invite him to make a trial of the method, he accepted the proposal, and, after a due period had elapsed, he produced the apparatus, of which the present paper contains a description. The first part of this composition consists of an historical account of light-houses, and the mode in which their illumination was maintained in this country, and also in France. This retrospect embraces a very curious series of facts, which therefore, we shall transcribe.

"The more rude and ancient methods of illuminating light-houses with open coal fires with lamps or candles, sometimes aided with reflectors, composed of small facettes or plane mirrors,† have in this country, been completely superseded, even in light-houses of secondary importance : and it may be said, that there is only one method now in use, along the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. This consists in the use of a parabolic reflector, of about three or four inches focal length, and from twenty-one to thirty inches in diameter, illuminated by an argand lamp, seven eighths of an inch in diameter, placed in the focus. The reflector is hammered out of a plane surface, consisting of two plates of silver and copper rolled out together, and though executed with great skill, considering the means, cannot be regarded as a very perfect instrument. This description must be understood as applying only to light-houses under the management of public bodies ; with respect to those which have been let to private individuals, I have no very accurate information : but if they should, on examination, prove to be of an inferior order, it would only be the natural consequence of such a system. In fixed lights, the number of these reflectors varies according to the circumference required to be illuminated : but it should not be less than this are divided by the angle of divergence of the reflected light. At the Eddystone, where

the whole circle requires to be illuminated the number should not be less than three hundred seventy-nths equal to twenty-one ; if it be less than this there must be dark spaces, diverging from the light as a centre, in which nothing but the unassisted light of a single Argand will be visible.

"In revolving lights, there are five, seven, and even ten reflectors on a side, the number of sides being usually three or four. In the light-houses lately erected on Brachy Head, and on the Perch Rock at the mouth of the river Mersey there are thirty reflectors in each, disposed on three sides, each bearing ten reflectors. These are the latest, and may be considered as the best specimens of this method of illumination ; being about ten times more powerful than the ordinary fixed lights. In some few instances oil gas has been introduced, but the intensity of the flame being very little, if at all, superior to an Argand lamp supplied with the best spermaceti oil, little or no advantage can be expected from this introduction as far as regards the brilliancy of the light, when reflectors are used. About thirty-eight years ago the experiment was tried in three or four light-houses, of substituting glass lenses instead of metallic parabolic reflectors. These lenses were twenty inches in diameter, of nineteen inches focal length, and five inches thick : but from the imperfection of form and the badness of material, the light transmitted by them appears, by our late experiments, to be about one-third of that of the reflectors now in use, while their divergence is so small that one-third of a degree on each side of the axis they cease to be visible. With a view probably to remedy these defects, a somewhat extraordinary arrangement was adopted, viz.—the addition of parabolic reflectors behind the lenses. It is true that by this means some addition is made to the direct light of the lens, and, what is of more consequence, the divergent light is increased ; so that, at an angle of about three degrees with the axis, it is equal to about thirteen times the light of an Argand. So far, therefore, the reflector, though but a small portion of it comes into use, contributes to the effect of the lens ; but the converse experiment does not appear to have been tried, viz.—how far the reflector was improved by the lens being placed before it : otherwise it would quickly have been perceived that the effect of the reflector alone was about double the united effects of the reflector and lens ; while at the same time, its effective divergence was also greater, being about eight times that of the combined lens and reflector, at an angle of three degrees on either side of the axis. This plan was fortunately, never very extensively adopted : and in those light-houses belonging to the Trinity

†The Eddystone, till the year 1811, was lighted with twenty-four wax candles. Up to that time it was in the hands of private individuals : but, on the expiration of the lease, the Trinity House took it under their own management, and immediately substituted lamps and reflectors. The Bidstone, a leading light to Liverpool, consisted of a large reflector, about ten feet in diameter, lighted by an immense spout lamp, with a wick about twelve inches wide, from which a volume of smoke arose that completely intercepted the light from the upper part of the reflector.

House, where it was tried, it has subsequently been discontinued and the lenses replaced by reflectors. The North Foreland however under the management of the Governors of Greenwich Hospital, still remains a solitary example of a method which cannot be too soon abandoned, more especially since the remedy seems so easy,—merely to remove the lenses, and leave an unobstructed passage to the light of the reflectors.

“Another mode differing from these now described, has lately been introduced into France by MM. Arago and Fresnel, which rivals the most powerful of our lights in brilliancy, and surpasses them in economy and facility of management. A large Argand lamp, with four concentric wicks, the exterior of which is three and one-third inches in diameter, occupies the centre of the light-house. Around this powerful light, eight magnificent lenses, thirty inches square, are disposed, touching each other at the edges, and forming a hollow octagonal prism about the lamp. Above these, smaller lenses of a similar construction, but in the form of trapezoids, are placed, inclining towards the centre, till their axes form angles of about fifty degrees with the horizon, at which inclination their sides come in contact, and thus completely inclose the central light. By the intervention of plate mirrors, the beams of light issuing from the secondary lenses are rendered parallel to those of the principal; but, by the same means, a horizontal deviation of about seven degrees is given to them, so that this addition to the light is made to contribute to the divergence and consequent duration of light when revolving, rather than to add to its brilliancy. The lens, which is plano-convex, is of a peculiar construction, being formed of separate rings or zones, whose convex surfaces preserve nearly the same curvature, as if they constituted portions of one complete lens, the interior and useless part of the glass being removed; so that a section of these zones resembles a wedge placed with the edge uppermost, one side, that next the lamp, being a straight line, the other an arc of a circle.

“The idea of such a lens appears to have first occurred to the celebrated Buffon, when engaged in some experiments on burning-glasses; but he supposed, what is impossible, that it might be ground out of one large piece of glass. Dr. Brewster, in an article on the same subject, in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, in 1811, showed that it might be built of separate pieces; and this was an important step, inasmuch as it rendered of easy execution, what was before impracticable. To Dr. Brewster, therefore, the priority of suggesting this improvement is due. To M. Arago and Fresnel, obviously unacquainted with what had been previously done or recom-

mended, belong the praise of having first got such a lens constructed, of combining it with a very powerful lamp, and, above all, of giving it a most useful and beneficial practical application. The Cordouan light house, at the mouth of the Garonne, the difficult entrance to Bordeaux, has been fitted up in this manner.”

Lieutenant Drummond's invention departs widely from these various plans of illumination, as it derives the light from a ball or cylinder of lime, intensely ignited. He had already used this sort of light for purposes of survey, and, on such occasions, the intense light was communicated by directing a stream of oxygen through a flame of alcohol. But the use of alcohol, on such a large scale as a light-house would require must necessarily be very expensive. Lieutenant Drummond has therefore proposed to substitute for it hydrogen gas, which answers the purpose in the most satisfactory manner. He has, accordingly, contrived an apparatus, by which the oxygen and hydrogen gas shall pass through separate avenues, until they approach the ball or cylinder of lime; near that point the gasses mingle, and the united stream poured upon the ball, keeps it in a permanent state of intense ignition. The invention was tried at the Trinity-House, and the astonishing result was obtained, that the light emitted by a lime-ball, only three-eighths of an inch in diameter, heated by two jets of the compound gas, is equal to that sent forth by thirteen Argand lamps. The expense of this light, provided with all the advantages which it is capable of receiving, would not exceed two shillings and sixpence an hour. We are glad to see that this ingenious and very successful plan has been very warmly and eagerly entertained by the authorities, to whose departments such subjects more especially belong; and we hope that, ere long, the country will fully enjoy the benefits to be derived from so very creditable and useful a discovery.

THE PROCESS OF MAKING ATTAR, OTTO, OR ESSENTIAL OIL OF ROSES.

THE attar, otto, or essential oil of roses, is, it may not perhaps be generally known, obtained from the roses by simple distillation. The mode by which this article is prepared may not be uninteresting to our readers.

A quantity of fresh roses are put into a still with a proportion of water, say forty parts of the former to sixty of the latter. The roses are left as they are first picked with their calyxes, but the stems are cut close. The mass is then well mixed with the hands, and a gentle fire is made under the

still; when the water begins to grow hot and the fumes to rise, the cap of the still is put on and the pipe attaching to a worm is fixed. The chinks are then well luted with paste, and cold water is put into the refrigerator; the receiver is also adapted to the end of the pipe, and the fire is continued under the still neither too violent nor too weak. The quality of the product is found essentially to depend on the manner in which the heat is regulated. When the *im-pregnated matter* begins to distill, and the still is very hot, the fire is lessened by gentle degrees, and the distillation is continued till about thirty pounds of water have come over, which is generally done in four or five hours; this rose water is poured again on a fresh quantity (say thirty pounds) of roses, and from fifteen to twenty parts of water are to be drawn off by distillation, following the same processes as before. The rose water thus made and corrugated, will be found if the roses be good and fresh, and the distillation carefully performed, to be strongly scented with the roses. The liquid is then to be poured into pans, either of earthenware or of tin metal, and left exposed to the fresh air for the night. The attar or essence, is found in the morning congealed and swimming at the top of the water; this is to be carefully separated and collected, either with a thin shell or askimmer, and put into a phial. When a certain quantity has thus been obtained, the water and faeces must be separated from the clear essence; which with respect to the first, it will not be difficult to do, as the essence congeals with a slight cold and may then be poured off. If after that, the essence is kept fluid by heat, the faeces will subside and may be separated; but if the operation has been neatly performed there will be little or none. The faeces are as highly perfumed as the essence and must be kept. After as much of the essence has been skimmed from the rose water as can be, the remaining water should be used for fresh distillations in preference to common water.

The quantity of essential oil to be obtained from the roses, as indeed from all other aromatic substances, is very precarious and uncertain; it depends not only upon the manipulation and dexterity of the distiller, but also on the quality of the roses and the nature of the season. Some chemists have only obtained half an ounce of oil from a hundred pounds of roses, from this quantity Humbert obtained one ounce, and Hoffman two. I must just observe, that in these instances the roses were stripped of their calyxes and only the leaves were used. In Africa the produce of a field of roses, 43661b. obtained from the space of eleven acres, has been known to produce a quan-

tity only in proportion of two drachms per one hundred pounds.

The colour of otto of roses, I do not consider to be any criterion of its goodness, purity, or country. I have seen otto of a bright yellow, a reddish hue, and a fine emerald green, which have been procured from the same ground, and by the same process, but only of roses collected at different days.

The above is the whole process of making otto of roses; we have transcribed it from an interesting paper contained in the Asiatic Researches, by Lieutenant-Colonel Polier. The roses of this country possess but very little essence. Indeed the results obtained are not considered commensurate with the expense of the operation.

PERSIAN AND HINDOSTANEE STORIES.

THE YOUTH AND THE OLD CHEAT.

A certain youth delivered a hundred deenars to an old man, and went on a journey. When he came back, he demanded his deenars. The old man made denial, and said, "You did not give them to me." The youth made known his case before the Kazee. The Kazee sent for the old man, and asked him,—"Did this youth deliver the money to you?" He replied, "No!" The Kazee said to the youth, "Have you any witness?" He answered, "No!" The Kazee said to the old man, "You must take an oath." The youth fell weeping, and said to him, "He has no regard at all for an oath; he has many a time taken an oath to a lie." The Kazee said to the youth, "At the time when you delivered the money to him, where were you seated?" He answered, "Under a tree." The Kazee said, "Why did you tell me you had no witness? The tree is your witness. Go to that tree, and say to it, 'The Kazee sends for thee.'" The old man gave a smile, and the youth said, "O Kazee! I am afraid the tree will not come for your order." The Kazee said, "Take my seal and say to it, This is the seal of the Kazee. It will assuredly come." The youth took the Kazee's seal, and went away. After a space of time, the Kazee asked the old man; "Will that youth have arrived near the tree yet?" He answered, "No!" When the youth had gone near the tree, having shown the Kazee's seal, he said to it, "The Kazee sends for thee;" but he heard nothing from the tree. He came back sorrowful, and said, "I showed your seal to the tree, but it gave me no answer."

The Kazez said, "The tree came, and, having given its evidence, it went away again." The old man said, "O, Kazez! what speech is this?—there was no tree came here." The Kazez replied, "You say the truth, it did not come; but at the time when I asked you 'Has the youth arrived at the tree?'—you gave for answer, 'He has not arrived.' If you had not got the money from him under that tree, why did you not say, 'What tree is it?—I do not know it.' From this it becomes evident that the youth says what is true." The old man got conviction, and gave the money to the youth.

THE BANKER ROBBED NEAR THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

A certain banker was robbed under the very eye of the emperor, beneath the palace-walls. He went to wait on the emperor and made representation to him. "Protector of the world! robbers have plundered me under the very walls of your highness's palace." The emperor said to him,—"Why did you not remain more watchful?" The banker said, "It was not known to your slave that travellers were liable to be robbed under your highness's very windows." The emperor replied, "What! have you never heard this common proverb,—'It is dark under the lamp?'"

THE SICK MAN AND HIS ATTENDANT.

A certain Musselman was sick, and said to his attendant, "Go to such a physician and get some medicine for me." He replied, "Perhaps the doctor gentleman may not be in the house at this time." The master said, "He will be in the house—go." Then answered he, "If I should happen to meet with him, yet he will perhaps not give me the medicine." Then he said, "Take a note with you from me, and he will certainly give it." The servant answered again, "Even although he should give the medicine, yet it will not perhaps do any good." The master said, "You base scoundrel! will he give it you as long as you continue to sit here? Will you keep thus making contrivances, or will you go?" He said, "O, sir! granting that it should even produce the desired effect, yet what is the result? In the end you must certainly die one day. You may just as well die now as die then."

THE MERCHANT'S SON AND THE TYRANT.

One day, an emperor, who was a tyrant, went to the outside of the city by himself. He saw a man sitting under a tree, and asked him, "What sort of a person is the emperor of this country? Is he a tyrant, or a just man?" The man answered, "He is

a great tyrant." The emperor said, do you know me?" The man said, "No." The emperor answered, "I am the sultan of this country." The man was frightened, but asked in reply, "Do you know me?" The emperor said, "No." The man replied, "I am the son of a certain merchant; every month, during the space of three days, I become mad! To-day is one of those three days." The emperor laughed, and said nothing to him.

THE DEAF MAN AND THE PATIENT.

A certain merchant had an acquaintance, a person who was hard of hearing. By the act of predestination, the merchant became sick. The deaf man went to enquire after him, and while going along in the way he made up this discourse:—After having saluted his honour, I will first ask this question,—"Tell me, sir how is your health?" He will say,—"Better;" and I will say,—"Amen! may it be lasting!" Then I will ask,—"What food do you take?" He will say,—"Rice pudding;" and I will say,—"Good appetite to you!" My next enquiry shall be,—"Who is your physician?" He will say,—"The great Dr. Such-a-one;" and I will say,—"May God grant a complete cure by his means!" At length, having entirely made up this plan, he arrived at the house, and, having made the usual salam, he sat down near the patient, and began to ask,—"Tell me, my friend, how is your health?" The patient answered,—"Why do you ask?—I am dying with a fever." Immediately on hearing this, he exclaimed,—"Amen, may God cause it to be so!" The helpless sick man was in a complete ferment with his disease, and this speech caused him to be even more so. He next asked—"My friend, what victuals do you eat?" The patient replied,—"Dirt."—"May your appetite be good!" answered he. On hearing this, he became even doubly enraged. Again he rejoined,—"Pray tell me, friend, who is your physician?" In a most excessive rage, the patient replied,—"The angel of death!"—"I give you much joy!" answered he; "I hope God will grant a speedy cure by his hand!"

THE EMPEROR AND THE JESTER.

An emperor one day went out a-hunting with the prince. When the weather became hot, the emperor and the prince put their cloaks upon the back of a jester. The emperor fell a-laughing, and said to him, "O, jester! you have there the load of an ass." The jester replied, "Nay, I have, in fact, the load of two asses."—*The Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi.*

MY SINECURE PLACE.

Now's this, my Lord Grey, can you mean what you say!

Abolish all sinecures—pause, my lord, pray!
On, hear me, my lord—is this really the case?
Nay, do not take from me my Sinecure Place.

Consider, my income is small for a peer,
I'm poor, if you take my odd thousands a year;
Consider, I pray you, how ancient my race,
Its dignity sinks with my Sinecure Place.

My mansion in town has been lately rebuilt,
Adorn'd with superb scagliola and gilt;
Pray, how shall I look Mr. Nash in the face,
If you now put an end to my Sinecure Place?

My castle must also be kept in repair,
One month out of twelve I contrive to be there;
One month I devote to the joys of the chase—
My castle would go with my Sinecure Place.

My cottage ornée, on the Devonshire coast,
Must also be sold, if my place should be lost;
Now, pray, my lord, do reconsider my case,
And let me retain my snug Sinecure Place.

My lady, her opera-box must discard!
My lady, the beauty—you'll own 'twould be hard—
My fortune won't pay for her feathers and lace—
Then leave me, oh, leave me, my Sinecure Place!

Economy may be discreet, I dare say,
Retrenchment is all very well in its way;
But there's no occasion for setting your face
Against my individual Sinecure Place.

You must, my Lord Grey (it is time to be frank),
Uphold the importance of persons of rank;
The aristocratic look up to your race—
Support them, and leave me my Sinecure Place.

If beggarly vagabonds will make a row,
Be firm, and intimidate, no matter how—
E'en flourish a sword in each vagabond's face—
I'll do it myself for my Sinecure Place.

I'll stipulate always to give you my vote—
Whatever you dictate I'll utter by rote;
Your notions—whatever they may be—I'll embrace,
And I'll do any job for my Sinecure Place.

EGGS OF INSECTS.†

EVERY schoolboy is acquainted with Virgil's famous scheme for creating a swarm of bees out of a dead bullock. The idea is not even yet dispelled from the world, that insects derive their origin from the mere putrefaction of matter. Kircher, certainly one of the most learned men of the seventeenth century, very confidently gave a friend of his a recipe for the manufacture of snakes. "Take," says he, "some snakes of whatever kind you want, roast them and cut them in small pieces, and sow those pieces in an oleaginous soil; then, from day to day, sprinkle them lightly with water from a

watering-pot, taking care the piece of ground be exposed to the spring sun, and in eight days you will see the earth strewn with little worms, which, being nourished with milk diluted with water, will gradually increase in size till they take the form of perfect serpents." His friend tried the experiment, with what success we need hardly say. Maggots he produced in abundance, but as for the snakes, he might have watered his oleaginous soil for a century, before one of them would have made its appearance. Amongst ourselves, there are many who believe—and, in our youthful days, we ourselves might have been classed amongst the number—that a horse's hair thrown into a brook, will, in due time, be converted into an eel. Nothing is now better ascertained in natural history, than the fact that all insects are produced from eggs. Appearances may, and do often, deceive even close observers. The belief is almost universal, that insects are born of what is called the blight, "an easterly wind attended by a blue mist," as that ingenious gardener, Mr. Maire, of Chelsea, defines it. Dr. Mason Good, one of the most philosophical naturalists of his day, was of opinion that, on such occasions, the atmosphere was freighted with myriads of eggs, which, as soon as they fell upon congenial spots, were almost instantaneously hatched into life. But in fact, every known species of eggs being much heavier than the air, how is it possible that they could be wafted about in it? Besides, the parental instinct of insects is altogether incompatible with the notion that they would commit their progeny to the uncertainty of the winds, and that, too, from the time they are dropped, about the end of summer, until the commencement of the ensuing spring, when the young broods appear. It seems to be well ascertained, that not only are all insects produced from eggs, but that the eggs are, according to the usual course of things, deposited with the utmost care, exactly in those places in which the young generations are most likely to obtain the greatest abundance of the food which is most suitable to their wants. The physiology of insects' eggs forms one of the most curious chapters in natural history. The causes or objects of the variety of colours which are given to them, have never been satisfactorily explained, or even conjectured. In some cases, it is evident that the colour is intended for concealment, being scarcely distinguishable from that of the plant upon which it is deposited; but this resemblance is far from being universal. Insects eggs differ widely in form from those of birds; they are of all sorts of shapes, cylindric, pris-

† From the Monthly Review.—No. II.
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matic, angular, square, &c., the cause most probably being connected with the diversified forms of the beings which they contain. The ostrich, the eagle, and the wren, for example, differ much more in size than in their general form; but the ear-wig, the garden-spider, butterflies, beetles, and grasshoppers, differ much more in size, and consequently require eggs of varying forms to contain their progeny. It is confessed, however, that the mathematical causes of these different forms cannot always be traced, since considerable varieties sometimes occur in the eggs even in the species of the same genus. Here again human speculation has been baffled.

The fecundity of insects is a wondrous theme. One aphid may be, according to Reaumur, the progenitor of five thousand nine hundred and four millions nine hundred thousand descendants during its life; the female, during the summer months, is said to produce about twenty-five a day, and it is supposed that in one year there may be twenty successive generations! The queen of the warrior white ants, according to Smeathman, lays an egg every second, or thirty-one million five hundred and thirty-six thousand in a year; and, as every one of these must be removed to proper nurseries suitable to the season, by the queen's attendants, we may suppose that her majesty gives them no little trouble. The comparative view given by Dalyell, of the fecundity of the animal kingdom in general, is truly astonishing.

"Compared with the rest of animated nature, infusion animals are surely the most numerous; next are worms, insects, or fishes; amphibia and serpents, birds, quadrupeds; and last is man. The human female produces only one at a time, that after a considerable interval from birth, and but few during her whole existence. Many quadrupeds are subject to similar laws; some are more fertile, and their fecundity is little, if at all, inferior to that of certain birds, for they will produce ten or twenty at once. Several birds will breed frequently in a year, and have more than a single egg at a time. How prodigious is the difference, on descending to fishes, amphibia, reptiles, insects, and worms! Yet among them the numbers cannot be more different. According to naturalists, a scorpion will produce sixty-five young; a common fly will lay one hundred and forty-four eggs; a leech, one hundred and fifty; and a spider, one hundred and seventy. I have seen a hydrachna produce six hundred eggs, and a female moth one thousand one hundred. A tortoise, it is said, will lay one thousand eggs, and a frog one thousand one hun-

dred. A gall insect has laid five thousand eggs; a shrimp, six thousand; and ten thousand have been found in the ovary, or what is supposed to be that part, of an ascarides. One naturalist found above twelve thousand eggs in a lobster, and another above twenty-one thousand. An insect very similar to an ant (*Mutilla*?) has produced eighty thousand in a single day; and Leenwenhoeck seems to compute four millions in a crab. Many fishes, and those which in some countries seldom occur, produce incredible numbers of eggs. Above thirty-six thousand have been counted in a herring; thirty-eight thousand in a smelt; one million in a sole; one million one hundred and thirty thousand in a roach; three million in a species of sturgeon; three hundred and forty-two thousand in a carp; three hundred and eighty-three thousand in a tench; five hundred and forty-six thousand in a mackerel; nine hundred and ninety-two thousand in a perch; and one million three hundred and fifty-seven thousand in a flounder. But of all fishes hitherto discovered, the cod seems the most fertile. One naturalist computes that it produces more than three million six hundred and eighty-six thousand eggs; another nine million; and a third nine million four hundred and forty-four thousand. Here, then, are eleven fishes, which probably, in the course of one season, will produce above thirteen millions of eggs, which is a number so astonishing and immense, that, without demonstration, we could never believe it true."

It is a general idea that intense cold destroys the eggs of insects. We remember, during the winter of 1829, which every body remembers to have been a most inclement one, hearing it remarked by our gardener, that it was at least one source of consolation that the caterpillars would be all annihilated by the frost. Spallanzani has demonstrated that frost, be it ever so intense, has no such effect. The year 1709, when Fahrenheit's thermometer fell to one deg. is supposed to have been one of the coldest ever known. But by means of a chemical mixture, the thermometer has been reduced to twenty-two deg. below zero, or twenty-three lower than the cold of the year just mentioned; in this mixture the eggs of caterpillars have been immersed without the slightest injury to their vital power. Living insects die at fourteen deg. or sixteen deg. below zero, and become as much frozen as ice itself; but it seems the fluid contained in their eggs is capable of resisting the effect of any winter, however severe. Some insects, the common chequered blow-fly for instance, hatch their eggs within their

own bodies, being furnished with abdominal pouches for the purpose, in which the larvæ are coiled up after the fashion of a watch-spring. In one of these coils Reaumur found as many as twenty thousand embryo flies, the coil being about two inches and a half in length, though the body of the parent-fly was not above one-third of an inch. No wonder that in warm weather our meat is so speedily infected.

VARIETIES.

Potatoe Cheese.—In Thuringia and part of Saxony, a kind of potatoe-cheese, made in the following manner, is generally preferred to that obtained from milk:—Boil good mealy potatoes; and when cold, peel and reduce them to an uniform pulp with a rasp or mortar. To five pounds, add a pint of sour milk and the requisite portion of salt; knead the whole well, cover it, and let it remain three or four days, according to the season; then knead it, and place the cheeses in small baskets, that the superfluous moisture may run off; then dry them in the shade, and place them in layers in large pots or kegs for a fortnight. The flavour is improved by age. This cheese has the advantage of never engendering worms, and of keeping in a good state for many years in a dry place, and in well-closed vessels. The addition of potatoe pulp would, no doubt, render the butter-whey cheese, used in many parts of this country, more easy of digestion.

Seamen Exempted from Stone.—In an elaborate and able essay upon Calculus, by Mr. A. C. Hutchinson, contained in a recent volume of the "Medico-Chirurgical Transactions," we are furnished with a piece of novel and interesting information. Mr. Hutchinson proves that stone, gravel, gout, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, (all of which he considers to be allied, inasmuch as they all occur in the same diathesis) seldom or never afflict seafaring people; he shows by official documents from the Naval Medical Board, and from surgeons of sea-port hospitals, that during the last thirteen years not a single case of stone or gravel has occurred in the navy, among an annual average of twenty-five thousand seamen employed, and that only one case in a merchant seaman has been received in the sea-port hospitals during the above period, out of a floating maritime population of about

one hundred and eighty-three thousand although seven hundred and sixty operations for the stone had been performed within the same period in these sea-port hospitals on other individuals. Mr. Hutchinson also shows that stone has been more prevalent in Scotland than in England during the last ten years, there being only one case in an average of about eighty-three thousand of the population of the former country, while, according to Dr. Yelloly, there has been one case in an average of every one hundred and eight thousand of the population of the latter. The almost total exemption of seafaring persons from stone, gravel, gout, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, is a most interesting fact, and we believe new in medical science; and had Mr. Hutchinson intended to write an essay with a view of encouraging the nobility and gentry of England to send forth to sea such of their sons as were likely to be assailed by the above diseases, he could not have been more happy in his choice of a subject.

The Edible Frog not found in Britain.—The natter-jack was admitted into the British Fauna on the authority of Sir Joseph Banks. Mr. Gray states it to be very common on Blackheath, and on Putney and Clapham commons. Its croak is very peculiar. The edible frog, admitted by naturalists as British, is not to be found in Great Britain: we have thus less credit than might be supposed for our not eating these reptiles.

Spectacles.—Dr. William Mead, of Newburgh, North America, in a letter to the editor of the *American Journal of Science and Art*, states, that he has found spectacles made with black mica to give a more agreeable sombre light, and to defend the eyes more effectually from the influence of the rays of the sun, the glare of snow, or of any luminous body, than spectacles made with green glass. This variety of mica is found crystalized in rhomboidal planes, in the neighbourhood of the town of Munro, in the state of New York. The planes are very easily separated. It is used by chemists to screen the eyes from the very intense light by the galvanic deflagrator, &c. &c. Dr. Silliman, Professor of Chemistry in Yale College, says, that spectacles made with black mica produce a most agreeable effect; the light transmitted to his eyes by them being a pleasant yellowish green.

Early Ferocity of Miguel.—Miguel, at the age of fourteen, had formed into a Lilliputian battalion the sons of the hidalgos about the court. These young soldiers were distinguished by all the pomp and circumstances of warriors of a larger growth. On one occasion, two of these

young noblemen absented themselves for a couple of days together from the morning parade. On making their re-appearance, they were put under arrest by Miguel's orders, and a court-martial assembled to try them for desertion. Of this most extraordinary tribunal, Miguel constituted himself the president; the proceedings were hurried through, and, to the horror and astonishment of the two youthful culprits, sentence of death passed upon them, by the unanimous voice of all its members. Miguel was resolved that the *dénouement* of this tragedy should as rapidly follow. They were immediately led out to execution—the platoon had already taken its ground—when one of the king's chamberlains, observing a more than usual bustle in the court below, rushed down, and fortunately, in time to save the two victims on the brink of destruction.—*Monthly Magazine*.

King Stanislaus.—Returning home from a long journey, before his accession to the throne of Poland, Stanislaus Lesczinski was received with great festivity by the whole Resczinski family at Lissa. Jablonski, who was at that time rector of the high-school in that town, was commissioned to add a species of dramatic performance as a further zest to the occasion, and with this view arrayed thirteen of his pupils as ancient heroes, giving each of them a

shield, which bore one of the letters of the family designation, "*Domus Lescinia*," on its face. Having got his heroes into proper train, he made them enact a dance in six parts. At the end of the first act, the performers placed themselves in such a position as to meet with their shields and compose the fundamental sentence—"Domus Lescinia." At the close of the second act their shields formed the words, "*Ades Incolumis*," (Thou returnest safe):—at that of the third, they exhibited, "*Omnis es lucida*," (Thou art the light itself):—at the termination of the fourth, the shields represented a second compliment, "*Manes sidus loci*," (Thou art still our polar star):—the fifth ended with "*Sis columna Dei*," (Thou art the pillar of God)—and the sixth and last, with "*I, scande solium*," (Go forth and mount the throne). The latter proved the emanation of a prophetic mind; for not long after Stanislaus was called upon to gird the Polish crown around his brow.

Dutch Sales.—At sales in Holland it is the invariable practice to bid downwards. An article is set up at any price the auctioneer pleases; if nobody bids he lowers the price, and so continues lowering until some person cries "Mine," and the person who so claims it is then entitled to it;—a practice congenial to Dutch taciturnity.—*Legal Recreations*.

END OF VOL. VI.

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